

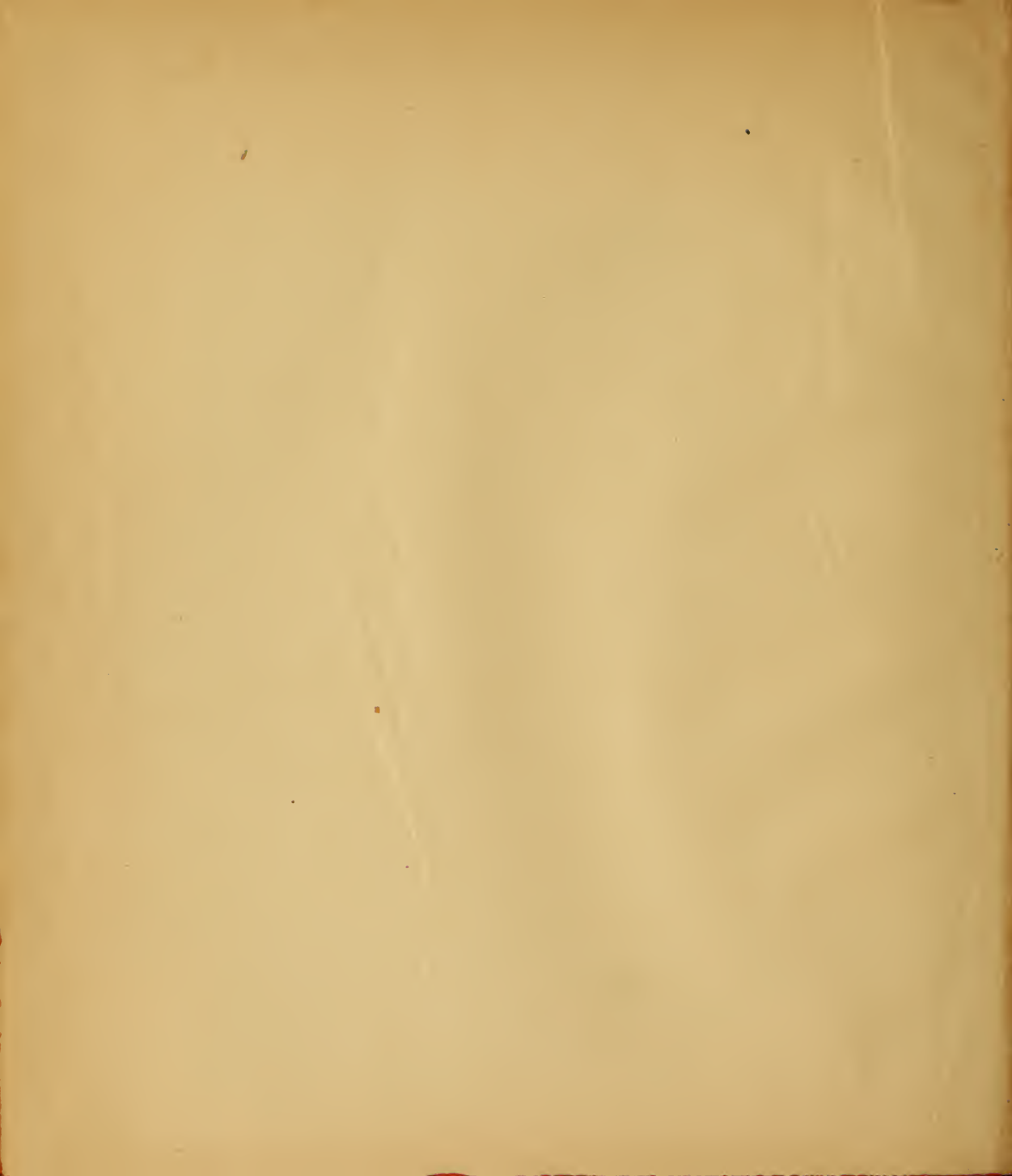
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CHURCH SONG



For the Uses of

The House of God.

Prepared by

Melancthon Woolsey Stryker. ✓✓

*Biglow & Main,
New York and Chicago.*

1889.

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ORDER OF HYMNS.

According to their general Subjects and Numbers.

MORNING AND EVENING, 1-29	LOVE, 339-369
THE LORD'S DAY, . . . 30-42	PRAYER, 370-419
THE LORD'S HOUSE, . . 43-74	SUBMISSION, 420-442
PRAISE TO GOD, . . . 75-121	CONSECRATION, . . . 444-477
THE TRINITY, 122-133	ASPIRATION, 478-488
THE ADVENT, 134-140	BAPTISM, 489-496
THE NATIVITY, 141-150	THE LORD'S SUPPER, 497-512
CHRIST'S MINISTRY, . . 151-164	CHILDHOOD, 513-530
THE CROSS, 165-175	WEDLOCK, 531-532
CHRIST'S GRAVE, 176	DEATH, 533-551
THE RESURRECTION, 177-187	SEASONS, 552-566
THE ASCENSION, . . . 188-193	THE CHURCH, 567-595
THE HOLY GHOST, . . . 194-215	NATIONAL, 596-604
PRAISE TO CHRIST, . . 216-246	MISSIONS, 605-634
GRACE, 247-264	THE SECOND COMING, 635-650
CONTRITION, 265-281	THE JUDGMENT, . . . 651-656
FAITH, 282-323	HEAVEN, 657-683
HOPE, 324-338	UNIVERSAL PRAISE, . . 684

The Nicene Creed.

† **I** Believe in One God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth and of all things, visible and invisible.

And in One Lord Jesus Christ, the Only Begotten Son of God, Begotten of His Father before all worlds; God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, Begotten, not made, Being of one substance with the Father; By Whom all things were made.

Who for us men and for our salvation came down from Heaven; And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made Man; And was Crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried; And the third day He rose again, according to the Scriptures; And ascended into Heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of the Father; And He shall come again with glory, to judge both the quick and the dead; Whose kingdom shall have no end.

And I believe in the Holy Ghost, The Lord and Giver of Life; Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son; Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified; Who spake by the Prophets.

And I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church. I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins. And I look for the Resurrection of the dead and the Life of the world to come.

Amen.

CHURCH SONG

1 Upraised from sleep, to Thee we kneel.

"He that keepeth thee will not slumber."

12.8.8.4.4.7.

ROBERT C. SINGLETON, 1872, Abr.

Matin Hymn.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1872.

1. UP - RAISED from sleep, to Thee we kneel, as day doth break. To

Thee, O Lord, a - loud we sing, To Thee the song of an - gels bring; For

mer - cy's sake, Oh, pit - y take, O Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! A - men.

rit. *a tempo.* *f*

2 Thou, Lord, hast from my couch of rest uplifted me;
Oh, light my mind, Oh, light my heart,
And ope my lips to take their part
In praising Thee, Blest Trinity!
O Holy, Holy, Holy! Amen.

Morning.

2

Awake, my soul! and, with the Sun.

L. M.

THOMAS KEN, 1697, *Abr.*

"Blessed be the Lord, who day by day will carry for us."

Duke Street.

JOHN HATTON, 1790.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano accompaniment. It is in 2/2 time and the key of B-flat major (two flats). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

I. A - WAKE, my soul! and, with the Sun, Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise, To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

3

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart!
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to their eternal King.

3 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me, while I slept;
Grant, Lord! when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1 New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heav'n.

2 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

3 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer,
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827, *Abr.*

Morning.

4

My heart her incense burning.

7s & 6s, P.

"Bring your sacrifices every morning."

Thurifer.

Ger. JOHANN MATTHESIUS, d. 1565.
Tr. HENRY MILLS, 1856, Abr.

JOHANN LEONARD HASLER, 1601.
Arr. JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN, 1627.

I. { My heart her in - cense burn - ing, I'll of - fer thanks and praise, }
 { Now with re - turn of morn - ing, And thro all fu - ture days. }

I'll praise Thee on Thy throne, Great source of ev - 'ry bless - ing,

My song to Thee ad - dress - ing, Thro Christ, Thine on - ly Son.

2 Thy mercy asks my praises
 That kept me thro the night;
 And now from sleep it raises,
 To greet the dawning light.
 Thro'out the coming day,
 In mercy still direct me;
 From Satan's wiles protect me,
 From sin and from dismay.

3 Thy plan of grace pursuing,
 To me Thy grace impart.
 Control, in all I'm doing,
 The wishes of my heart.
 Thy shield hold Thou above;
 Then nothing shall distress me,
 To duty I'll address me,
 Rejoicing in Thy love.

Morning and Evening.

5

O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace.

"Cause me to hear Thy loving kindness in the morning."

L. M.

Latin, AMBROSE OF MILAN, 390.
Tr. JOHN CHANDLER, 1837, *Abr.*

Anglican.

EDWIN GEORGE MONK, 1867.

I. O JE - SUS, Lord of heavenly grace, Thou Brightness of Thy Fa - ther's face,
Thou fount - ain of e - ter - nal light, Whose beams dis - perse the shades of night!

6

2 Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,
Come in Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness.
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4 Oh, hallowed be th'approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hove our sunset, calm and bright!

5 O Christ! with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
Oh! may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee!

1 Now with Creation's morning song
Let us, as children of the day,
With wakened heart and purpose strong,
The works of darkness cast away!

2 Oh! may the morn, so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil;—
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

3 And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

4 Grant us, O God! in love to Thee,
Clear eyes to measure things below,
Faith, the invisible to see,
And wisdom, Thee in all to know.

Lat. Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1848.
Alt. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

Morning and Evening.

7 Father, by Thy love and power.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

"The joy of the Lord is your strength."

Kirke.

JOSEPH ANSTICE, 1836, Abr.

DIMITRI BORTNIANSKI, 1783.

1st.

1. { FA - THER, by Thy love and power, Comes a - gain the ev - 'ning hour; }
 { Light has van - ished, la - bors cease, Wea - ry crea - tures [Omit.....] }

2nd.

rest in peace; We to Thee our - selves re - sign, Let our lat - est thoughts be Thine.

8

- 2 Saviour, to Thy Father bear
 This our lowly evening prayer;
 Thou hast seen how oft to-day
 We, like sheep, have gone astray.
 Blessèd Saviour, we, thro Thee,
 Pray that we may pardoned be.
- 3 Holy Spirit, Breath of balm,
 Fall on us in evening's calm;
 Yet awhile, before we sleep,
 We with Thee will vigil keep.
 Melt our spirits, mould our will,
 Soften, strengthen, comfort still.
- 4 Blessèd Trinity, be near
 Thro the hours of darkness drear;
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Round us set th' angelic host,
 Till the flood of morning rays
 Wake us to a song of praise.

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only Light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night;
 Day-spring from on high, be near,
 Day-star, in our hearts appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unillumined, Lord, by Thee;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till Thy mercy's beams we see;
 Lord, Thine inward light impart,
 Cheering each benighted heart.
- 3 Visit every soul of Thine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill us, Lord, with light divine,
 Scatter all our unbelief;
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740, All.

Morning and Evening.

9

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty.

"Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises."

12.12.12.10.

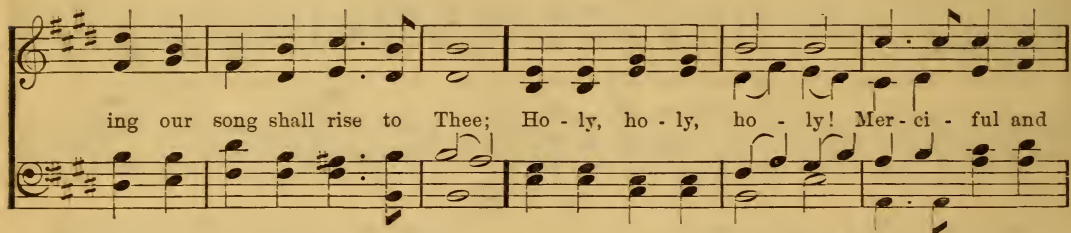
REGINALD HEBER, 1819.

Nicœa.

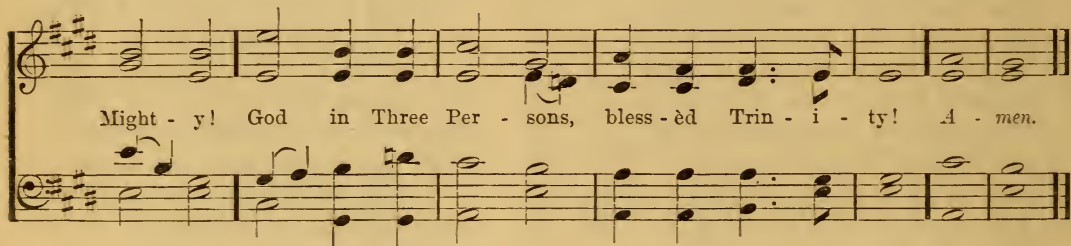
JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn -



ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and



Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

- 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! tho the darkness hide Thee,
Tho the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Morning and Evening.

- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in Earth, and sky, and sea.
 Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity! *Amen.*

10

Now the day is over.

6.5.6.5.

SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1865.

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep."

Twilight.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.

I. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,

Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky. A - men.

even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Now the darkness gathers,
 Stars begin to peep,
 Birds and beasts and flowers
 Soon will be asleep.</p> <p>3 Jesus, give the weary
 Calm and sweet repose,
 With Thy tend'ring blessing
 May our eyelids close.</p> <p>4 Grant to little children
 Visions bright of Thee;
 Guard the sailors tossing
 On the angry sea.</p> | <p>5 Comfort every sufferer
 Watching late in pain;
 Those who plan some evil
 From their sin restrain.</p> <p>6 Thro the long night-watches
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.</p> <p>7 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise,
 Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
 In Thine holy eyes. <i>Amen.</i></p> |
|---|--|

Morning and Evening.

11 God of the morning! at whose voice.

L. M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

"The Lord thinketh on me."

Luton.

GEORGE BURDER, 1770.

1. God of the morn-ing! at whose voice The cheer-ful Sun makes haste to rise,
And like a gi - ant doth re - joice, To run his jour - ney thro the skies.

- 2 Oh! like the Sun, may I fulfill
Th'appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 3 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, shall disappear,
And leave me in the world's wide maze
To follow every wandering star.
- 4 Lord! Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 5 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint, and cold, compared with this.

12

- 1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Abr.

Evening.

13

The day is past and over.

7.6.7.6.8.8.

"He turneth the shadow of death into the morning."

St. Anatolius.

Gk. ANATOLIUS, 5th CENTURY, d. 458.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1862. Alt.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1862.

1. THE day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!

We pray Thee, that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.

O Je - sus, keep us in Thy sight, And save us thro the com - ing night.

2 The joys of day are over;
We lift our hearts to Thee,
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save us thro the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
We raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril

The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us thro the coming night.

4 Be Thou our souls' Preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know,
How many are the perils,
Thro which we have to go.
Lover of men! Oh, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

Evening.

14 All praise to Thee, my God, this night.

L. M.

THOMAS KEN, 1697. *Abr.*

"Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice." Tallis' Canon.

THOMAS TALLIS, 1560. *Har.*

I. ALL praise to Thee, my God! this night, For all the bless - ings of the light.

Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings! Be - neath Thine own al - might - y wings.

15

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.
- 4 Oh! may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,—
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply!
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

- 1 Now sinks in night the flaming Sun
O Thou, our everlasting Day,
Thrice Holy Godhead, Three in One,
Thy brightness to our hearts display.
- 2 To Thee we hymned the morning lay,
To Thee our evening vows are given;
Grant us, as here to Thee we pray,
To praise Thee in the courts of Heaven.
- 3 And when the day shall come that we
Shall know no more, as now, in part,
May we, unveiled, Thy Presence see,
Be like, and know Thee as Thou art;
- 4 And evermore, with voice and heart,
Join concert with Thy heavenly host,
And bear, in praising Thee, our part,
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

RICHARD MANT, 1837. *Abr.*

Evening.

16

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.

"And at even, when the Sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were sick."

L. M.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827. *Abr.*

Hursley.

PETER RITTER, 1792. *Arr.*

I. SUN of my soul, Thou Sav- iour dear! It is not night, if Thou be near;

Oh! may no earth-born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser- vant's eyes!

17

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve;
For without Thee I cannot live.
Abide with me when night is nigh;
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the vo.ce divine,
Now, Lord! the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick. Enrich the poor,
With blessings from Thy boundless store.
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

- 1 O SAVIOUR Christ, our woes dispel!
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.
- 2 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.
- 3 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest;
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 4 Thy touch hath still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall,
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all!

HENRY TWELLS, 1868. *Abr.*

Evening.

18

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide.

10.10.10.10.

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

Eventide.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1847. *Abr.*

WILLIAM H. MONK, 1860.

Adagio.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Adagio'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line.

I. A - - BIDE with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers

fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the helpless, Oh, a - bide with me! A - men.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me
- 3 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, tho rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee;—
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

Evening.

- 4 I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Thro cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
- 5 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 6 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine thro the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks! and Earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. *Amen.*

19

Softly now the light of day.

7.7.7.7.

GEORGE W. DOANE, 1824. *Abr.*

"An inheritance * * that fadeth not."

Esther.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1878.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo/mood is marked 'p' (piano) at the beginning and 'rit.' (ritardando) towards the end. The lyrics are written below the notes.

p

1. SOFT - LY now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

rit.

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord! I would com - mune with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within!
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord! to dwell with Thee.

Evening.

20

God that madest Earth and Heaven.

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

"The darkness and the light are both alike."

Temple.

Stanza 1, REGINALD HEBER, 1827.
Stanza 2, RICHARD WHATELY, 1860.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1867.

1. God, that mad - est Earth and Heav - en, Dark - ness and light; Who the day for

toil hast giv - en, For rest the night; May Thine an - gel guards de - fend us! Slum - ber

sweet Thy mer - cy send us! Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live-long night!

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie.
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us:
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

Evening.

21 Thro the day Thy love hath spared us.

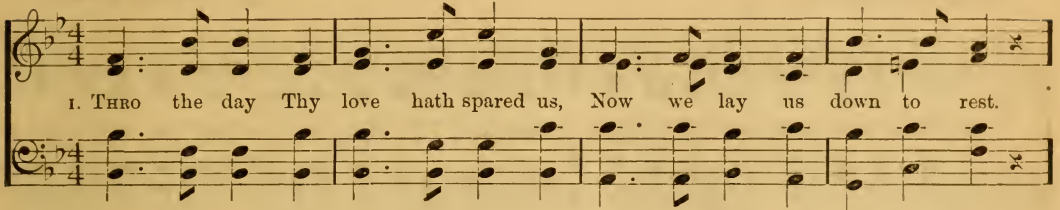
8.7.8.7.7.7.

"Abide with us; for it is toward evening."

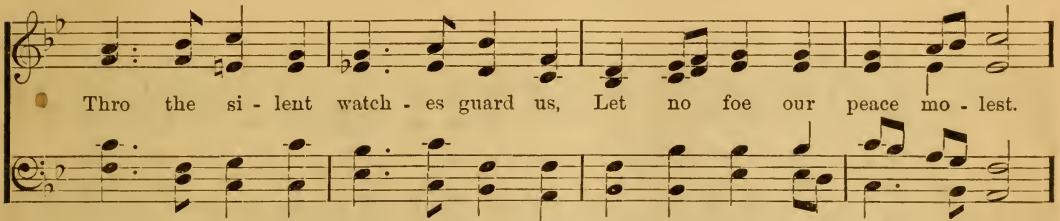
Hesperus.

THOMAS KELLY, 1866.

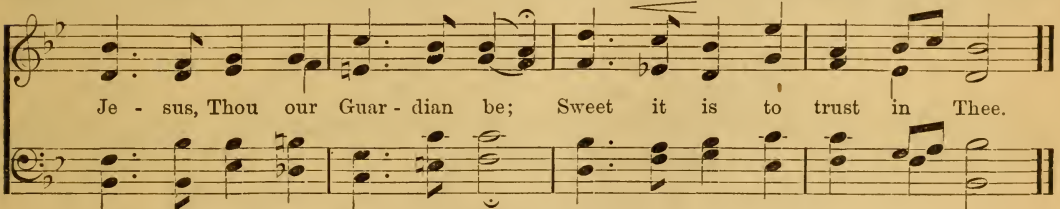
JOHN H. CORNELL, 1865.



I. THRO the day Thy love hath spared us, Now we lay us down to rest.



Thro the si - lent watch - es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest.



Je - sus, Thou our Guar - dian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

From THE HYMNARY, by per S. Lasar.

2 Pilgrims here on Earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in Heav'n at last.

Let Thy Holy Dove descending,
Bring Thy mercy to us all.
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

2 Comfort those in pain or sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow,
Strengthened by Thy grace divine.
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

SARAH DOUDNEY, 1881. Abr.

22

1 SAVIOUR, now the day is ending,
And the shades of evening fall,

Evening.

23 Now God be with us, for the night is closing.

II. II. II. 5.

BOHEMIAN HYMN, *cir.* 1530.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1858.

"He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God."

Integer Vitæ.

FRIEDRICH F. FLEMMING, 1810.

1. Now God be with us, for the night is closing; The light and darkness are of His dis -

pos - ing; And 'neath His shadow here we rest to yield us; For He will shield us.

- 2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us.
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us.
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us;
Thine angels send us.
- 3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.
- 4 We have no refuge, none on Earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us:
But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek Thee only.
- 5 Father, Thy name be praised. Thy kingdom given.
Thy will be done on Earth as 'tis in Heaven.
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us, now and ever.

Evening.

24

Day is dying in the west.

P. M.

"The Lord God is a sun and a shield."

Hosmer Hall.

MARY A. LATHBURY, 1877.

WALDO S. PRATT, 1887.

mp *p*

1. DAY is dy-ing in the west. Heav'n is touching Earth with rest. Wait and worship, while the

m *f*

night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro all the sky. Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Lord God of Hosts!

marcato. *ff*

Heav'n and Earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and Earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High! A - MEN.

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- 2 Lord of Life! Beneath the dome
Of the Universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thine embrace,
For Thou art nigh.
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and Earth, are, etc. AMEN.

Evening.

25

The shadows of the evening hours.

C. M. D.

"Even the night shall be light about me."

St. Leonard.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1858. *Abr.*

HENRY HILES, 1870.

1. THE shad - ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark'ning sky. Up - on the fragrance

of the flow'rs The dews of eve - ning lie. Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of Heav'n! We

kneel at close of day; Look on Thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord!
 Oh, do not Thou despise:
 But let the incense of our prayers
 Before Thy mercy rise.
 The brightness of the coming night
 Upon the darkness rolls;
 With hopes of future glory chase
 The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
 So fade within the heart
 The hopes in earthly love and joy
 That, one by one, depart.
 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
 Within the heavens shine;
 Give us, O Lord! fresh hopes in Heaven,
 And trust in things divine.

Evening.

26 Lord of my life, Whose tender care.

8.6.8.6.8.8.

"Ω CHELSEA," 1838.

"My expectation is from Him."

St. Vincent.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1862.

1. LORD of my life, Whose ten - der care Hath led me on till now,
 Here, low - ly, at the hour of prayer, Be - fore Thy throne I bow;
 I bless Thy gra - cious hand, and pray For - give - ness for an - oth - er day.

27

- 2 Oh, may I daily, hourly, strive
 In heavenly grace to grow;
 To Thee and to Thy glory live,
 Dead to all else below;
 Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
 Tho thorny, yet the path to God!
- 3 With prayer my humble praise I bring
 For mercies day by day;
 Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
 Lord, teach me how to pray;
 All that I have, or am, to Thee
 I offer thro eternity.

- 1 O VERY God of very God,
 And very Light of Light,
 Whose feet this Earth's dark valley trod,
 That so it could be bright;
 Oh, guide us till we reach that shore
 Where Thou art shining evermore!
- 2 We wait in faith, and turn our face
 To where the daylight springs,
 Till Thou shalt come, our gloom to chase,
 With healing on Thy wings.
 The East no more is dull and grey:
 But kindling to the perfect day!

JOHN MASON NEALE, 1844. Arr.

Evening.

28

The day is gently sinking to a close.

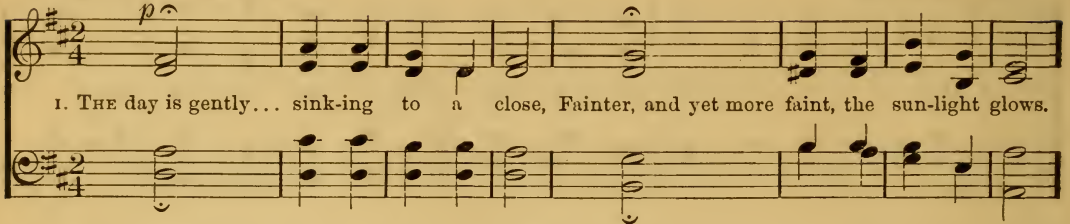
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CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.

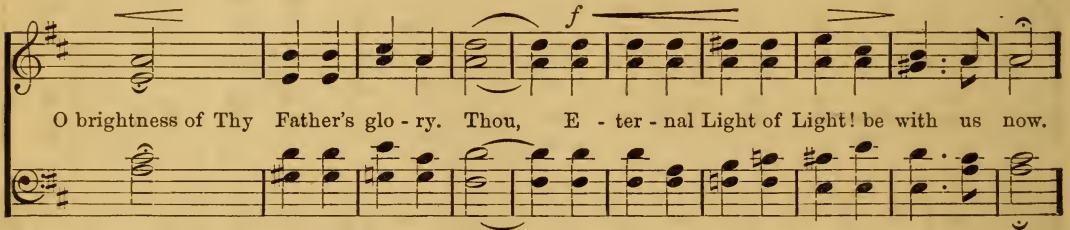
"Not put in fear by any terror."

Sunset Chant.

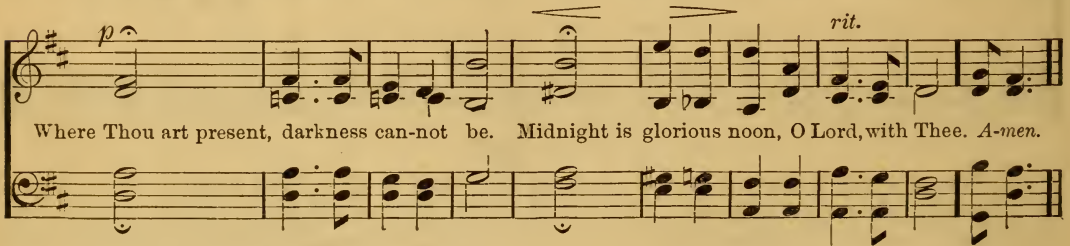
JOSEPH BARNEY, 1880.



1. THE day is gently... sink-ing to a close, Fainter, and yet more faint, the sun-light glows.



O brightness of Thy Father's glo-ry. Thou, E-ter-nal Light of Light! be with us now.



Where Thou art present, darkness can-not be. Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A-men.

- 2 Thou, who in darkness | walking didst appear |
Upon the waves, and | Thy disciples cheer, ||
Come, Lord, in lonesome | days, when storms assail, |
And earthly hopes and human succors fail; ||
When all is dark, may | we behold Thee nigh, |
And hear Thy | voice, "*Fear not, for it is I.*" ||
- 3 Our changeful lives are | ebbing to an end, |
Onward to darkness | and to death we tend; ||

Evening.

O Conqueror of the | grave, be Thou our Guide, ||
 Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide ; ||
 Then in our mortal | hour will be no gloom, ||
 No sting in | death, no terror in the tomb. ||

- 4 The weary world is | mouldering to decay, ||
 Its glories wane, its | pageants fade away ; ||
 In that last sunset, | when the stars shall fall, ||
 May we arise, awakened by Thy call, ||
 With Thee, O Lord, for | ever to abide, ||
 In that blest | day which has no eventide ! || *Amen.*

29

The radiant morn hath passed away.

"He knoweth them that put their trust in Him."

8.8.8.4.

Redcliff.

GODFREY THRING, 1866.

EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1863. *Alt.*

1. THE radiant morn hath past a-way, And spent too soon her gold-en store, The shadows of de -

part - ing day, Creep on once more.

- 2 Our life is but an autumn day,
 Its glorious noon how quickly past !
 Lead us, O Christ, Thou Living Way,
 Safe home at last.

- 3 Oh ! by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
 Uplift our hearts to realms on high ;
 Help us to look to that bright place
 Beyond the sky ;—
- 4 Where light and life and joy and peace
 In undivided empire reign,
 And thronging angels never cease
 Their deathless strain ;—
- 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless
 white,
 And evening shadows never fall,
 Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light !
 Art Lord of all.

The Lord's Day.

30

Hail, thou bright and sacred morn.

7.7.7.7.7.

"The light of the gospel of the glory of Christ."

Dies Christi.

JULIA ANNE ELLIOTT, 1835. Abr.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1880.

1. HAIL, thou bright and sa - cred morn, Ris'n with glad - ness in thy beams!

Light, which not of Earth is born, From thy dawn in glo - ry streams.

Airs of Heav'n are breath'd a - round, And each place is ho - - ly ground.

- 2 Sad and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou blessed day,
Resting-place on life's rough road!
Here flow forth the streams of grace;
Strengthen'd hence we run our race.
- 3 Great Creator! Who, this day,
From Thy perfect work didst rest;
By the souls that own Thy sway

- Hallow'd be its hours and blest;
Cares of Earth aside be thrown,
This day giv'n to Heaven alone.
- 4 Saviour! who, this day, didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake;
Shine thro all its sin and gloom.
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee.

The Lord's Day.

31

5 Blessèd Spirit! Comforter!
Sent, this day, from Christ on high,
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify!
All Thine influence shed abroad;
Lead me to the truth of God!

6 Ah! the rest which yet remains
For Thy people, Lord, above,
Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains,
Endless as their Saviour's love.
Oh, may every Sabbath here
Bring us to that rest more near!

1 SAFELY thro another week,
God hath brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day.
Day of all the week the best,—
Emblem of eternal rest!

2 Wh'le we seek supplies of grace,
Thro the dear Redeemer's Name;
Show Thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame.
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. *Abr.*

32

Lo, the day of rest declineth.

8.7.8.7.

“The dove came in to him at eventide, and, lo, in her mouth an olive leaf.”

Louise.

CHANDLER ROBBINS, 1845.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1869.

Andante.

1. LO, the day of rest de - clin - eth, Gath - er fast the shades of night;

May the Sun that ev - er shin - eth Fill our souls with heav - en - ly light.

Copyrighted, Biglow & Main, 1869.

2 Softly now the dew is falling;
Peace o'er all the scene is spread:
On His children, meekly calling,
Purer influence God will shed.

3 While Thine ear of love addressing;
Thus our parting hymn we sing,—
Father, give Thine evening blessing;
Fold us safe beneath Thy wing.

The Lord's Day.

33

Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness!

L. M.

"The glory of the God of Israel came from the way of the east."

Durham.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1839. Abr.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1866.

1. THOU glo - rious Sun of Right - eous - ness! On this day ris'n to set no more,
Shine on me now to heal, to bless, With bright - er beams than e'er be - fore.

2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there;
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.

3 Shine on Thy pure eternal word,
Its mysteries to my soul reveal;
And whether read, remembered, heard,
Oh, let it quicken, strengthen, heal!

4 Shine on those unseen things displayed
To faiths far-penetrating eye;
And let their splendor cast a shade
On every earthly vanity.

5 Shine, till Thy glorious beams shall chase
The blinding film from every eye;
Till every earthly dwelling place
Shall hail the Dayspring from on high!

34

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love.

L. M.

"Not finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words."

Angels.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755. Abr.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1614.

1. THINE earth - ly Sab - baths, Lord, we love: But there's a no - bler rest a - bove.

The Lord's Day.

To that our la-boring souls as-pire With ar-dent hope and strong de-sire.

35

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 No sin, nor hell, shall reach the place ;
 No groans to mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues.</p> <p>3 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
 No cares to break the long repose ;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.</p> <p>4 O long-expected day, begin!
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin !
 Fain would we leave this weary road
 To sleep in death and rest in God.</p> | <p>1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise Thy Name, give thanks, and sing;
 To show Thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all Thy truth at night.</p> <p>2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest.
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast.
 Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.</p> <p>3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless His works, and bless His Word.
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
 How deep Thy counsels, how divine!</p> |
|---|---|

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Abr.*

36 We close Thy blessèd word.

6.6.6.6.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1887.

"That we may lead a tranquil and quiet life in all godliness and gravity."

Moseley.

HENRY SMART, 1878.

1. WE close Thy blessed word,
Where pow'r and promise meet,
What faith with rapture heard
May blameless lives com-plete.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Here hath heartsickness learned
 Who makes the sad to sing,
 And strife-tossed reason turned
 To love unquestioning.</p> <p>3 Receive our twilight hymn,
 Take, Lord, our evening prayer;</p> | <p>Our souls, while day grows dim,
 Surrender to Thy care.</p> <p>4 Home to their fold, Thy breast,
 Thy sheep return once more.
 Thou, who dost guide to rest,
 Thyself shalt guard the door.</p> |
|--|--|

The Lord's Day.

37

This is the day the Lord hath made.

C. M.

"The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath."

Marlow.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr.*

JOHN CHETHAM, 1740. *Abr.*

1. THIS is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours His own;
Let Heaven re - joice, let Earth be glad, And praise sur - round His throne.

- 2 To-day He rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend, and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

38

- 1 AWAKE, my soul! to sound His praise,
Awake, my harp! to sing;
Join, all my powers! the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.
- 2 Be Thou exalted, O my God!
Above the starry train;
Diffuse Thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world Thy reign.

JOEL BARLOW, 1785. *Abr.*

39

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 Oh! what a night was that, which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom!
Oh! what a Sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, 1772. *Abr.*

The Lord's Day.

40

See the clouds upon the mountains.

"Under His feet as it were a paved work of sapphire stone, and as it were the very heaven for clearness."

8s & 7s, D.

Gloukoff.

WILLIAM B. COLLYER, 1837.

DIMITRI BORTNIANSKI, 1818.

1. { SEE the clouds upon the mountains, Rolling, rising, melt a - way, }
 { Light, forth flowing from its fountains, Pours an unobstruct-ed ray. } So be-fore Thy presence fading.

Lord, may every shadow fly; Chase the gloom my soul in - vad-ing, With the sunbeam of Thine eye.

41

- 2 Lo! it dawns. The Sabbath morning
 Streams with radiance all divine.
 Sanctity Thy courts adorning,
 Beautiful with grace they shine.
 Holiness becomes Thy dwelling,
 Peerless Sovereign of the sky,
 Princely palaces excelling
 Pomp of earthly majesty.
- 3 Rise, my soul, the day is breaking,
 Gladdened nature drinks the light;
 From the sleep of darkness waking,
 Put off all the clouds of night.
 Take the rest this day is bringing,
 Best of all our earthly days,
 Enter thou His gates with singing,
 Tread the hallowed floor with praise.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal.
 Sin and want we come confessing:
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
 Tho the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
 Thou art He, who, never weary,
 Watcheth where Thy people be.
- 2 Tho destruction walk around us,
 Tho the arrow past us fly,
 Angel guards from Thee surround us,
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in Heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1820.

The Lord's Day.

42

On this day, the first of days.

7s, D.

"We should bring the first fruits."

Maidstone.

Latin, FRENCH BREVIARY.
Tr. HENRY W. BAKER, 1860. Abr.

WALTER B. GILBERT, 1862.

I. { On this day, the first of days, God the Fa - ther's name we praise; }
 { Who, cre - a - tion's Fount and Spring, Did the world from dark - ness bring. }

On this day th' E - ter - nal Son O - ver death His tri - umph won.

On this day the Spir - it came, With His gifts of liv - ing flame.

2 Oh, that fervent love, to-day,
 May in every heart have sway,
 Teaching us to praise aright
 God, the source of life and light.
 Father, who didst fashion me
 Image of Thyself to be,
 Fill me with Thy love divine,
 • Let my every thought be Thine.

43

1 LORD, we come before Thee now;
 At Thy feet we humbly bow;
 Oh, do not our suit disdain!
 Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
 In compassion now descend.
 Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
 Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

The Lord's House.

2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

3 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.
Grant that all may seek, and find
Thee a God supremely kind.
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

WILLIAM HAMMOND, 1745.

44

To Thy temple I repair.

7.7.7.7.

"It was the Sabbath, on the day when Jesus opened his eyes."

Vienna.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825. *Abr.*

J. HEINRICH KNECHT, 1795.

1. To Thy tem - ple I re - pair; Lord, I love to wor - ship there,

When, with - in the veil, I meet Christ be - fore the Mer - cy - seat.

2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my Righteousness.

4 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

5 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,—
I have walked with God to-day.

The Lord's House.

45

We thank Thee, Father, for the day.

C. M.

"There remaineth therefore a Sabbath rest for the people of God."

Otto.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, 1850. Abr.

Har. EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1885.

I. WE thank Thee, Fa - ther! for the day, That, robed in twi - light sweet,

Doth lin - ger ere it pass a - way, And lead us to Thy feet. A - men.

- 2 We thank Thee for its healing rest
To weary toil and care;
Its praise within Thy temple blest,
Its holy balm of prayer.
- 3 We thank Thee for its living bread,
That did our hunger stay;

- The manna, by Thine angels shed
Around our desert way.
- 4 Oh! grant us, for His sake, who died,
Our Advocate and Friend,
To share that Sabbath, at Thy side,
Which never more shall end. Amen.

46

In Thy name, O Lord, assembling.

8s, 7s, & 4.

"My God shall fulfill every need of yours."

Sicily.

THOMAS KELLY, 1809.

A SICILIAN MELODY.

I. { IN Thy name, O Lord, as - sem - bling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near. }
{ Teach us to re - joice with trembling, Speak, and let Thy serv - ants hear, — }

The Lord's House.

Musical notation for the hymn 'The Lord's House'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Hear with meek-ness,—Hear with meek-ness,—Hear Thy word with god - ly fear.

47

2 While our days on Earth are lengthened,
 May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
 May we run, nor weary be,
 Till Thy glory,
 Without clouds, in Heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
 Thee Thy people shall adore;
 Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Far than thought conceived before;
 Full enjoyment,—
 Full, unmixed, and evermore.

1 LORD! dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 Oh! refresh us,
 Traveling thro this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 May Thy presence
 With us, evermore, be found.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1774. *Abr.*

48 This is the day of Light.

S. M.

"A morning without clouds."

Olmutz.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1868. *Abr.*

The Eighth Gregorian Tone, 590.
Arr. LOWELL MASON, 1824.

Musical notation for the hymn 'This is the day of Light'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/2 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. THIS is the day of Light! Let there be light to - day! O Day-spring, rise up -

Musical notation for the hymn 'This is the day of Light'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/2 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

on our night, And chase its gloom a - way.

2 This is the day of Rest!
 Our failing strength renew;
 On weary brain and troubled breast
 Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of Prayer!
 Let Earth to Heaven draw near;
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there:
 Come down to meet us here.

The Lord's House.

49

Blest day of God, most calm, most bright.

C. M.

"We have seen this day that God doth speak with man and he liveth."

Warwick.

JOHN MASON, 1663. Abr.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.

1. BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright, The first and best of days;
The toil - er's rest, the saint's de - light, A day of joy and praise.

50

- 2 My Saviour's face did make thee shine,
His rising did thee raise;
This made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.
- 3 The first-fruits do a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they, that do a Sabbath love,
A happy week shall find.
- 4 My Lord on thee His Name did fix,
Which makes thee rich alway;
Amid His golden candlesticks
My Saviour walks this day.
- 5 This day must I fore God appear,
For, Lord, this day is Thine:
Oh, let me spend it in Thy fear,
The day shall then be mine.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join.
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 3 Dear God! the treasures of Thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins!
- 4 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day.
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. Abr.

The Lord's House.

51

How pleased and blest was I.

"Let my prayer be set forth as incense before Thee; the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice."

6.6.8.6.6.8.

Dalston.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr.*

AARON WILLIAMS, 1763.

1. HOW pleased and blest was I, To hear the peo-ple cry,—“Come, let us seek our God to - day!”

Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zi - on's hill, And there our vows and hon-ors pay.

- 2 Zion ! thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee
round ;
In thee our tribes appear
To praise, and pray, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest !
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest !
- 4 My tongue repeats her vows,—
Peace to this sacred house !
For there my friends and kindred
dwell.
And, since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

52

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned ;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.
- 2 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage—
Let swelling tides assault the sky—
The terrors of Thy frown
Shall beat their madness down ;
Thy throne forever stands on high.
- 3 Thy promises are true ;
Thy grace is ever new ; [move ;
There fixt, Thy Church shall ne'er re-
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in Thy courts appear,
And sing Thine everlasting love.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr.*

The Lord's House.

53

The day of praise is done.

S. M.

"He is thy praise, and He is thy God."

Leighton.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1867. *Abr.*

HENRY W. GREATORREX, 1849.

1. THE day of praise is done, The eve - ning shad - ows fall;

Yet pass not from us with the Sun, True Light that light - 'nest all!

54

- 2 Around Thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here,
Too soon of praise we tire:
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!
- 4 Yet, Lord! to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
- 5 Shine Thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

- 1 LORD! in this sacred hour
Within Thy courts we bend,
And bless Thy love and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend!
- 2 But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day Thine own
When man draws near to God;
- 3 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of Thine eternity.
- 4 Lord! may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servant's sight,
And purer worship may we pay
In Heaven's unclouded light.

STEPHEN G. BULFINCH, 1832.

The Lord's House.

Saviour, again to Thy dear name.

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your thoughts and your hearts in Christ Jesus."

10.10.10.10.

Pax Dei.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1866. Abr.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1866.

I. SAV - IOUR, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise, With one ac -

cord, our part - ing hymn of praise. We stand to bless Thee ere our

wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly bend - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day.
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee. *Amen.*

The Lord's House.

56

Great God, this sacred day of Thine.

"The Lord will command His loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me."

8.8.8.8.8.8.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

Wavertree.

WILLIAM SHORE, 1840. *Alt.*

1. GREAT God, this sa - cred day of Thine De - mands the soul's col - lect - ed powers.

Glad - ly we now to Thee re - sign These sol - emn, con - se - crat - ed hours.

Oh, may our souls a - dor - ing own The grace that calls us to Thy throne.

57

- 2 All-seeing God! Thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And where Thou art intrude no more.
Oh, may Thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above.
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid Thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be Thine;
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to Thy throne.

- 1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine!
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pard'ning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour! while I rest;
And, as each morning Sun shall rise,
Oh! lead me onward to the skies.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, jr., 1813. *Abt.*

The Lord's House.

"Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

58

- 1 Lo, God is here: let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place.
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face.
To Him may all our thoughts arise,
One living, holy, sacrifice.
- 2 As flowers their opening leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch Thine every ray,
So may Thine influence us inspire
To hear and do Thy sovereign will,—
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill.

*Ger. GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1739. Abr. Alt.*

59

- 1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instill;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Thro life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- 2 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
Thro life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

FREDERIC W. FABER, 1849. Abr.

60

Slowly, by Thy hand unfurled.

7.7.7.7.

*"The beloved of the Lord * * * dwelleth between His shoulders."*

Holley.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 1840. Abr.

GEORGE HEWS, 1835.

1. SLOW - LY, by Thy hand un - furled, Down a - - bout the wea - ry world

Falls the dark - ness. Oh, how still Is the work - ing of Thy will.

- 2 Mighty Maker, here am I,
Work in me as silently.
Veil the day's distracting sights.
Show me heaven's eternal lights.
- 3 Thou who dwellest there, I know
Dwellest here within me too ;

May the perfect love of God
Here, as there, be shed abroad.

- 4 Let my soul attuned be
To the heavenly harmony
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

The Lord's House.

61

Stand up, and bless the Lord.

S. M.

"A holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices"

Silver Street.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825. *Abr.*

ISAAC SMITH, 1770.

Marcato.

I. STAND up, and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of His choice:

Stand up, and bless the Lord, your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.

- 2 Oh, for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to Heaven our thought.
- 3 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;

Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

- 4 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore.

62

O Thou Omnipresent!

"A glorious throne, set on high from the beginning, is the place of our sanctuary."

6s, 8s, & 4s. P.

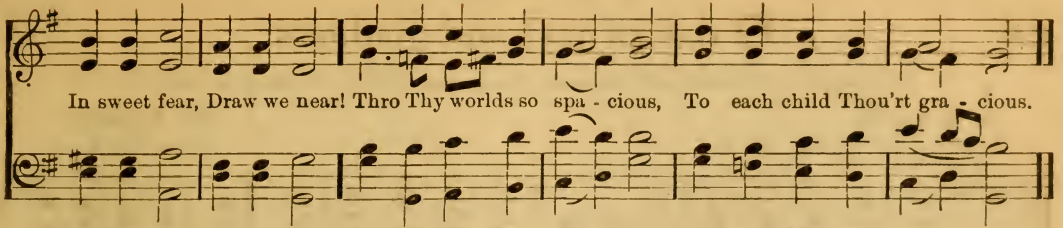
Wunderbarer König.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1885.

JOACHIM NEANDER, 1680.

I. { O THOU Om-ni - pres-ent! God!—of life the cen - - tre, Thankfully Thy gates we en - ter, }
Joining these our prais-es With that hymn in-ces - sant Which Thy Church celestial rais - es. }

The Lord's House.



2 Hushed the Earth before Thee!
 Valley, plain, and highland,
 Every continent and island.
 All things large and lowly
 Silently adore Thee
 Present in Thy temple holy!
 Void of speech,
 Yet they teach!
 Wide their mute word goeth,
 And Thy wisdom showeth.

3 Ever-blessèd Maker!
 While Thine whole creation
 Sounds an endless jubilation,
 O great God and Saviour,
 Once with man partaker,
 Hear our voice with tender favor!
 By and by,
 There on high
 In Thine heavenly places,
 Perfect Thou our praises!

63 The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

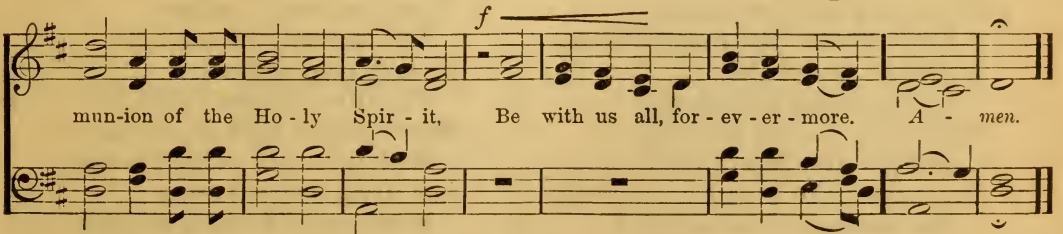
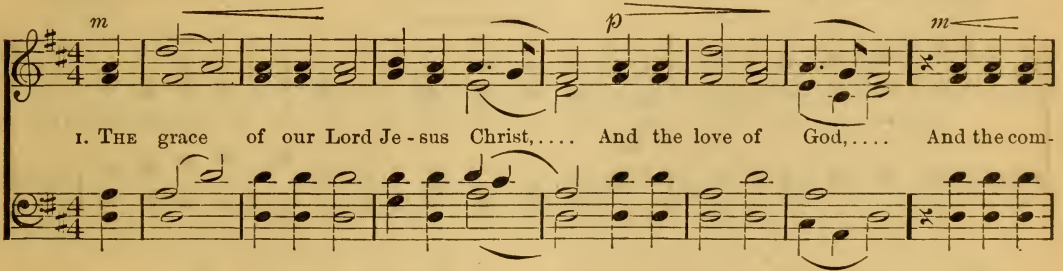
P. M.

II CORINTHIANS, 13:14.

"No one maketh it void or addeth thereto."

Der Segen.

No. 228. WÜRTEMBERG GESANGBUCH.



The Lord's House.

64

O day of rest and gladness.

"O satisfy us in the morning with Thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."

7s & 6s, D.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1858. *Abr.*

St. Anselm.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.

I. O DAY of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light! O balm of care and

sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright! On thee, the high and low - ly, Be -

fore th'e - ter - nal throne Sing, "Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly!" To the great Three in One.

2 Thou art a port, protected
From storms that round us rise,
A garden, intersected
With streams of Paradise.
Thou art a cooling fountain,
In life's dry, dreary sand.
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

The Lord's House.

65

1 OUR God and our Redeemer,
Accept the house we build;
And let it with Thy blessing,
While e'er it stands, be filled.
From corner up to capstone,
Provide, direct, sustain;
That so, Thou Heavenly Builder,
We labor not in vain.

2 Here, Lord, receive the praises
To Thine Incarnate Truth,
Of old men and of children,
Of maiden and of youth.
Amid Thy happy worship,
Let care and doubting cease;
Bestow Thy royal plenty,
And in this place give peace.

3 Let loneliness and sorrow,
The stranger and the poor,
Find here, forever open,
Thy great effectual door.
Fetch home again Thy banished,
O King! and give to them
Who thirst for childhood's waters,
The well of Bethlehem.

4 Here let Thy Spirit hover
In Pentecostal flame;
Make beautiful these gateways,
In Christ of Nazareth's name!
Till He shall come, to gather
The Church of the First-born,
And all the bells of glory
Ring in the Bridal morn!

M. W. STRYKER, 1883.

66

Arise, O King of Grace! arise.

C. M.

"Them that honor Me, I will honor."

Mear.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr.*

Author Unknown, *cir.* 1740.

1. A - RISE, O King of Grace! a - rise, And en - ter to Thy rest; Lo! Thy Church waits, with

The first system of musical notation is for the first line of the hymn. It consists of a treble and a bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics '1. A - RISE, O King of Grace! a - rise, And en - ter to Thy rest; Lo! Thy Church waits, with' are written below the notes.

long - ing eyes, Thus to be owned and blest.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of a treble and a bass staff. The lyrics 'long - ing eyes, Thus to be owned and blest.' are written below the notes.

2 Here, mighty God! accept our vows;
Here let Thy praise be spread.
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

3 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

The Lord's House.

67

Open now thy gates of beauty.

"I was glad when they said unto me—Let us go unto the house of the Lord."

8.7.8.7.7.7.

Worship.

Ger., BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE, 1704.
Tr., CATH. WINKWORTH, 1863, *Abr.*

JOHN R. THOMAS, 1863.

I. O - PEN now thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there;

Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty Waits for Him who an - swers prayer.

Oh how bless - ed is this place, Fill'd with so - lace, light, and grace!

2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me!
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
There a Heaven on Earth must be.
To my heart, oh, enter Thou!
Let it be Thy temple now.

3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
Here Thy seed is duly sown;
Let my soul, where it is planted,

Bring forth precious sheaves alone;
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.

4 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
Let Thy will be done indeed.
May I undisturbed draw near Thee,
While Thou dost Thy people feed.
Here of Life the Fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

The Lord's House.

Lord of the worlds above.

"Thou shalt rejoice before the Lord thy God in all that Thou puttest thine hand unto."

6.6.6.6.8.8.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

St. Godric.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.

I. LORD of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of Thy love, Thine
earth-ly temples are! To Thine a-bode my heart aspires, With warm desires to see my God.

- 2 Oh! happy souls who pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh! happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they,
Who love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,
Thro this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heaven appears;
Oh! glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

- 2 Oh, then, with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices will we raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.
- 3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
Forevermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh.
In copious shower, on all who pray,
Each holy day, Thy blessings pour.
- 4 Here may we gain from Heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

- I CHRIST is our Corner-stone.
On Him alone we build.
With His true saints alone
The courts of Heaven are filled.
On His great love our hopes we place
Of present grace and joys above.

Lat. 8th Century.
Tr. JOHN CHANDLER, 1837.

The Lord's House.

70

Light up this house with glory, Lord.

C. M.

JOHN HARRIS, 1859

"A new and living way, thro the vail, that is to say His flesh."

Tallis' Ordinal.

THOMAS TALLIS, 1565.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is primarily in the Soprano part, with the piano providing harmonic support. The lyrics are: "1. LIGHT up this house with glo - ry, Lord, And en - tering claim Thine own. Re - ceive the hom - age of our souls, E - rect Thy tem - ple - throne."

71

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 We rear no altar,—Thou hast died;
We deck no priestly shrine;
What need have we of creature-aid?
The power to save is Thine.</p> <p>3 We ask no bright shekinah-cloud
To glorify the place;
Give, Lord, the substance of that sign—
A plenitude of grace.</p> <p>4 No rushing, mighty wind, we ask;
No tongues of flame desire;
Grant us the Spirit's quickening light,
His purifying fire.</p> <p>5 Light up this house with glory, Lord;—
The glory of that love
Which forms and saves a Church below,
And makes a Heaven above.</p> | <p>1 THOU, whose unmeasured temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.</p> <p>2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by Thy side!</p> <p>3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.</p> <p>4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise, [storm
While round these hallow'd walls the
Of earth-born passion dies.</p> |
|---|---|

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1835.

The Lord's House.

72

Oh, bow Thine ear, Eternal One.

L. M.

"Joyful and glad of heart for all the goodness that the Lord hath shown."

Uxbridge.

JOHN PIERPONT, 1823.

LOWELL MASON, 1824.

I. Oh, bow Thine ear, E - ter - nal One! On Thee our heart a - dor - ing calls;

To Thee the fol-lowers of Thy Son Have raised, and now de - vote these walls.

73

- 2 Here let Thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of Heaven.
- 3 Here may Thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let Thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.
- 4 Here be Thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let Thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, Thy spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.
- 5 And when the lips, that with Thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn!
- 1 THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple,—built by God.
His fiat laid the corner-stone
And heaved its pillars, one by one.
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.
- 3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky, and all was good:
And when its first pure praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.
- 4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for Thee;
But in Thy sight our offering stands,
A humbler temple, made with hands.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS, 1826. *Abr.*

74

6s & 5s, D. "He that supplieth to you the Spirit, and worketh miracles among you."

Ruth.

SAMUEL SMITH, 1871.

I SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea.
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices,
In the mellow rays.
Earth's ten thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

Praise to God.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 We will never doubt Thee,
Tho Thou veil Thy light.
Life is dark without Thee,
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1871. *Abr.*

76

I will extol Thee every day.

C. M.

"To Him shalt thou cleave, and by His name shalt thou swear."

Burlington.

THOMAS MACKELLAR, 1871. *Abr.*

JOHN F. BURROWES, 1830.

I. I WILL ex - tol Thee ev - ery day, My God, O glo - rious King;

And I will bless Thy name for aye, Thy praise for - ev - er sing.

2 One generation, praising Thee,
Shall testimony bear
Unto the next, and wond'ringly
Thy mighty acts declare.

3 The Lord our God is good to all;
For all are in His thought,
His tender mercies richly fall
On all that He hath wrought.

4 Thou openest Thy hand of grace,
And Thou dost satisfy
The wants of all in every place
Who for Thy presence cry.

5 My mouth shall joyfully proclaim
His praise from day to day.
Let all flesh bless His holy name
Forever and for aye!

Praise to God.

77

Songs of praise the angels sang.

7s, D.

"O Lord, open Thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise."

Culford.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819, 1853.

EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1867.

Animato.

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang, When Je - ho - vah's

work be-gun, When God spake and it was done. Songs of praise awoke the morn When the Prince of

Peace was born; Songs of praise a - rose when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty. - A - men.

2 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above;
Borne upon their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

3 Heaven and Earth must pass away—
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new Heavens, new Earth—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth;
And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious Kingdom come?
No; Thy Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

Amen.

Praise to God.

78

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord."

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord
 God of Hosts! when Heaven and Earth,
 Out of darkness, at Thy word
 Issued into glorious birth,
 All Thy works before Thee stood,
 And Thine eye beheld them good;
 While they sung with sweet accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore.
 Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by Thee redeemed,
 Sing we here with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
 While the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King.
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
 Blending in sublime accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord! *Amen.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1853.

79

1 LORD of Earth! Thy forming hand
 Well this beauteous frame hath planned;
 Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
 Ocean rolling in his power:
 Yet, amid this scene so fair,
 Should I cease Thy smile to share,
 What were all its joys to me?
 Whom have I on Earth but Thee!

2 Lord of Heaven! beyond our sight
 Shines a world of purer light;
 There, in love's unclouded reign,
 Parted hands shall clasp again;

Oh, that world is passing fair!
 Yet, if Thou wert absent there,
 What were all its joys to me?
 Whom have I in Heaven but Thee! *Amen.*

ROBERT GRANT, 1820. *Abr.*

80

1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
 In the land of light and love;
 Pleasant are Thy courts below,
 In this land of sin and woe.
 Oh, my spirit longs and faints
 For the converse of Thy saints,
 For the brightness of Thy face,
 King of glory, God of grace.

2 Happy souls! their praises flow
 Ever in this vale of woe;
 Waters in the desert rise,
 Manna feeds them from the skies.
 On they go from strength to strength,
 Till they reach Thy throne at length;
 At Thy feet adoring fall,
 Who hast led them safe thro' all.

3 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
 Guide me thro' a world of sin;
 Keep me by Thy saving grace;
 Give me at Thy side a place.
 Sun and shield alike Thou art,
 Guide and guard my erring heart;
 Grace and glory flow from Thee,
 Shower, oh shower them, Lord, on me.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834. *Amen.*

81

Now, with angels round the throne,
 Cherubim and seraphim,
 And the Church forever one,
 Let us swell the solemn hymn,—
 To the Father of our Lord,
 To the Spirit and the Word;
 As it was all worlds before,
 Is, and shall be evermore. *Amen.*

JOSIAH CONDER, 1836.

Praise to God.

82

God, my King, Thy might confessing.

8s & 7s.

"Thy condescension hath made me great."

Trust.

RICHARD MANT, 1832.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, 1840. *Alt.*

1. God, my King, Thy might con - fess - ing, Ev - er will I bless Thy name;
Day by day Thy throne ad - dress - ing, Still will I Thy praise pro - claim.

83

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Honor great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.</p> <p>3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.</p> <p>4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought,—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.</p> <p>5 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.</p> | <p>1 God is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.</p> <p>2 Chance and change are busy ever,
Man decays, and ages move:
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.</p> <p>3 Ev'n the hour, that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness stream—
God is wisdom, God is love. [eth,</p> <p>4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Every where His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.</p> |
|--|---|

JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

Praise to God.

84

Should I not, in meek adoring.

"We know and have believed the love which God hath."

8s & 7s, P.

Ger. PAUL GERHARDT, 1656. Abr.

Tr. M. W. STRYKER, 1882.

"Sollt' ich meinem Gott nicht singen."

G. G. BOLZE, 1788.

1. { SHOULD I not, in meek a - dor - ing, Thank my gracious God a - bove, }
 } Whom I see on all things pour - ing Forth the sunshine of His love? } For 'tis naught but

Love's own lov - ing In His constant heart, doth care Endless - ly to love and bear Those their

love, in ser - vice, proving. All things last their portioned day—God's love to e - ter - ni - ty.

2 O'er her young the eagle hovers,
 Spreading wide her wings' defence;
 So, each day, my soul God covers
 Under His omnipotence.
 Out of naught began my living,
 When the mighty Father bade,
 And the life that then He made
 Still has shared His changeless giving.
 All things last their portioned day—
 God's love to eternity.

3 All-compassionate, the Father,
 For us gave His dear Firstborn,
 In that Life-gift aye to gather
 Home the orphaned and forlorn.
 O Thou vast immeasured Kindness!
 Deep unfathomable Sea!
 Who can bound Thy mystery?
 Human wisdom owns her blindness.
 All things last their portioned day—
 God's love to eternity.

Praise to God.

85

My God, how wonderful Thou art!

C. M.

"I will speak of the glorious honor of Thy majesty."

Westminster.

FREDERIC W. FABER, 1849. *Abr.*

JAMES TURLE, 1852.

1. My God, how won - der - ful Thou art! Thy maj - es - ty how bright!

How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light!

86

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored.

3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be!—
Thine endless wisdom, boundless pow'r,
And awful purity!

4 Oh! how I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

1 I SING th'almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 Lord! how Thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

4 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

ISAAC WATTS, 1715. *Abr.*

Praise to God.

87 Praise to the Lord, the omnipotent King!

"Thou shalt be a pavilion for a shadow in the day-time from the heat, and for a refuge and for a covert from storm and from rain."

"Lobe den Herren."

14. 14. 4. 7. 8.

Ger. JOACHIM NEANDER, 1679.
Tr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1882.

JOACHIM NEANDER, 1668.

Animato.

1. { PRAISE to the Lord, the om - ni - po - tent King of Cre - a - - tion! }
 { Join ye the cho - ral of Heav-en, O great congre - ga - - tion! } My soul! partake,

f Ju - bi - lant psalm-o - dy wake, *m* Pour forth thy glad in - vo - ca - - - tion!

- 2 Praise to the Lord! He is reigning o'er all in His splendor,
 Yet, as on eagle-wing, beareth thee upward so tender!
 He hath decreed
 Bountifully to thy need;
 Deeply thy gratitude render.
- 3 Praise to the Lord! who in wonderful beauty hath made thee;
 Healed thee; and guided thee;—never neglected to aid thee!
 In bitter pain,
 Over and over again,
 God 'neath His covert hath stayed thee.
- 4 Praise to the Lord! To that Name Alleluia forever!
 Sing, all ye people, the Holy One strong to deliver!
 He is your Light!
 Never forget ye His right.
 Amen! forever and ever.

Praise to God.

88

Oh, worship the King!

5.5.5.6, D.

"His tender mercies are over all His works."

Houghton.

ROBERT GRANT, 1830. *Abr.*

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1860.

1. Oh, wor - ship the King! All glo - rious a - bove; Oh, grate - ful - ly

sing His pow'r and His love! Our Shield and De - fend - er, The

An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, And gird - ed with praise.

2 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

3 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail!
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

Praise to God.

89

O Thou, Eternal, Changeless, Infinite!

10.10.10.10.10.

"He is not far from each one of us."

Old 124th.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1882.

The Genevan Psalter.
LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1551.

Largo.

I. O THOU, E - ter - nal, Changeless, In - fi - nite! First, Last and On - ly;

fill - ing all in all; Hid - ing Thy glo - ry in th'a - byss of light; Ma - jes - tie

in Thy mer - cy as Thy might; My God! with per - fect trust Thy name I call.

- 2 I dare, unfrightened, lift my eyes above;
Within Thy house, my Father! can I fear?
My heart's deep answer needeth not to prove
The pulses of Thine omnipresent love;
My spirit's cry Thy Spirit bends to hear.
- 3 Thou, Who the number of the stars dost tell,
Bow, Lord, to order all my destiny!
As seeing Thee who art invisible,
Let me amid these awful grandeurs dwell,
Forever Thine obedient child to be.

Praise to God.

90

God of Eternity, Author of Time.

"Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight."

6s & 4s, P.

Royalty.

FRANCES J. VAN ALSTYNE, 1873.

ROBERT LOWRY, 1873.

1 GOD of E - ter - ni - ty, Au - thor of Time, Giv - er and Source of Life, Rul - er sublime,

Thou Un - cre - at - ed Lord, An - cient of Days, Glo - rious in ho - li - ness, Fear - ful in praise!

High o - ver all Thy works, Blest ev - er - more, God of the U - ni - verse, Thee we a - dore!

Copyrighted, Biglow & Main, 1873.

2 Wondrous in majesty,
Wisdom and might,
Lo! 't was Thy voice that said,
 "Let there be light."
Vast realms and numberless,
Lord, are Thine own,
Nations and sceptred kings
Bow at Thy throne.
 High over, etc.

3 Thine is a perfect law.
Thy word is pure.
Righteous are all Thy ways.
Thy judgments sure.
Mercy and Truth abide
Ever with Thee.
Love like a river flows,—
Deep as the sea.
 High over, etc.

Praise to God.

91

God moves in a mysterious way.

C. M.

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

Abdiel.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772. *Abr.*

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1882.

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way, His won - ders to per - form;
He plants His foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.

Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

92

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds, ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head!
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

- 1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherub and on cherubim,
Full royally He rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And He, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.
- 4 The Lord will give His people strength,
Whereby they shall increase;
And He will bless His chosen flock
With everlasting peace.

THOMAS STERNHOLD, 1549. *Abr., Alt.*

Praise to God.

93

The spacious firmament on high.

"He healeth the broken in heart. He telleth the number of the stars. His understanding is infinite."

L. M. D.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712.

Creation.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1795.

1st.

1. { THE spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky; }
 { And spangled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - (Omit.....) }

2nd

nal pro - claim. Th' un - wea - ried Sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's

Ped.

power dis - play, And pub - lish - es, to ev - ery land, The work of an Al - mighty hand.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly, to the listening Earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth.
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.</p> | <p>3 What tho in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
 What tho no real voice, nor sound,
 Amid their radiant orbs be found?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing as they shine,—
 "The Hand that made us is divine!"</p> |
|--|---|

Praise to God.

94

Since o'er Thy footstool here.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

"His children shall have a place of refuge."

Holyoke.

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG, 1824. *All.*

BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1884.

Moderato.

Great God,.....

I. SINCE o'er Thy foot-stool here, Great God, such gems are strewn, Oh, what mag-

nif - i - cence Must glow a - bout Thy throne! So bril - liant So brilliant these but

There o - - - cean drops of light— There o - cean tides roll deep and bright.

Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

2 If night's blue-curtained sky,
With constellations wrought,
Like royal canopy,
With matchless diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer vail,
What splendors at the shrine must dwell!

3 Can these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays!
These spirits so impure
Upon Thy brightness gaze!
In mercy, Lord, anoint our sight,
And robe us for that world of light!

Praise to God.

95

Lord of all being! throned afar.

L. M.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1848.

"How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God."

Wareham.

WILLIAM KNAPP, 1738.

I. LORD of all be - ing! throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from Sun and star;
 Cen - tre and soul of ev - ery sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near.

- 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
 Sheds on our path the glow of day;
 Star of our hope, Thy softened light
 Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
 Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
 Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;
 All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,
 Whoselightis truth, whose warmthislove,
 Before Thine ever-blazing throne
 We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
 And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
 Till all Thy living altars claim
 One holy light, one heavenly flame.

96

- 1 THY presence, everlasting God,
 Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
 Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
 In every place Thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
 Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
 When absent, Thou dost make us share
 Thy smiles, Thy counsels, and Thy care.
- 3 To Thee we all our ways commit,
 And seek our comforts at Thy feet;
 Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
 And guard and guide us still as Thine.
- 4 Give us, O Lord, within Thy house
 Again to pay our thankful vows;
 Or if that joy no more be known,
 Oh, let us meet around Thy throne!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755. Alt

Praise to God.

97

Sing to the Lord a joyful song.

L. M.

"Let such as love Thy salvation say continually, the Lord be magnified." Intercession.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1862.

Arr. JOHN B. DYKES, 1862.

1. SING to the Lord a joy - ful song; Lift up your hearts, your voi - ces raise;

To us His gra - cious gifts be - long, To Him our songs of love and praise.

98

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His Name, for it is fair.

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His Name, for it is true.

4 For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love His sweet em-
Sing to our God, for He is love, [ploy,
Exalt His name, for it is joy.

5 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die.

1 My God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry;
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends His angels from on high,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

3 High o'er the Earth Thy mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
Thy truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

4 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on Earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abbr.*

Praise to God.

99

Before Jehovah's awful throne.

L. M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr.*
All. JOHN WESLEY, 1741.

"Thou hast avouched the Lord this day to be thy God."

Old Hundredth.

The Genevan Psalter.
 LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1554.

1. BE - FORE Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy ;

Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy.

100

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;
 And when, like wand'ring sheep, we strayed,
 He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
 Our souls and all our mortal frame:
 What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise;
 And Earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
 Vast as eternity Thy love;
 Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

1 ALL people, that on Earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
 Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
 Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
 Without our aid He did us make:
 We are His flock, He doth us feed,
 And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh enter then His gates with praise,
 Approach with joy His courts unto:
 Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is forever sure:
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

WILLIAM KETHE, 1561.

Praise to God.

101

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise.
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Thro every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy Word;
Thy praises shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

102

- 1 O God! Thou art my God alone;
Early to Thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.
- 2 Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in Heaven above,
Or what on Earth, compared with Thee?

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. *Abr.*

103

Keep silence, all created things!

C. M.

"My lips quivered at the voice."

Meditation.

ISAAC WATTS, 1706. *Abr.*

SAMUEL P. TUCKERMAN, 1843. *Arr.*

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, with the Bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves.

I. KEEP si - lence, all cre - a - ted things! And wait your Ma - ker's nod;
My soul stands trem - bling while she sings The hon - ors of her God.

- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds un-
Hang on His firm decree. [known,
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

- 3 My God! I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,—

What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

- 4 In Thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

Praise to God.

104

God of my life! thro all my days.

L. M.

"Thou hast known my soul in adversities"

Grostete.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1751.

HENRY W. GREATOR, 1849.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in 2/2 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The first system covers the first line of the hymn, and the second system covers the second line. The tempo is marked 'f' (forte) at the beginning of the second system.

1. GOD of my life! thro all my days, My grate-ful pow'rs shall sound Thy praise;

The song shall wake with opening light, And war-ble to the si-lent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all her powers of language fail;
Joy thro my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But, oh! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,—
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live.
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity!

105

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep.
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands.
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God, how excellent Thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And, in Thy light, our souls shall see,
The glories promised in Thy word.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

Praise to God.

106

Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits.

"Assemble the people, the men and the women and the little ones, and thy stranger that is within thy gates that they may hear and that they may learn and fear the Lord."

L. M.

Eisenach.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834. *Abr.*

JOHANN H. SCHEIN, 1628.

I. PRAISE, Lord, for Thee in Zi - on waits, Pray'r shall be - siege Thy tem - ple gates.

All flesh shall to Thy throne re - pair, And find, thro Christ, sal - va - tion there.

107

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 How blest Thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee!</p> <p>3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills!
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And Earth Thy bounty wide displays.</p> <p>4 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Thro Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And Nature smiles and owns her King.</p> <p>5 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour.
The moral waste within restore.
Oh let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.</p> | <p>1 O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
Thou Fount of being's wondrous sea,
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not Love supreme in Thee.</p> <p>2 We shrink before Thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know Thee truly but in this,
That Thou bestowest all our good.</p> <p>3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And thro the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well.</p> <p>4 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure Thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love Thy law.</p> |
|--|---|

JOHN STERLING, 1839. *Abr.*

Praise to God.

108 How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!

C. M.

"I know the thoughts that I think toward you."

Bemerton.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712. Abr.

HENRY W. GREATOR, 1849.

1. How are Thy ser - vants blest, O Lord! How sure is their de - fence!

E - ter - nal Wis - dom is their guide, Their help, Om - nip - o - tence.

109

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.</p> <p>3 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea that roared at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.</p> <p>4 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.</p> <p>5 Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.</p> | <p>1 FATHER, I well may praise Thy name
In sounds of flowing song,
And in glad words aloud proclaim
That I to Thee belong.</p> <p>2 Each little hill then holds its gift
Forth to my joying eyes,
Each mighty mountain will uplift
My spirit to the skies.</p> <p>3 The sun will cast great crowns of light
On waves that anthems roar;
The dusky billows break at night
In flashes on the shore.</p> <p>4 All hues, all harmonies divine,
The holy Earth about,
Their souls will send forth into mine,
My soul to widen out.</p> |
|---|---|

Praise to God.

- 5 This living soul, which I call mine,
Doth feel and know and love;
It is an utterance of Thine,
A breathing from above!
- 6 So I would fill a higher part,
Self-acting, like to Thee,

- And therefore stir my inmost heart
To live in action free.
- 7 So thro the grace of Him who willed
To do Thy will on Earth,
With truth my spirit shall be filled,
And reach its place of birth.

GEORGE MACDONALD, 1867. *Abr.*

110

On the dewy breath of even.

8.7.8.7.

"Mine eyes are unto Thee."

Wraysbury.

JULIA ANNE ELLIOTT, 1835.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1879.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The time signature is 4/4. The lyrics for the first system are: "1. On the dew - y breath of e - ven, Thousand o - dors min - gling rise,". The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "Borne like in - cense up to Heav - en,—Na - ture's even - ing sac - ri - fice.".

- 2 With her balmy offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgivings be
To Thy throne, O Lord, ascending,—
Incense of our hearts to Thee.
- 3 Thou, whose favors without number
All our days with gladness bless,
Let Thine eye, which knows not slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

- 4 Then, tho conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath the Father's keeping,
Calm we rest in placid faith.
- 5 And, when life is closing round us,
Dark with anguish, faint with fear,
Let Thy beams of love surround us,
Let us know Thee, feel Thee near.

Praise to God.

111

When all Thy mercies, O my God.

C. M.

"When I said 'My foot slippeth!' Thy mercy. O Lord, held me up"

Geneva.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1728. *Abr.*

JOHN COLE, 1800.

1. WHEN all Thy mer - cies, O my God! My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
When all Thy mer - cies, O my God!

When all Thy mercies, O my God!

Trans - port - ed with the view I'm lost, In won - der, love, and praise.
Trans - ported with the view I'm lost,

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Oh how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But Thou canst read it there.</p> <p>3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.</p> <p>4 Unnumbered comforts, to my soul,
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flowed.</p> <p>5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe
And led me up to man.</p> | <p>6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.</p> <p>7 Thro every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.</p> <p>8 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.</p> <p>9 Thro all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!</p> |
|---|---|

Praise to God.

*"The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet.
He rebuketh the sea."*

112

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey His will;
He speaks, and, in His heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.</p> <p>2 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain-pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.</p> | <p>3 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.</p> <p>4 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait His nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.</p> |
|---|---|

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1806. *Abr.*

113 I love my God, but with no love of mine.

10s & 6s, P.

"By the love of the Spirit."

Guyon.

*French, JEANNIE BOUVIER GUYON, 1710.
Tr, ANON, 1837.*

WILLIAM H. WALTER, 1872.

Andante.

1. I LOVE my God, but with no love of mine, For I have none to give. I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine,

For by Thy life I live. I am as nothing, and rejoice to be; Emptied and lost, and swallow'd up in Thee.

- 2 Thou, Lord, alone art all Thy children need
And there is none beside;
From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed,
In Thee the blest abide;
Fountain of life and all abounding grace,
Our Source, our Centre, and our Dwelling-place!

Praise to God.

114

O God, the Rock of Ages.

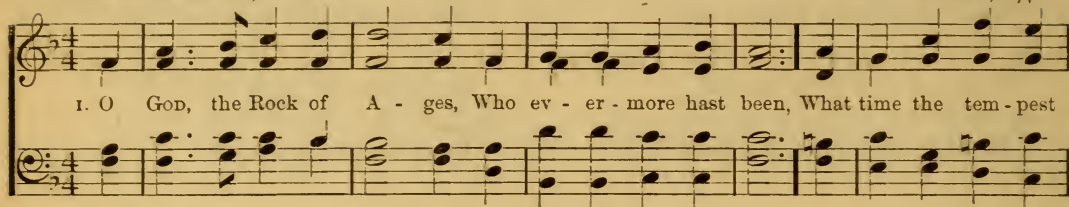
*"O Lord, the Hope of Israel, all that forsake Thee shall be ashamed, * * * they have forsaken the Fountain of living waters."*

7s & 6s, D.

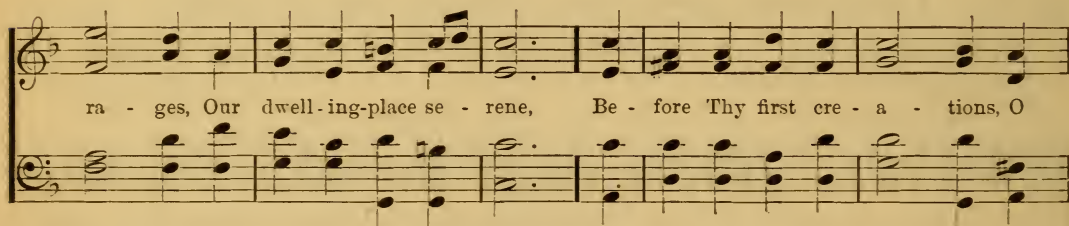
Cœli Gloriantur.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1866. *Abr.*

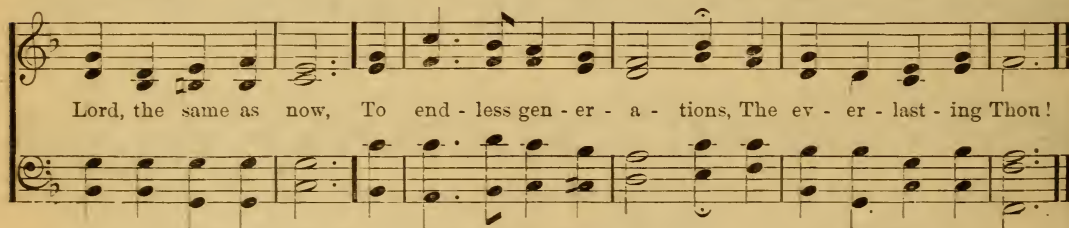
ROBERT P. STEWART, 1874.



1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been, What time the tem - pest



ra - ges, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene, Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O



Lord, the same as now, To end - less gen - er - a - tions, The ev - er - last - ing Thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
O'er sunny hills that fly,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die.—
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest;
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blest.

Praise to God.

115

Our God, our help in ages past.

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

C. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

Norwich ("Old 137th.")

JOHN DAVE'S PSALTER, 1562.

1. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shel - ter from the

storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home, Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne, Thy

saints have dwelt se - cure; Suf - fi - cient is 'Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or Earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone,—
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising Sun.

3 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away.
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies, at the opening day.
Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home!

Praise to God.

116 Lord! Thou hast been Thy people's rest.

"Thou art the same."

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

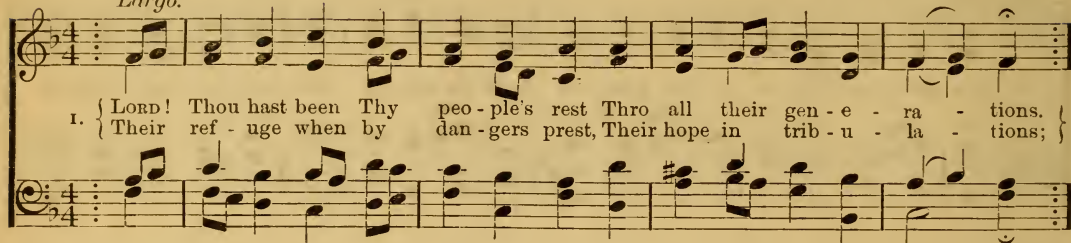
"Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr."

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1821.

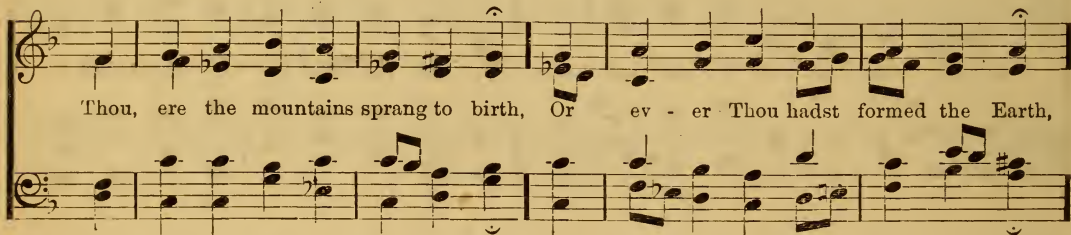
NICHOLAS DECIUS, 1539.

Har. FELIX MENDELSSOHN, 1835.

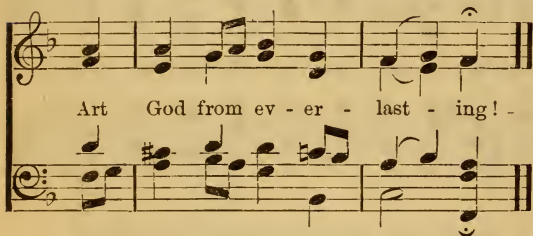
Largo.



1. { LORD! Thou hast been Thy peo - ple's rest Thro all their gen - e - ra - tions. }
 { Their ref - uge when by dan - gers prest, Their hope in trib - u - la - tions; }



Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth, Or ev - er Thou hadst formed the Earth,



Art God from ev - er - last - ing! -

3 Lord! teach us so to mark our days
 That we may prize them duly;
 So guide our feet in wisdom's ways
 That we may love Thee truly;
 Return, O Lord, our griefs behold,
 And with Thy goodness, as of old,
 Oh satisfy us early!

2 Lo! Thou hast set before Thine eyes
 All our misdeeds and errors;
 Our secret sins from darkness rise,
 At Thine awakening terrors.
 Who shall abide the trying hour?
 Who knows the thunder of Thy power?
 We flee unto Thy mercy!

4 Restore our comforts as our fears,
 Our joy as our affliction;
 Give to Thy Church thro changing years,
 Increasing benediction.
 Thy glorious beauty there reveal,
 And with Thy perfect image seal
 Thy servants and their labors.

Praise to God.

"The fashion of this world passeth away."

117

1 ACROSS the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting;
We come to Thee the Life and Light,
In solemn worship meeting;
And as the year's last hours go by
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more Thy love entreating.

2 Before Thee, Lord, subdued we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing;
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing;
Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
And crown us with Thy blessing.

3 And while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us;
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,
Their spirits hovering o'er us;
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
To re-unite us all, at last,
And to our lost restore us.

4 We gather up, in this brief hour,
The memory of Thy mercies;
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,
Our grateful song rehearses; [Stay
For Thou hast been our Strength and
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

5 Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward thro our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us;
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

JAMES HAMILTON, 1865. *Abr.*

118

1 To God on high be thanks and praise,
For mercies none can sever,
Whereby no foe a hand can raise,
And harm can reach us never.
To Him with joy our hearts ascend,
The Source of peace that knows no end,
Forever and forever!

From NICHOLAS DECIUS, 1529.

119

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.

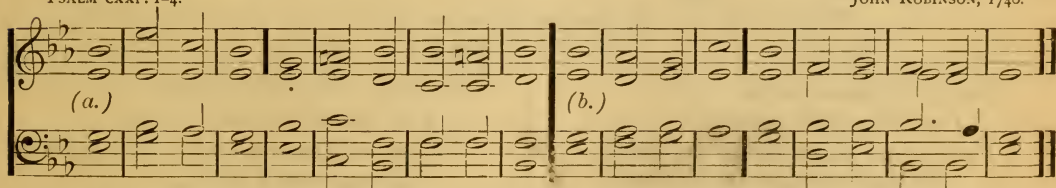
"That ye may stand perfect and fully assured in all the will of God."

Double Chant.

Robinson's Chant.

PSALM CXXI: 1-4.

JOHN ROBINSON, 1740.



1 (a.) I WILL lift up mine eyes | unto ·· the | hills, || From | whence shall | my help | come? ||
(b.) My help cometh | from the | Lord || Which | made— | Heaven ·· and | Earth.
2 (a.) He will not suffer thy | foot ·· to be | moved; || He that | keepeth ·· thee | will not |
(b.) Behold, He that | keepeth | Israel || Shall neither | slumber | nor— | sleep. [slumber.]

Praise to God.

120

The God of Abraham praise.

6.6.8.4, D.

"If ye are Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed."

Uriel.

THOMAS OLIVERS, 1772. *Abr.*

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883.

1. THE God of A - bra'm praise, Who reigns en - throned a - bove, The An - cient of e -

ter - nal days, And God of Love! JE - HO-VAH,—great I AM! By Earth and

Heav'n con - fest; I bow, and bless the sa - cred Name, For ev - er blest!

Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

2 He by Himself hath sworn;
 I on His oath depend;
 I shall, on eagle wings upborne,
 To Heav'n ascend;
 I shall behold His face,
 I shall His power adore,
 And sing the wonders of His grace
 For evermore.

121

1 O THOU who didst prepare
 The ocean's caverned cell,
 And teach the gathering waters there
 To meet and dwell,
 Tossed in our reeling bark
 Upon the treacherous sea,
 Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
 And sing to Thee.

The Trinity.

"These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

2 To peaceful rest we go,
And close our tranquil eyes;
Tho deep beneath the waters flow,
And circling rise.
Tho swells the flowing tide,
And threatens far above,
We know in whom our souls confide
With fearless love.

3 Snatched from a darker deep
And waves of wilder foam,
Thou, Lord, our trusting souls wilt keep,
And waft them home;—
Home where no storm can sound,
Nor angry waters roar,
Nor troublous billows heave around
That peaceful shore.

CHARLOTTE ELIZ. TONNA, 1829. *Abr.*

122

To Him that chose us first.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

"That we should be unto the praise of His glory"

Arthur's Seat.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Arr.*

Fr. SIR JOHN GOSS.

1. To Him that chose us first, Be - fore the world be - gan; To Him that bore the curse To

save rebellious man; To Him that formed our hearts anew; Is end-less praise and glo - ry due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Thro our immortal songs;
We bring to God, the Son,
Hosannas on our tongues;
Our lips address the Spirit's name,
With equal praise, and zeal the same.

3 Almighty God! to Thee
Be endless honors done,—
The undivided Three,
The great, mysterious One!
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

The Trinity.

123 The Lord is King! Lift up Thy voice.

L. M.

"Who hath blessed us with every spiritual blessing."

Octavius.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1824. Abr.

JOSEPH F. SWEETSER, 1849.

1. THE Lord is King! Lift up thy voice, O Earth, and all ye Heav'ns, re-joice;
From world to world the joy shall ring, The Lord Om-ni-po-tent is King!

124

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 The Lord is King. Who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?</p> <p>3 The Lord is King. Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the Earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways;
Let every creature speak His praise.</p> <p>4 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours and worlds unseen,—
There is no boundary between.</p> <p>5 Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.</p> | <p>1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy pardoning love extend.</p> <p>2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.</p> <p>3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quickening power extend.</p> <p>4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.</p> |
|--|--|

EDWARD COOPER, 1803.

The Trinity.

125

1 O HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy Name,
For ever be Thy Name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring thro Earth and Heav'n.

4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue!

JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN, 1819.

126

Eternal Father, when to Thee.

"Praying in the Holy Spirit, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life."

L. M.

Bowen.

HERVEY D. GANSE, 1872.

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN.

I. E - TER - NAL Fa - ther, when to Thee, Be - yond all worlds, by faith I soar,

Be - fore Thy bound-less maj - es - ty I stand in si - lence, and a - dore.

2 But, Saviour, Thou art by my side;
Thy voice I hear, Thy face I see.
Thou art my friend, my daily guide;
God over all, yet *God with me.*

3 And Thou, Great Spirit, in my heart
Dost make Thy temple day by day.

The Holy Ghost of God Thou art:
Yet dwellest in this house of clay.

4 Blest Trinity, in whom alone
All things created move or rest,
High in the Heavens Thou hast Thy throne,
Thou hast Thy throne within my breast.

The Trinity.

127

Holy God, we praise Thy name.

7.8.7.8.7.7.

"I will sing praises unto my God, while I have any being."

Zuversicht.

THE TE DEUM, 4th CENTURY.
Tr. CLARENCE A. WALWORTH, 1853.

JOHANN CRUGER, 1653.

1. { Ho - LY God, we praise Thy Name! Lord of all, we bow be - fore Thee. }
 { All on Earth Thy sheep - tre claim, All in Heav'n a - bove a - dore Thee. }

In - fi - nite Thy vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign.

- 2 Hark! the loud celestial hymn,
 Angel-choirs above are raising.
 Cherubim and seraphim
 In unceasing chorus praising,
 Fill the heavens with sweet accord;
 Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!
- 3 Lo! the Apostolic train
 Join Thy sacred Name to hallow!
 Prophets swell the loud refrain,
 And the white-robed martyrs follow;
 And from morn till set of Sun,
 Thro the Church the song goes on.
- 4 Thou art King of Glory, Christ!
 Son of God, yet born of Mary,
 For us sinners sacrificed,

- And to death a tributary,
 First to break the bars of death,
 Thou hast opened Heaven to faith.
- 5 From Thy high, celestial home,
 Judge of all, again returning,
 We believe that Thou shalt come,
 On the dreadful Doom's-day morning,
 When Thy voice shall shake the Earth
 And the startled dead come forth.
- 6 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
 By a thousand snares surrounded.
 Keep us without sin to-day,
 Never let us be confounded.
 Lo! I put my trust in Thee;
 Never, Lord, abandon me.

The Trinity.

128

Meet and right it is to sing.

7s & 6s, P.

"With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

Excelsius.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749 Abr.

JOHN H. CORNELL, 1872.

Con moto.

I. MEET and right it is to sing, In ev - ery time and place, Glo - ry to our

heavenly King.—The God of truth and grace; Join we, then, with sweet ac - cord,

All in one thanksgiv - ing join;— Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! E - ter - nal praise be Thine.

By permission of E. & J. B. Young & Co.

2 Thee the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease.
Angels, and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One,
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall,
O'erwhelmed, before Thy throne!

3 Father, God! Thy love we praise,
Which gave Thy Son to die.
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify.
Spirit, Comforter Divine!
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And Earth is turned to Heaven.

The Trinity.

129

Come, Thou Almighty King.

"The Holy Ghost which He poured out upon us richly thro Jesus Christ."

6s & 4s.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1757. *Abr.*

Italian Hymn.

FELIX GIARDINI, 1769. *Alt.*

1. COME, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy Name to sing, Help us to praise. Fa-ther all - glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days.

- 2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend.
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy Word success;
Spirit of Holiness,
On us descend.
- 3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour.
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of Power.
- 4 To the great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore.
His Sovereign Majesty

May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

130

- 1 FATHER, as here we bow,
Hark to our praises now,
Hear Thou our prayer.
While this new page we turn,
More of Thy grace to learn,
Our souls united yearn
To bless Thy care!
- 2 Lord Christ, our minds uplift
To covet Thy best gift,
Unselfish love!
Great Shepherd of the sheep,
Our flock and pastor keep,
By fields and fountains deep
Lead all above.

The Trinity.

3 O Living Spirit! rule
Our hearts in this life-school,
Its little while.
Then call us home to dwell,
Where each Nathanael,
Of one great Israel,
Stands clean of guile.

4 God! glorious and triune,
Our lips and lives attune
For constant praise.
Creator, Ransom, Guide,
Guard us on every side,
All that we need provide,
To endless days.

M. W. STRYKER, 1886.

131 Therefore with angels and archangels.

Chant.

"They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness." The Trisagion.

THE THIRD CENTURY, A. D.

JOHN CAMIDGE.

{ THEREFORE with angels and archangels, }
{ and with all the company of..... } Heav'n, we { laud and } { magnify Thy } { glorious } { Name; } { evermore } { praising } { }

Thee, and | say-ing;— Ho - ly, | Ho - ly, | Ho - ly, | Lord God of | Hosts! | Heav'n and | Earth

are | full of Thy | glo-ry. | Glo - ry | be..... to | Thee, O | Lord Most | High! | A - men.

The Trinity.

132

Glory be to God on high.

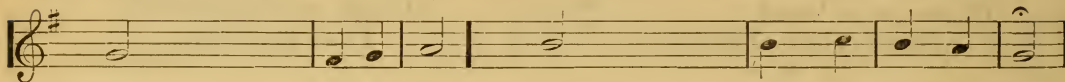
"Being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath poured forth this which ye see and hear."

Chant.

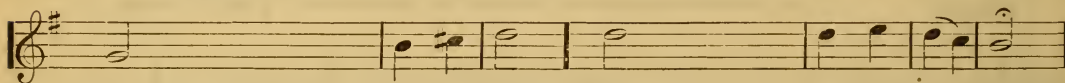
THE SECOND CENTURY, A. D.

(ALL THE VOICES IN UNISON.)

Gloria in Excelsis.



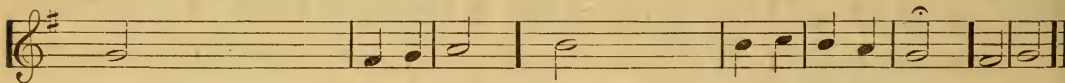
1. GLORY be to..... God on high, and on Earth peace, good- will toward men!
 2. We praise Thee, we bless { We glorify Thee, we give {
 Thee, we } worship Thee. } thanks to } Thee for Thy great glory!



3. O Lord God, heaven-ly King, God the Fa-ther Al- mighty!
 4. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Je- sus Christ, O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father!



5. That takest away the sins of the world! Have mercy up- on us;
 6. Thou that takest away the sins of the world! Re- - - ceive our prayer;
 7. Thou that sittest at the right hand of. God the Father! Have mercy up- on us;



8. For Thou only art Ho-ly; Thou on- ly art the Lord;
 9. Thou only, O Christ! with the Ho- ly Ghost, Art most high in the glory of God the Father. A- men.

ORGAN PART.

Harmony by JOSEPH PEARCE.



The Trinity.

3. *mf*

4. *f*

5. *p*

6. *p*

7. *mf*

8. *ff*

9. *rall.*

fff
A - men.

133 Glory be to the Father.

"He hath set eternity in their heart."

Single Chant.

The Gloria Patri.

1. GLORY be to the Father, and..... to the Son, And..... to the Ho - ly Ghost!

2. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World without end, A - men.

The Advent.

134

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel.

"Israel shall blossom, and bud, and fill the face of the world with fruit."

8.8.8.8.8.8.

LATIN, 12th CENTURY.

Tr, JOHN M. NEALE, 1861. Abr.

Supplicando.

Veni Immanuel.

CHARLES GOUNOD, 1872.

1. DRAW nigh, draw nigh, Im - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el,
That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.
Re - joice! re - joice! Im - man - u - el Shall come to Thee, O Is - ra - el!

2 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morning Star,
And bring us comfort from afar;
And banish far from us the gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The heavenly gate unfolds to Thee;
Make safe the way that leads on high,

And close the path of misery
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of Might,
Who once, from Sinai's flaming height,
Didst give the trembling tribes Thy law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

The Advent.

135

Joy to the world! The Lord is come!

C. M.

"This is the Heir."

Antioch.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

Arr. fr. GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1741

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come! Let Earth re - ceive her King. Let

ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And Heav'n and Na - ture sing, And
And Heav'n and Na - ture

Heaven and Na - ture sing, And Heaven, and Heaven and Na - ture sing.
sing, And Heav'n and Na - sure sing.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Joy to the Earth,—the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains]</p> | <p>3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.</p> |
|---|---|
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

The Advent.

136 Hark the glad sound! The Saviour comes!

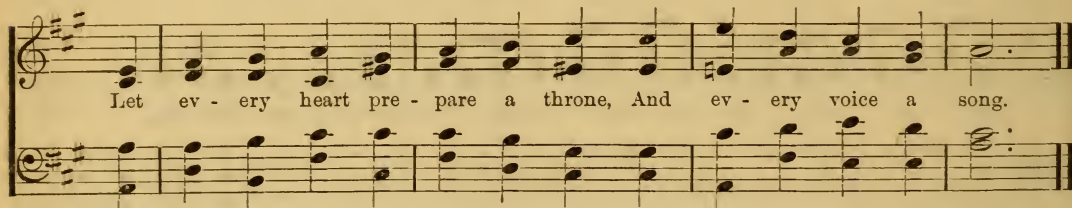
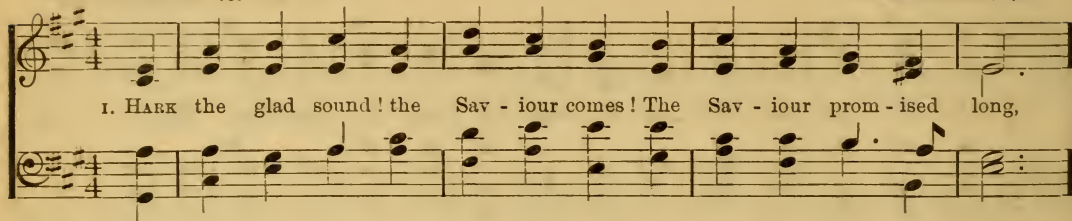
C. M.

"They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward"

Lancaster.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1735. *Abr.*

SAMUEL HOWARD, 1762.



2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

3 As yet we know Thee but in part;
But still we trust Thy word
That blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

4 O Saviour, give us then Thy grace
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter, as Thou art.

JOHN M. NEALE, 1850.

137

1 O THOU, who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay;

2 Altho by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

138

1 AS SHADOWS, cast by cloud and Sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in Thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.

2 And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that Earth can boast
Just glisten,—and are gone.

The Advent.

3 Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

4 O Father, may that holy Star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the Earth with light.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1875.

139 O Saviour, Who from Heaven came down.

L. M.

"There was no room for them in the inn!"

Incarnation.

*Ger. NICOLAUS L. VON ZINZENDORF, d. 1760.
Tr. JAMES B. TOMALINE, 1860.*

MARTIN LUTHER, 1535.

I. O SAV - IOUR, Who from Heav'n came down, A lit - tle child a while to be,
Whose pre - cious blood and thorn - y crown From death and sin have ran - somed me.

2 Teach me, dear Saviour, some return
Of lowly service for Thy love,
Such as a thankful child may learn,
Such as Thy Spirit shall approve.

3 Young hearts I hear them say are claimed
For God's own Altar by Thy word;
May I lay there my own, unblamed,
And wilt Thou lift it Heav'nward, Lord!

2 Hark, from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound
In distant alleluias stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High Heaven with songs of triumph rang,
While thus they struck their harps, and sang;—

140

1 WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds thro the
night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light:

4 "O Zion, lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
Renewed, creation smiles again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign!"

THOMAS CAMPBELL, 1820. *Abr.*

The Nativity.

141

While shepherds watched their flocks.

C. M. D.

"Unto all them that obey Him, the Author of eternal salvation."

Bethlehem.

NAHUM TATE, 1703.

OLD ENGLISH CAROL

I. WHILE shepherd's watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The An - gel of the

Lord came down And glo - ry shone a - round. "Fear not," said he; (for might - y dread Had

seized their troubled mind;) "Glad tidings of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind."

2 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;—
And this shall be the sign;
The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All humbly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.

3 Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song;
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the Earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to
Begin, and never cease!" [men

The Nativity.

O come, all ye faithful.

P. M.

"To guide our feet into the way of peace."

Adeste Fideles.

Latin, 15th or 16th Century.

Tr. FREDERICK OAKELEY, 1841. *Abr. & Alt.*

MARC ANTOINE PORTOGALLO, 1790.

sf

1. O COME, all ye faith-ful, joy-ful-ly tri-umph-ant, To Beth-le-hem hast-en now with

glad ac-cord; Lo! in a man-ger Lies the King of an-gels; *p* O come, let us a-

mf dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him. *f* O come, let us a-dore Him, *ff* Christ the Lord.

- 2 Sing forth, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Thro Heaven's highest arches be your praises poured!
Now to our God be glory in the highest!—
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!
- 3 Amen! Lord we bless Thee, born for our salvation,—
O Jesus, forever be Thy Name adored!
Word of the Father, now for man Incarnate;—
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

The Nativity.

143

Hark! the herald angels sing.

7s, D.

"Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be."

Good Tidings.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739. Abr. & Alt.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1867.

I. HARK! the herald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on Earth, and mer-cy mild,

God and sin - ners re - conciled! Joy - ful, all ye na - tions rise, Join the triumph of the skies!

U - ni - ver - sal na - ture say, Christ the Lord is born to - day, Christ the Lord is

born to - day. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King!

The Nativity.

2 Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of Earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! etc.

3 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home.
Rise, the Woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's head.
Now display Thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore,
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.
Hark! etc.

144

As with gladness, men of old.

7.7.7.7.7.7. "Then shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel."

Dix.

WILLIAM C. DIX, 1859. *Abr.*

CONRAD KOCHER, 1838.

I. { As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing star be - hold, }
{ As with joy they hailed its light, Lead - ing on : ward, beam - ing bright; }

f
So, most gra - cious Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom Heaven and Earth adore;
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we, with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee, our heavenly King.

The Nativity.

145

Calm on the listening ear of night.

C. M. D.

"I am the root and offspring of David, the bright, the Morning Star."

St. Ursula.

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1834. *Abr.*

FREDERICK WESTLAKE, 1872.

I. CALM on the list'ning ear of night, Come Heaven's melodious strains, Where wild Ju - de - a

stretches far Her sil - ver - mantled plains. Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed

sa - cred glo-ries there, And an - gels with their sparkling lyres Make music on the air.

2 The answ'ring hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Dayspring from on high.
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

3 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem:
The Saviour now is born: [plains
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous
Breaks the first Christmas morn!
This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
Oh, catch the anthem that from Heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!

The Nativity.

146

It came upon the midnight clear.

C. M. D.

"When the kindness of God our Saviour, and His love toward man appeared."

Carol.

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1849. Abr.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, 1849.

I. It came up - on the midnight clear—That glorious song of old, From an - gels bend-ing

near the Earth To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the Earth, good-will to men From

Heav'ns all-gracious King!"— The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the An - gels sing.

2 Still thro the cloven skies they came,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hov'ring wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet, with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

The Nativity.

147 Hark! what mean those holy voices.

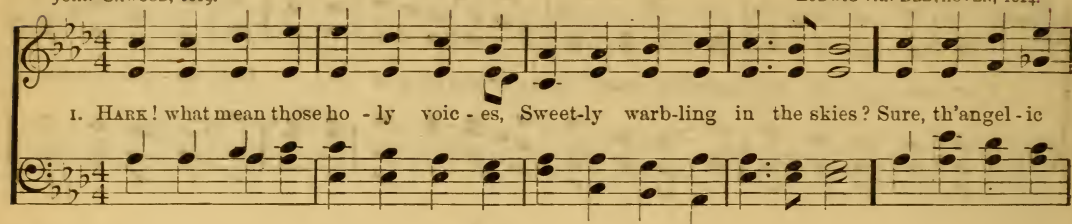
"Thro His name every one that believeth on Him shall receive remission of sins."

8s & 7s, D.

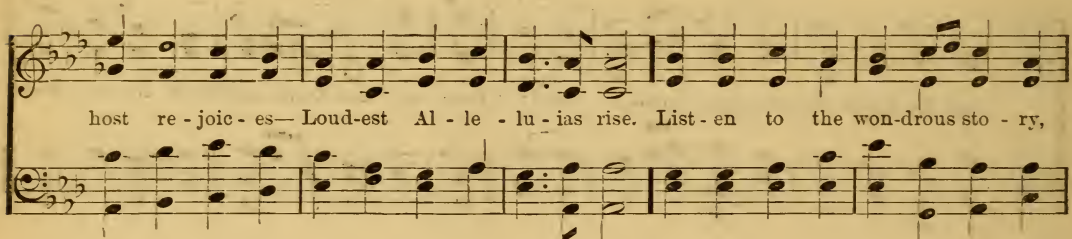
The Hymn to Joy.

JOHN CAWOOD, 1819.

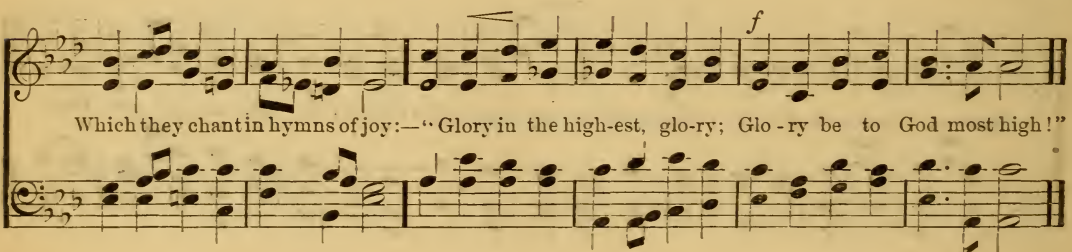
LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1824.



1. HARK! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet-ly warb-ling in the skies? Sure, th'angel-ic



host re-joic-es— Loud-est Al-le-lu-ias rise. List-en to the won-drous sto-ry,



Which they chant in hymns of joy:—"Glory in the high-est, glo-ry; Glo-ry be to God most high!"

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 "Peace on Earth, good-will from Heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and Earth His glory sing:
Glad, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.</p> | <p>3 "Hasten, mortals! to adore Him;
Learn His name, and taste His joy;
Till in heaven you sing before Him,—
Glory be to God most high!"
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the Earth.</p> |
|--|--|

The Nativity.

148

Angels, from the realms of glory.

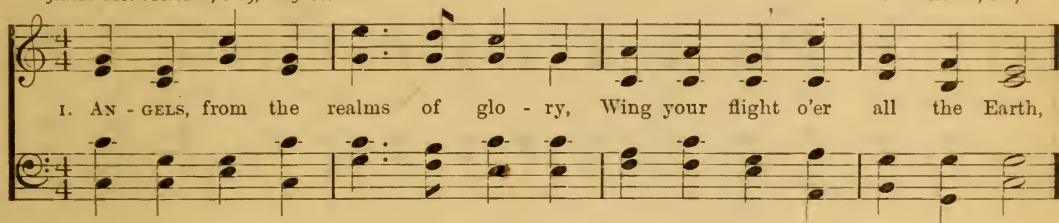
8s, 7s & 4.

"To shine upon them that sit in darkness."

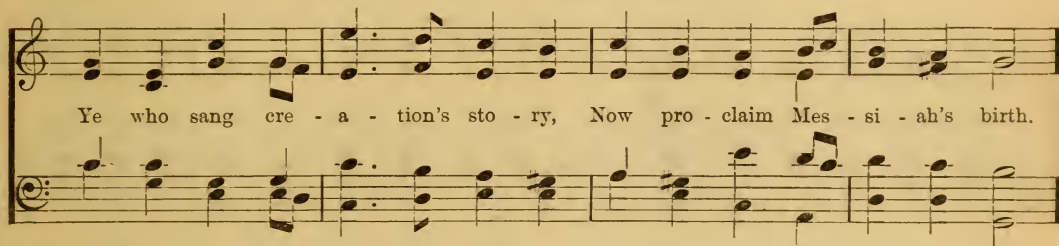
Regent Square.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819, 1825. *Abr.*

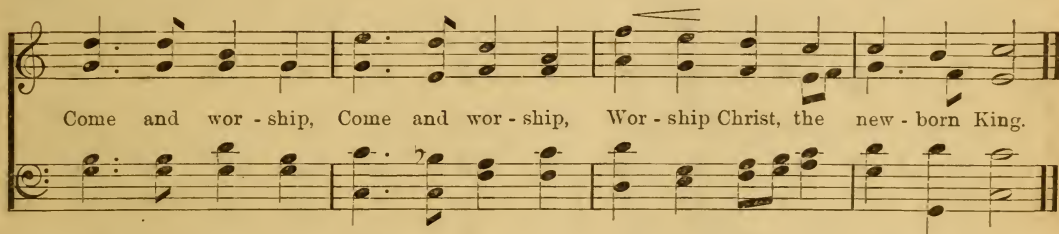
HENRY SMART, 1867.



I. AN - GELS, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the Earth,



Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth.



Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar.
Seek the great Desire of nations;

- Ye have seen His natal star.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

The Nativity.

149 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.

II. IO. II. IO.

"Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

St. Laura.

REGINALD HEBER, 1811.

WILLIAM ALEX. BARRETT, 1850.

I. BRIGHT-EST and best of the sons of the morn - ing! Dawn on our

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

dark - ness, and lend us Thine aid. Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a -

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

The third system of musical notation. It concludes the hymn with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the notes.

- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

The Nativity.

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would His favor secure:
 Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid.
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

150

Father! our hearts we lift.

S. M.

"Who shall declare His generation."

St. Michael.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745.

The Genevan Psalter.
 LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1551.

1. FA - THER! our hearts we lift Up to Thy gra - cious throne,

And thank Thee for the pre - cious gift Of Thine in - car - nate Son.

- 2 Jesus, the Holy Child,
 Doth by His birth declare
 That God and man are reconciled,
 And one in Him we are.
- 3 A peace on Earth He brings
 Which never more shall end.

- The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
 Declares Himself our Friend.
- 4 Oh! may we all receive
 The new-born Prince of peace,
 And meekly in His spirit live,
 And in His love increase!

Christ's Ministry.

151

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord!

L. M.

"All wondered at the words of grace which proceeded out of His mouth."

Germany.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1825. Arr.

1. My dear Re - deem-er, and my Lord! I read my du - ty in Thy word:

But, in Thy life, the law ap - pears Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters!

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.</p> <p>3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory, too.</p> <p>4 Be Thou my pattern. Make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.</p> | <p>2 Oh who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh who like Thee did ever go
So patient, thro a world of woe?</p> <p>3 Oh who like Thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?</p> <p>4 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee:
Yet love thro all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.</p> |
|--|--|
- 152
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in Thy meekness used to shine!
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God.</p> | <p>5 Oh in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever, on the road,
To trace Thy footsteps, O my God.</p> |
|---|--|

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1840.

Christ's Ministry.

153

"That thy goodness should not be of necessity but of free will."

1 How shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above?

2 Lord, should my path thro' suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine:
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

3 Oh let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:—

4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest, not Thyself to please;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

JOSIAH CONDER, 1822. *Abr.*

154

Fierce was the Galilee.

6s & 4s, D.

"Who then is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him?"

Faith.

Gk. ANATOLIUS, 458.

Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1862. Alt.

JAMES FLINT, 1873.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first line of the hymn, and the second system contains the second line. The lyrics are written below the Treble staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *f* (forte), *m* (mezzo-forte), and *f* *rall.* (forte, rallentando). The lyrics are: "1. FIERCE was the Gal - i - lee. Dark was the night. Oars labored heav - i - ly. Foam glimmer'd white. Trembled the mar - i - ners. Per - il was high. Then said the God of God, "Peace! it is I!"

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euraquilo,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of light,
m. "Peace! it is I!"

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me.
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea.
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, Thou Truth of truth,
p. "Peace! it is I!"

Christ's Ministry.

155 What grace, O Lord! and beauty shone.

C. M.

"Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is My brother."

Horsley.

EDWARD DENNY, 1839.

WILLIAM HORSLEY, 1815.

1. WHAT grace, O Lord! and beau - ty shone A - round Thy steps be - low!

What pa - tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe!

- 2 Forever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 Oh give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that springs
From union, Lord, with Thee.

156

- 1 THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
- 2 And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.
- 3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath.
- 4 To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and
May praise Thee evermore. [strong

EDWARD H. PLUMTRE, 1865. Abr.

Christ's Ministry.

157

Hosanna! Raise the pealing hymn.

C. M.

"The Desire of all nations."

Lanarkshire.

WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL, 1833.

MITCHISON'S HARMONY, Glasgow, 1849.

I. Ho - SAN - NA! Raise the peal - ing hymn To Da - vid's Son and Lord;
 With cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, Ex - alt th' in - car - nate word.

- 2 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest!
 How vast Thy gifts, how free!
 Thy blood our life, Thy word our feast,
 Thy name our only plea.
- 3 Hosanna! Master! lo! we bring
 Our offerings to Thy throne;
 Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing:
 But hearts to be Thine own.
- 4 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
 Approved a lisping throng;
 Be gracious still, and deign to hear
 Our poor but grateful song.
- 5 O Saviour! if redeemed by Thee
 Thy temple we behold,
 Hosannas thro eternity
 We'll sing to harps of gold.

158

- 1 COME, Thou, with purifying fire,
 And swift-dividing sword,
 Thou of all nations the Desire,
 Earth waits Thy cleansing word.
- 2 Struck by the lightning of Thy glance,
 Let old oppressions die;
 Before Thy cloudless countenance
 Let fear and falsehood fly.
- 3 Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
 To see, as not before,
 Our Father in our brother's face,
 Our Maker in His poor.
- 4 How late Thy bright and awful brow
 Breaks thro these clouds of sin;
 Hail, Truth divine! we know Thee now,
 Angel of God, come in!

ELIZA SCUDDER, 1860. *Abr.*

Christ's Ministry.

159

All glory, laud, and honor.

7s & 6s, D.

"He is just and having salvation, lowly and riding upon an ass."

St. Alkmund.

Lat. THEODULPH, 821.

Tr, JOHN M. NEALE, 1856. Alt.

JOHN S. SIDEBOTHAM, 1863.

1. ALL glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem-er, King! To Whom the lips of

chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou

Da - vid's roy-al Son, Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and Bless-èd One.

2 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise, and prayer, and anthems,
Before Thee we present.

3 To Thee, before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
With all Thy wide creation,
We'll celebrate Thy praise;
We'll sing of Thy salvation
Thro everlasting days.

Christ's Ministry.

160

Ride on! Ride on in majesty.

L. M.

"THIS IS JESUS THE KING."

Drostane.

HENRY HART MILMAN, 1821.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1859.

1. Ride on! Ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho - san - na cry.

O Sav - iour meek, pur - sue Thy road With palms and scat - ter'd gar - ments strew'd.

161

- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die.
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The wingéd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th' approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh.
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die.
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

- 1 THE royal banners forward go,
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow,
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.
- 2 Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from His side,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.
- 3 Upon its arms, so widely flung,
This dying world's Redeemer hung,
Who only could our ransom pay,
And spoil the Spoiler of his prey.
- 4 To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done.
Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore,
Them keep and govern evermore.

Lat. VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, cir. 575.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1851. Alt.

Christ's Ministry.

162

Fierce raged the tempest.

8.8.8.3.

GODFREY THRING, 1858.

"Why are ye fearful? Have ye not yet faith?"

St. Aelred.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1862.

1. FIERCE raged the tem - pest o'er the deep, Watch did Thine anxious serv-ants keep.

But Thou wast wrapped in guile - less sleep, Calm and still. A - men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
 "O save us in our agony!"
 Thy word above the storm rose high.
 "Peace, be still."</p> <p>3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
 Sank, like a little child, to sleep;</p> | <p>The sullen billows cease to leap,
 At thy will.</p> <p>4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
 And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
 Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
 "Peace, be still." Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

163

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow.

L. M.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, 1821.

"That by the grace of God, He should taste death for every man."

Olive's Brow.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1853.

1. 'TIS mid-night, and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone.

Christ's Ministry.

'Tis mid-night. In the gar - den now The suff'ring Sav-iour prays a - lone.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.</p> <p>3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood:</p> | <p>Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.</p> <p>4 'Tis midnight, and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know:
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.</p> |
|---|--|

164 He is despised and rejected of men.

Single Chant.

"God will provide a Lamb."

Blow's Chant

ISAIAH 53: 3—6.

JOHN BLOW, 1670.

1. He is despised and re-jected .. of men; A man of sorrows, and ac-quainted .. with grief. A - men.

- 2 And as one from whom men | hide their | face; ||
He was despised, and | we es- | teemèd .. Him | not. ||
- 3 Surely He hath borne our griefs, and | carried .. our | sorrows. ||
Yet we did esteem Him stricken, | smitten .. of | God, and af- | flicted. ||
- 4 But He was wounded for | our trans- | gressions, ||
He was | bruised .. for | our in- | iquities; ||
- 5 The chastisement of our | peace .. was up- | on Him; ||
And with | His stripes | we are | healèd. || Amen. ||

The Cross.

165

Bound upon th'accursèd tree.

7s, 10 lines.

"Certainly this was a righteous man!"

Vicar.

HENRY HART MILMAN, 1827.

[VOICES IN UNISON.]

JOHN H. HOPKINS, 1871.

1. BOUND up - on th'ac - curs - ed tree, Faint, and bleed-ing, who is He? By the eyes so

pale and dim, Streaming blood, and writh-ing limb, By the flesh with scourg-es torn, By the

crown of twist-ed thorn, By the side so deep - ly pierced, By the baf-fled, burning thirst,

By the droop-ing, death-dewed brow, Son of Man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou! A - men.

The Cross.

2 Bound upon th' accurséd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the Sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By the Earth enwrapt in gloom,
By the saints who burst their tomb,—
Eden promised, ere He died,
To the felon at His side;—
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow!
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

3 Bound upon th' accurséd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
“*Lord! they know not what they do!*”
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou! *Amen.*

166

O Lamb of God, unspotted.

“Him who knew no sin, He made to be sin on our behalf; that we might become the righteousness of God in Him.”

7s & 9, P.

Ger. NICOLAUS DECIUS, 1523.
Tr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1884.

Agnus Dei.

NICOLAUS DECIUS, 1541.

I. { O LAMB of God un - spot - ted, Whose life that cross hath tak - en, }
 { All calm in grief al - lot - ted, How - e - r Thou wert for - sak - en, } All sin Thou hast en -

dur - ed, Else were no hope as - sur - ed; Have mer - cy up - on us, O Je - sus!

2 Thy name the full heart blesses,
That Thou relief so thoro
Hast wrought for our distresses.
Give us a godly sorrow,
That we our sins may vanquish,
Remembering Thine anguish;
Have mercy upon us, O Jesus

3 Our confidence embolden
Thro Thy vicarious grieving,
That, steadfastly upholden,
And ne'er Thy presence leaving,
We die at last unshaken,
And safe in Heaven awaken;
Grant unto us Thy peace, O Jesus!

The Cross.

167

O sacred Head, now wounded.

"This is My blood of the covenant which is shed for many unto remission of sins."

7s & 6s, D.

Ger. (a trans. from the Latin) PAUL GERHARDT, 1656.

Tr. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, 1829, *Abr.*

Passion Chorale.

JOHANN LEONARD HASLER, 1601.

Har. JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1729.

I. { O SA - cred Head, now wound-ed, With grief and shame weighed down, }
 { Now scorn-ful - ly sur - round-ed With thorns,—Thine on - ly crown, }

O Sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!

Yet, tho de - spised and go - - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord! hast suffered
 Was all for sinners' gain;
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain.
 Lo! here I fall, my Saviour!
 'Tis I deserve Thy place.
 Look on me with Thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend!
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end!
 Oh! make me Thine for ever;
 And, should I fainting be,
 Lord! let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to Thee!

The Cross.

168

Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776.

"I have laid help upon One that is mighty"

Rock of Ages.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1871. A4.

m

1. ROCK of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!

f

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,

p *m* *rit.*

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,—
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour! or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath;
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar thro realms unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

The Cross.

169

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?

C. M.

"Our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

Medfield.

WILLIAM MATHER, 1790.
Har. RICHARD S. WILLIS, 1849.

I. A - LAS! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such an one as I?

170

- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the Tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the Sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin!
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear Cross appears;
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness!
And melt, mine eyes, to tears!
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

- 1 O JESUS, sweet the tears I shed,
While at Thy cross I kneel,
Gaze at Thy wounded, fainting head,
And all Thy sorrows feel.
- 2 'Twas for the sinful Thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand;
What love speaks from Thy dying eye,
And from each piercéd hand!
- 3 I know this cleansing blood of Thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me,—
For me, for all, O grace divine!
Who look by faith on Thee.
- 4 In patient hope, the Cross I'll bear,
Thine arm shall be my stay;
And Thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare,
On Thy great judgment-day.

RAY PALMER, 1867. Abr.

The Cross.

171

Lo! where that spotless Lamb.

"Behoved it not the Christ to suffer these things, and to enter into His glory?"

II.II.II.5.

"Herzliebster Jesu."

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1884.

JOMANN CRUGER, 1640.

1 Lo! where that spot-less Lamb, for sin pro - vid - ed, Thorned, bruised a-bandoned, tor-tured

and de - rid - ed, Pours out His soul for human ransom, yon-der, While an-gels won - der!

- 2 Jesus, what woe Thy love for us hath won Thee!
For God hath laid our chastisement upon Thee,
From our deep guilt Thy death its anguish borrows—
Thou Man of Sorrows!
- 3 Crucified Saviour, by Thy mortal passion,
By the dark travail that hath wrought salvation,
Hear, Lord, a sinner, all his shame deploring,
Thy grace adoring!
- 4 Christ, I have wronged Thee! penitent, heart-broken,
Justly condemned;—yet be Thy mercy spoken!
O Prince of Life, let this Thy strange enthronement
Be mine atonement!
- 5 Glories undimmed are Thine, Thou King of Ages,
Whose name Thy Church in thankful hymns engages.
To God, thro Thee, in constant sacrifices,
Her praise uprises!

The Cross.

172

We sing the praise of Him who died.

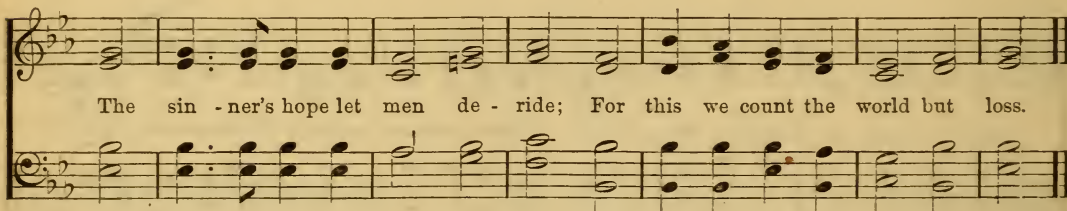
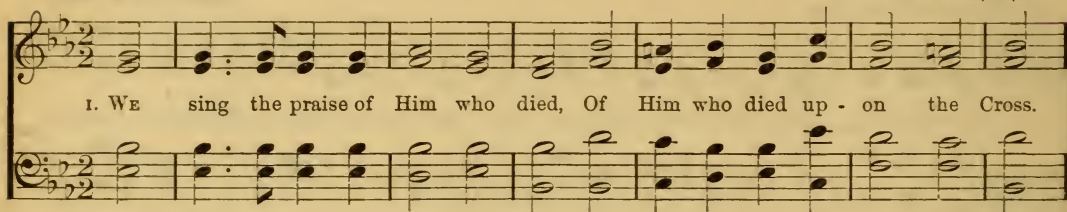
L. M.

"It is the blood that maketh atonement by reason of the life.."

Ashwell.

THOMAS KELLY, 1820.

LOWELL MASON, 1842.



173

- 2 Inscribed upon that Cross we see,
In shining letters, GOD IS LOVE!
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The Cross! It takes our guilt away.
It holds the fainting spirit up.
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight.
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in Heaven above!

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Abr.*

The Cross.

174

O Christ! our King, Creator, Lord!

"That a death having taken place for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first covenant, they that have been called may receive the promise of the eternal inheritance." **Hamburg.**

*Lat. GREGORY the Great, cir. 600.
Tr. RAY PALMER, 1858.*

*First Gregorian Tone, A.D. 590.
Arr. LOWELL MASON, 1824.*

1. O CHRIST! our King, Cre - a - tor, Lord! Sav - iour of all who trust Thy word!

To them who seek Thee ev - er near, Now to our prais - es bend Thine ear.

2 In Thy dear Cross a grace is found,—
It flows from every streaming wound,—
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

3 Thou didst create the stars of night,
Yet Thou hast veiled in flesh Thy light;
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When Thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking Earth acknowledged Thee;
When Thou didst there yield up Thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror, never more to die,
Us by Thy mighty power defend,
And reign thro ages without end.

175

1 LORD JESUS, when we stand afar,
And gaze upon Thy holy Cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
Oh, may we count the world as loss!

2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O holy Lord! uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal
Embracing in Thy wondrous love [woe,
The sinful world that lies below!

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men after Thee!

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1854.

Christ's Grave.

176

All is o'er; the pain, the sorrow.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

"Make it as sure as ye can!"

Dresden.

JOHN MOULTRIE, 1836. Abr.

GERMAN, 1767.

1. ALL is o'er, the pain, the sor - row, Hu - man taunts and fiend-ish spite; Death shall

be despoiled to - mor-row Of the prey he grasps to - night; Yet once more to

seal his doom, Christ must sleep with-in the tomb. A - - - men, A - men, A - men.

2 Close and still the cell that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes;
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

3 Fierce and deadly was the anguish,
Which on yonder cross He bore;
How did soul and body languish,

Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the Serpent's head.

4 All night long, with plaintive voicing,
Chant His requiem soft and low;
Loftier strain of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow.
"Death and Hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth
reign." Amen.

The Resurrection.

177

Go to dark Gethsemane.

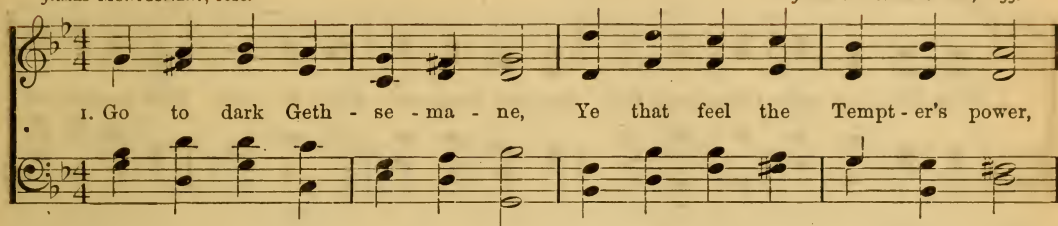
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"Finished!"

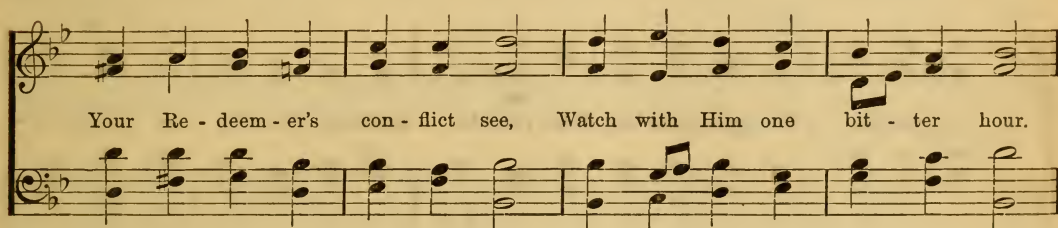
Calvary.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1820.

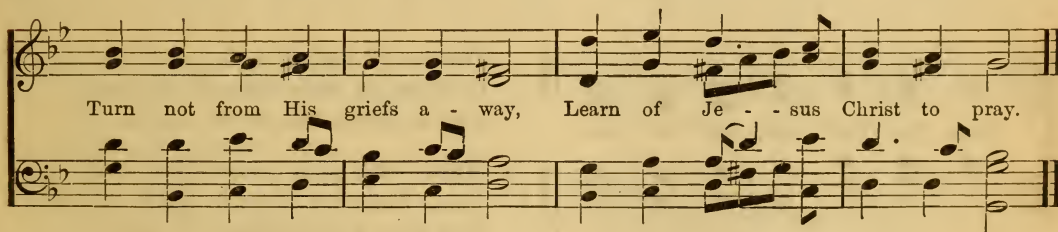
JOHANN ROSENMÜLLER, 1655.



I. Go to dark Geth - se - ma - ne, Ye that feel the Tempt - er's power,



Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see, Watch with Him one bit - ter hour.



Turn not from His griefs a - way, Learn of Je - - sus Christ to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall.
View the Lord of life arraigned.
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
Learn of Him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,—

- God's own sacrifice complete!
"It is finished!" hear Him cry.
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay.
All is solitude and gloom.
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen!—He meets our eyes!
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

The Resurrection.

178 Near the tomb where Christ hath been.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

"My soul doth wait, and in His word do I hope."

Gethsemane.

GERARD MOULTRIE, 1867. *All.*

RICHARD REDHEAD, 1853.

I. NEAR the tomb where Christ hath been Weeping stands the Mag - da - len; With the two dis -

ci - ples, she Wonders where her Lord can be. Look - ing in, they see the bed

Where the Lord hath laid His head.

- 2 Stooping down they see no more
Than the clothes which wrapp'd Him o'er,
Clothes which wound His feet, His brow,
Death's white vestments, useless now.
Two depart: but love and faith
Stronger are than sight,—than death!
- 3 He was here; then she will wait
Watching early, watching late.
Where her Jesus last was seen,

There will wait the Magdalen.
Looking in with streaming eyes,
Angels twain she there espies.

- 4 Hark, with glad accord they cry,
Jesus lives, no more to die!
Thy dear Lord abides not here:
He is risen; do not fear.
Mary, wipe thy tears away,
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 5 Turning round she sees Him stand
In the garden close at hand.
"Mary!" 'tis His accent now.
"Master! It is Thou, 'tis Thou!"—
We, with her, O Christ, adore,
Lord and Master, evermore!

The Resurrection.

179

While all the night-stars fade and wane.

"The darkness is passing away, and the true light already shineth."

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

"Es ist das Heil."

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1834.

Mel. 1478. THE BOOK OF EIGHT HYMNS, WITTENBERG, 1524.
Attrib. to PAUL SPERATUS, har. JOHANN SEB. BACH, d. 1750.

I. { WHILE all the night-stars fade and wane, And ear - ly dawn is break - ing, }
 { With life-pangs death could not re - strain, The joy - ful Earth is quak - ing, } In dew of

youth from morning's womb, All-beauteous from that holy tomb, The Roy-al One is wak - ing!

- 2 Behold, the stone is rolled away!
 While eastern skies are glowing.
 At last is come the first Lord's day,
 Immortal light bestowing,
 By dazzled guard and open door,
 God's Son, alive forevermore,
 The path of life is showing.
- 3 In snowy raiment angels twain
 Their radiant watch are keeping,
 While they who loved are drawn again
 Where last they left Him sleeping.
 But, lo, what news of joy and fear—
 "Your Lord is ris'n, He is not here."
 Forever ends their weeping!
- 4 With happy haste they tread the sward,
 The wondrous charge repeating.
 "All hail!" saith One. It is the Lord
 Himself! their rapture greeting.

- They clasp His feet. They doubt no more.
 'Tis Jesus whom their souls adore,
 Their faith in sight completing.
- 5 Peal forth the high victorious psalm,
 With shouts of joy unbounded!
 The song of Moses and the Lamb
 Thro either world be sounded!
 For us the grave shall voided be;
 And trusting, Lord, for aye in Thee,
 We ne'er shall be confounded.
 - 6 With triumph soon we'll keep the feast
 That shineth in perfection,
 With fear's long lifetime bondage ceased,
 By Jesus' strong protection.
 Eternal arms are underneath.
 We'll share the likeness of His death,
 And of His resurrection.

The Resurrection.

180

How calm and beautiful the morn.

8.6.8.6.8.8.

"He also shewed Himself alive after His passion by many proofs."

Hastings.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1832. Abr.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1832.

1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn, That gilds the sa - cred tomb,

Where Christ, the cru - ci - fied, was borne, And veiled in mid - night gloom!

Oh, weep no more the Sav - iour slain! The Lord is risen,—He lives a - gain!

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place, He is not here,"
The tomb is all unbarred.
The gates of death were closed in vain.
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

3 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away

Your unbelieving fears.
Oh weep no more your comforts slain;
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

4 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since He has risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

The Resurrection.

181

The Day of Resurrection.

"Which was turned unto them from sorrow to joy, and from mourning into a good day."

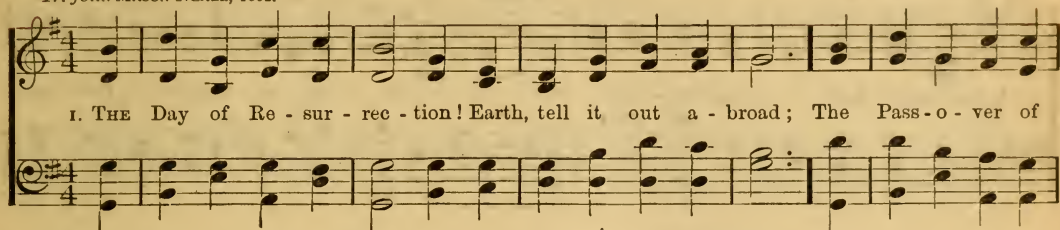
7s & 6s, D.

Gk. JOHN OF DAMASCUS, cir. 780.

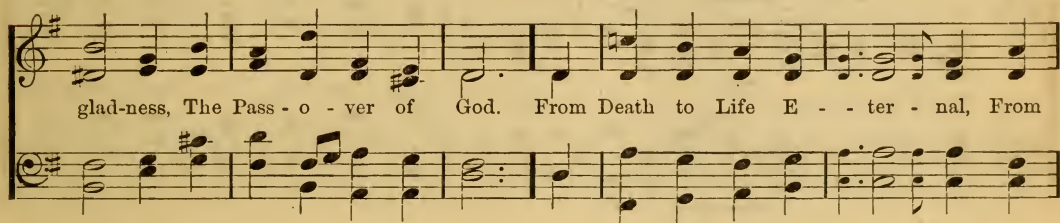
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1862.

Rotterdam.

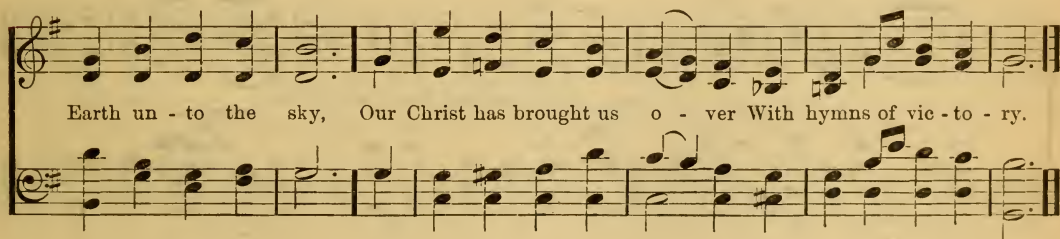
BERTHOLD TOURS, 1875.



1. THE Day of Re - sur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad; The Pass - o - ver of



glad-ness, The Pass - o - ver of God. From Death to Life E - - ter - nal, From



Earth un - to the sky, Our Christ has brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "*All hail!*" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the Heavens be joyful;
Let Earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end!

The Resurrection.

182

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.

7s & 4s, P.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.

Animato.

"Thou didst cleave the fountain and the flood."

Easter Hymn.

LYRA DAVIDICA, 1708.

I. CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to - day, AL - - - LE - LU - IA! Sons of men, and

an - gels, say; AL - - - LE - LU - IA! Raise your joys and tri-umphs high!

AL - - - LE - LU - IA! Sing, ye Heav'ns! and Earth, re-ply! AL - - - LE - LU - IA!

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once He died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

The Resurrection.

183

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain.

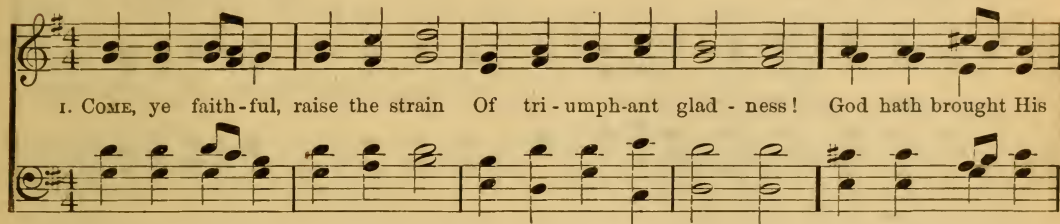
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"In Him is the Yea; wherefore also thro Him is the Amen."

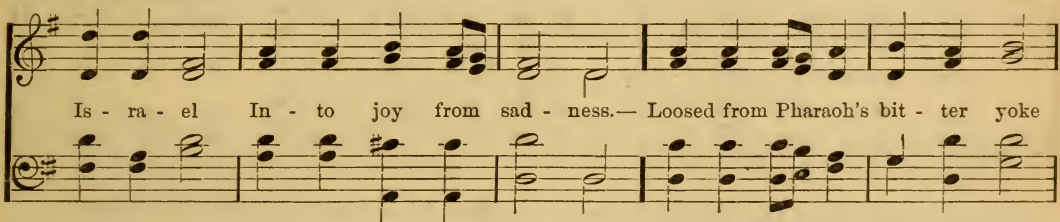
St. Kevin.

Gk. JOHN OF DAMASCUS, *cir.* 780.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1862, *Abr.*

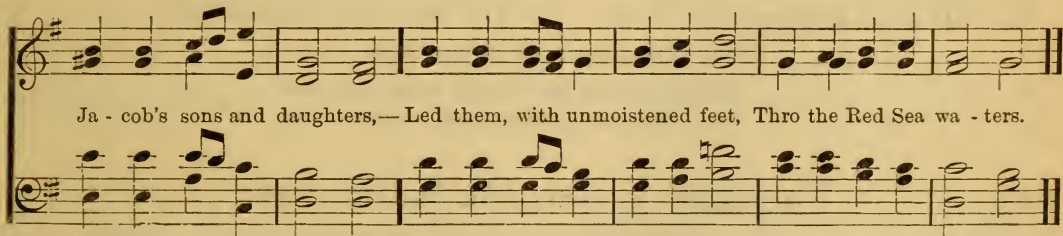
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.



1. COME, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant glad-ness! God hath brought His



Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness.— Loosed from Pharaoh's bit-ter yoke



Ja-cob's sons and daughters,— Led them, with unmoistened feet, Thro the Red Sea wa-ters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days sleep in death
As the Sun hath risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
Thine own peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

The Resurrection.

184

O sons and daughters, let us sing.

8.8.8.4.

"Open Thou mine eyes."

Victory.

Lat. Twelfth Century.

Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1861. Abr.

GIOVANNI PALESTRINA, 1545.

1. O sons and daughters, let us sing! The King of Heaven, the glo - rious King,

O'er death to - day rose tri - umph - ing. AL - LE - LU - IA!

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
He doubted if it were the Lord,
Until He came and spake the word.</p> | <p>3 How blest are they who do not see,
And yet whose faith is firm in Thee,
For they shall live eternally.</p> |
| <p>4 On this most holy day of days,
To Thee our heart and voice we raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.</p> | |

185

The strife is o'er, the battle done.

8.8.8.4.

"The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly."

Eton.

Lat. Twelfth Century.

Tr. FRANCIS POTT, 1860.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872. Abr.

1. THE strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is won;

The Resurrection.

ff

The song of tri - umph has be - gun. AL - LE - LU - - IA!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 The powers of death have done their worst;
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst!</p> <p>3 The three sad days are quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead.
All glory to our risen Head!</p> | <p>4 He closed the yawning gates of Hell,
The bars from Heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!</p> <p>5 Lord! by the stripes that wounded Thee,
From Death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may all Thy glory see!</p> |
|---|--|

186

Jesus lives! Thy terrors now.

7.8.7.8.4.

Ger. CHRISTIAN F. GELLERT, 1740.
Tr. FRANCES E. COX, 1841. *Abr.*

"It was turned to the contrary."

St. Albinus.

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1872.

1. JE - sus lives! Thy ter - rors now Can no long - er, Death, ap - pal us; Je - sus

lives! by this we know Thou, O Grave, canst not en - thral us. AL - LE - LU - - IA!

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass our gloomy portal.</p> | <p>3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.</p> |
|--|---|

The Resurrection.

187

Christ is risen! Christ is risen!

"The Spirit of Christ testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glories that should follow them."

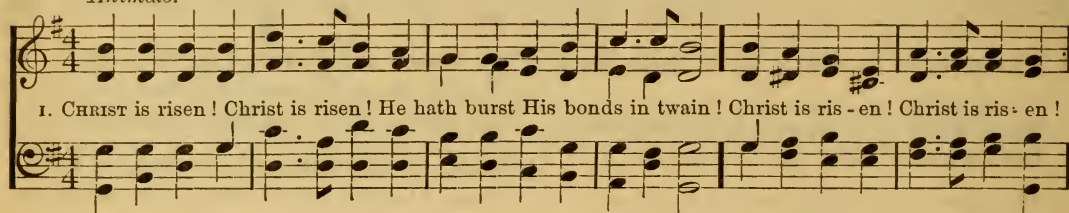
P. M.

Resurrexit.

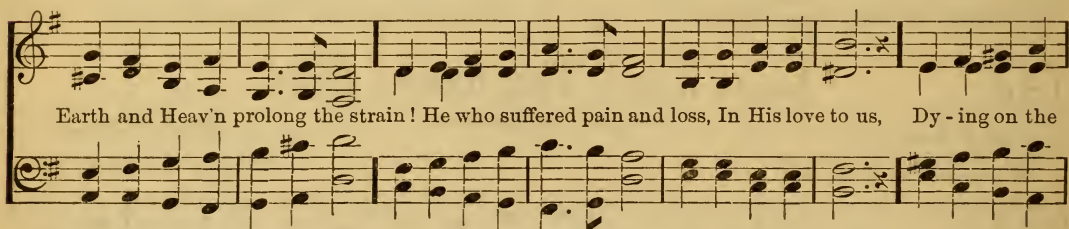
ARCHER T. GURNEY, 1862.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1873.

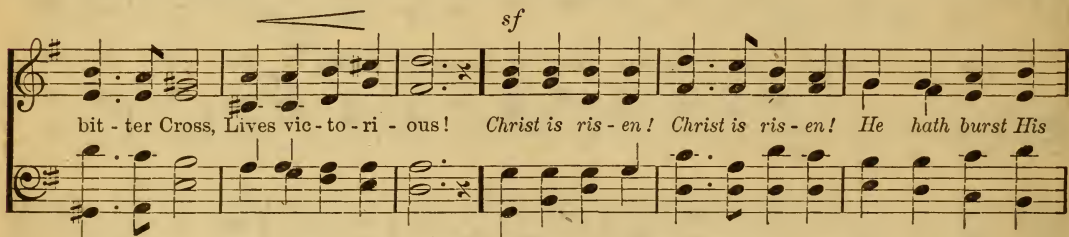
Animato.



1. CHRIST is risen! Christ is risen! He hath burst His bonds in twain! Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en!



Earth and Heav'n prolong the strain! He who suffered pain and loss, In His love to us, Dy - ing on the



bit - ter Cross, Lives vic - to - ri - ous! *sf* Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His



bonds in twain! *f* Christ is ris - en! *ff* Christ is ris - en! Earth and Heav'n pro - long the strain!

The Ascension.

2 Lo, the chains of death are broken!
 Earth below and Heaven above
 Joy anew in every token
 Of Thy triumph, Lord of love!
 He o'er Earth and Heaven shall reign
 At His Father's side,
 Till He cometh once again,
 Bridegroom, to His Bride.
Christ is risen! etc.

3 Angel legions, downward thronging,
 Hail the Lord of Earth and skies!
 Ye who watched with holy longing
 Till your Sun again should rise,—
 He is risen! Earth, rejoice!
 Sing, ye starry train!
 All things living find a voice!
 Jesus lives again!
Christ is risen! etc.

188 The golden gates lift up their heads.

C. M.

"If it be of God ye cannot overthrow it."

Belgrave.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1858.

WILLIAM HORSLEY, 1828.

1. THE gold - en gates lift up their heads, The doors are o - pened wide,

The King of glo - ry is gone up Un - to His Fa - thers's side.

2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
 Thou hast prepared a place,
 That we may be where now Thou art,
 And look upon Thy face.

3 And ever on Thine earthly path
 A gleam of glory lies;
 A light still breaks behind the cloud
 That veils Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
 And let Thy grace be given,
 That while we linger yet below
 Our hearts may be in Heaven.

5 That where Thou art at God's right hand
 Our hope, our love may be;
 Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
 For evermore in Thee.

The Ascension.

189

Our Lord is risen from the dead.

L. M. D.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1741.
Marcato.

"The Lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed."

Ascension.

MAX PIUTTI, 1880.

1. OUR Lord is ris-en from the dead; Our Je-sus is gone up on high; The powers of Hell are

captive led, Dragged to the por-tals of the sky; There His triumphal chariot waits, And an-gels

chant the sol-emn lay:—"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates! Ye ev-er-last-ing doors! give way."

Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main.

2 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in."
"Who is the King of glory?—who?"
"The Lord, that all our foes o'ereame,
World, sin, and death, and Hell o'erthrew;
And JESUS is the Conqueror's name."

3 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."
"Who is the King of glory?—who?"—
"The Lord, of glorious power possess;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, for ever blest."

The Ascension.

190

Rise, glorious Conqueror.

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning.

6s & 4s, P.

Thou hast the dew of Thy youth."

Pittsfield.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848. Abr.

BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1875.

Marcato.

I. RISE, glorious Conqu'ror, rise, Rise, glorious Conqu'ror, rise, In - to Thy na - tive skies,

As - sume Thy right! And where, in many a fold, The clouds are backward rolled,

Pass thro those gates of gold. And reign in light,— And reign..... in light!

Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

2 Enter, Incarnate God!
Enter, Incarnate God!
No feet but Thine have trod
The Serpent down.
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour, triumphant go,
And take Thy crown!
And take Thy crown!

3 Lion of Judah! hail!
Lion of Judah! hail!
And let Thy name prevail
From age to age.
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for Thine own the spheres;
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thine heritage.
Amen! Amen!

The Ascension.

191 See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph!

8s & 7s, D.

"Thanks be to God which always leadeth us in triumph in Christ."

Deerhurst.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1863. *Abr.*

JAMES LANGRAN, 1863.

1. SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph! See the King in roy - al state, Rid - ing on the

clouds His cha-riot, To His heavenly pal-ace gate! Hark! the choirs of an-gel voi-ces Joy-ful

Al - le - lu - ias sing, And the por-tals high are lift - ed, To receive their heavenly King.

2 Thou hast raised our human nature,
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There to sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord! in Thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

3 So at last, when He appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles',
Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of Heaven,
And may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning,
And may reign forever there.

The Ascension.

192

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.

"Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain to receive the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

8s, 7s & 4.

THOMAS KELLY, 1804.

Benediction.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1791.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious! See the Man of Sor - rows now,

From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious; Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow.

f marcato. *ff*
Crown Him! crown Him! crown Him! crown Him! Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him:
Rich the trophies Jesus brings.

In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of Heaven rings.

||: Crown Him! crown Him! :||
Crown the Saviour "King of Kings."

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,

Own His title, praise His Name.

||: Crown Him! crown Him! :||
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station.

Oh, what joy the sight affords!
||: Crown Him! crown Him! :||
"King of kings, and Lord of lords."

The Ascension.

193

Thou art gone up on high.

S. M. D.

"While He blest them, He parted from them."

"Old 25th."

EMMA L. TOKE, 1851.

JOHN DAVE'S PSALTER, 1562.

1. THOU art gone up on high To mansions in the skies; And round Thy throne, un-

ceas - ing - ly, The songs of praise a - rise: But we are lingering here, With

sin and care op - prest; Lord, send Thy promised Com-fort-er, And lead us to Thy rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou didst first come down,
Thro Earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be:
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Oh, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high!

The Holy Ghost.

194

Creator Spirit! by whose aid.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

"That ye may abound in hope in the power of the Holy Ghost."

Bethune.

Lat. RABANUS MAURUS, d. 856.
Tr. JOHN DRYDEN, 1690.

UZZIAH C. BURNAP, 1868:

1. CRE - - A - TOR Spir - it! by whose aid The world's foun - da - tions first were laid,

Come, vis - it ev - ery pi - ous mind, Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man kind.

mf From sin and sor - row set us free, *f* And make Thy tem - ples worth - y Thee.

2 O Source of uncreated light!
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire.
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Refine and purge our earthly parts:
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Make us eternal truths receive,

And practice all that we believe.
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by Thee.

4 Immortal honors, endless fame,
Attend th' almighty Father's name!
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died!
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

The Holy Ghost.

195 O God, O Spirit, Light of all that live.

IO. IO. IO. IO. IO. IO.

"A habitation of God in the Spirit."

Affiance.

Ger. GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1855, Abr..

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1872.

p

1. { O God, O Spir - it, Light of all that live, Who dost on
Our dark - ness ev - er with Thy light doth strive; In vain Thou

us that sit in dark - ness shine, } Yet none, O Spir - it, from Thine
lur - est with Thy beams di - vine:

eye can hide; Glad - ly will I Thy search-ing glance a - bid.

f

- 2 Search all my hidden parts, whate'er impure
Thy light discovers there, do Thou destroy;
The bitt' rest pain I willingly endure,
Such pain is followed by eternal joy.
O Breath! from out the eternal silence blow,
The precious fulness of my God bestow.
- 3 Oh let my thoughts, my actions, and my will
Obedient solely to Thine impulse move;

The Holy Ghost.

My heart and senses keep Thou blameless still,
 Fixt and absorbed in God's unuttered love.
 Thy praying, teaching, striving, in my heart
 Let me not quench, nor make Thee to depart.

196 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.

8.6.8.4.

HARRIET AUBER, 1829.

"I will not leave you orphans."

St. Cuthbert.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1860.

1. OUR blest Re - deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der last fare - well,
 A Guide, a Com - fort - er, be - queathed, With us to dwell.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 He came in semblance of a dove
 With sheltering wings outspread,
 The holy balm of peace and love
 On Earth to shed.</p> <p>3 He came in tongues of living flame,
 To teach, convince, subdue ;
 All-powerful as the wind He came,
 As viewless, too.</p> <p>4 He came sweet influence to impart,
 A gracious, willing guest,
 While He can find one humble heart
 Wherein to rest.</p> | <p>5 And His that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of even,
 That checks each fault, calms every
 And speaks of Heav'n. [fear,</p> <p>6 And every virtue we possess,
 And every conquest won,
 And every thought of holiness,—
 Are His alone.</p> <p>7 Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see ;
 Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-
 And worthier Thee. [place,</p> |
|--|---|

The Holy Ghost.

197 Our God, our God, Thou shinest here.

C. M. D.

"Come from the four winds, O Breath!"

"Old 44th."

THOMAS H. GILL, 1846. *Abr.*

JOHN DAVE'S PSALTER, 1562.

1. OUR God, our God, Thou shin-est here, Thine own this lat-ter day; To us Thy radiant

steps ap - pear; We watch Thy glo - rious way. Thou took - est once our flesh; Thy face Once

on our dark-ness shone; Yet thro each age new births of grace Still make Thy glory known.

2 Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy Spirit and Thy word.
Doth not the Spirit still descend,
And bring the heavenly fire?
Doth not He still the Church extend,
And waiting souls inspire?

3 Come, Holy Ghost, in us arise;
Be This Thy mighty hour;
And make Thy willing people wise
To know Thy day of power!
Pour down Thy fire in us to glow,
Thy might in us to dwell;
Again Thy works of wonder show,
Thy blessed secrets tell!

The Holy Ghost.

198

Holy Spirit! once again.

7.7.7.7.7.

"The Holy Spirit of promise, which is an Earnest of our inheritance." Glastonbury.

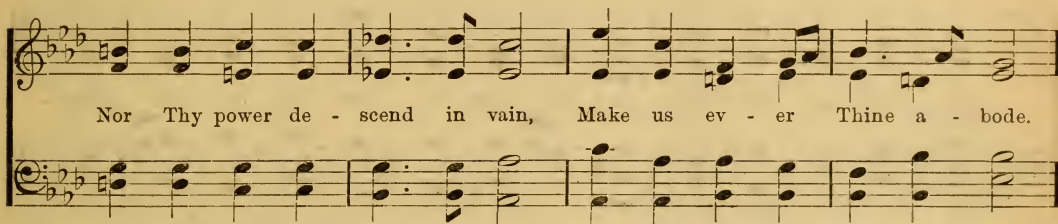
Ger. HEINRICH HELD, 1661.

Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1858. Abr.

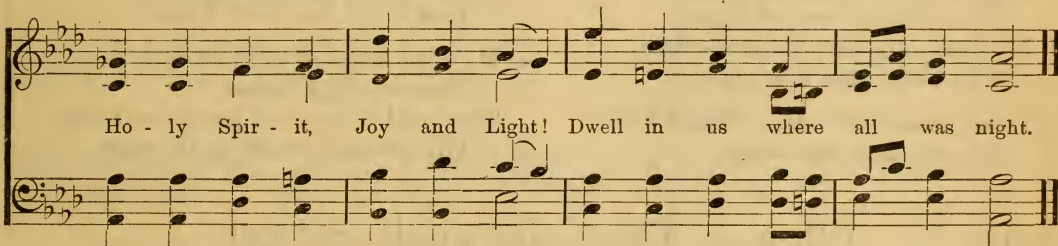
JOHN B. DYKES, d. 1876.



1. Ho - LY Spir - it! once a - gain Come, Thou true E - ter - nal God!



Nor Thy power de - scend in vain, Make us ev - er Thine a - bode.



Ho - ly Spir - it, Joy and Light! Dwell in us where all was night.

- 2 Witness in our hearts that God
Counts us children thro His Son,
That our Father's gentle rod
Smites us for our good alone;
So when tried, perplexed, distressed,
In His love we still may rest.
- 3 And when e'er a yearning strong
Presses out the bitter cry,
'Ah my God, how long, how long?'

- Then O let me find Thee nigh,
And Thy words of healing balm
Bring me courage, patience, balm.
- 4 Lord! preserve us in the faith,
Suffer naught to drive us thence,
Neither Satan, scorn, nor death:
Be our God, and our Defence.
Tho the flesh resist Thy will,
Let Thy word be stronger still.

The Holy Ghost.

199

My soul doth magnify the Lord.

C. M.

"Ye were justified in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in the Spirit of our God." Bedford.

JOHN MASON, 1683.

WILLIAM WHEALL, 1720.

1. My soul doth mag - ni - fy the Lord, My Spir - it doth re - joice

In God, my Sav - iour and my God;—I hear His joy - ful voice.

- 2 I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home;
My sighs are turned into songs,
The Comforter is come!
- 3 Down from above the blessèd Dove
Is come into my breast,

To witness God's eternal love;
This is my heavenly feast.

- 4 My God, my reconciled God,
Creator of my peace,
Thee will I love and praise and sing,
Till life and breath shall cease.

200

Oh may Thy Spirit guide my feet.

C. M.

"Oh that there were such an heart in them!"

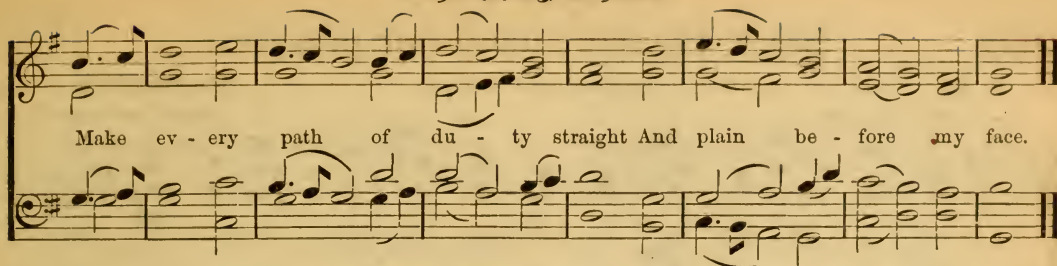
St. Martin's.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. 1709. Arr.

WILLIAM TANSUR, 1735.

1. Oh may Thy Spir - - it guide my feet, In ways of righteous-ness;

The Holy Ghost.



Make ev - ery path of du - ty straight And plain be - fore my face.

2 Lord! search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before Thy face,
And find acceptance there.

201 Why should the children of a King.

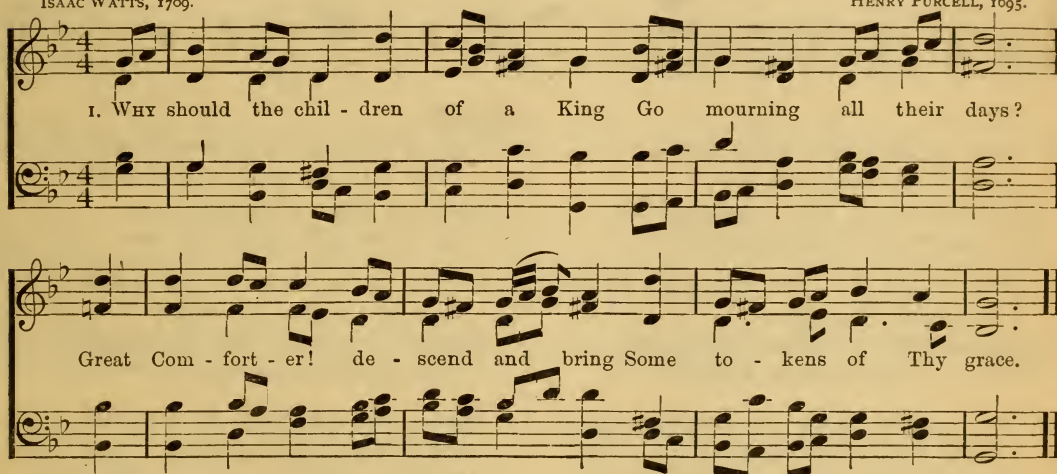
C. M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

"Is the Spirit of the Lord straitened?"

Walsal.

HENRY PURCELL, 1695.



1. Why should the chil - dren of a King Go mourning all their days?
Great Com - fort - er! de - scend and bring Some to - kens of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of Heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints
And show my sins forgiven?
3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;

And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.
4 Thou art the Earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

The Holy Ghost.

202

Spirit Divine, attend our prayers.

C. M.

"Lest haply we drift away."

St. Stephen.

ANDREW REED, 1842. *Abr.*

WILLIAM JONES, 1789.

I. SPIR - IT Di - vine, at - tend our prayers, And make this house Thy home;
De - scend with all Thy gra - cious powers, Oh come, Great Spir - it, come!

- 2 Come as the light, to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe,
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame.
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.
- 4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known,
Wide as the human race.
- 5 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh come, Great Spirit, come!

203

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers!
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Abr.*

The Holy Ghost.

204

"That thou mightest know the certainty of the things wherein thou wast instructed."

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 How precious is this Book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to Heaven.</p> <p>2 Its truths reveal man's wandering ways,
And where our feet have trod,
And bring to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God!</p> | <p>3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.</p> <p>4 This lamp, thro all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.</p> |
|--|--|

JOHN FAWCETT, 1782. *Abr.*

205

Spirit of power and truth and love.

L. M.

"How much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

Zephyr.

WM. LINDSAY ALEXANDER, 1849.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1843.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano accompaniment. It is in 2/2 time and G major. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are printed below the notes.

I. SPIR - it of power and truth and love, Who art en - throned in light a - bove!

De - scend, and bear us on Thy wings Far from these low and fleet - ing things.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 'Tis Thine the wounded soul to heal,
'Tis Thine to make the hardened feel,
Thine to give light to blinded eyes,
And bid the groveling spirit rise.</p> <p>3 When faith is weak and courage fails,
When grief or doubt our soul assails,
Who can, like Thee, our spirits cheer?
Great Comforter, be ever near!</p> | <p>4 Come Holy Spirit, like the fire
With burning zeal our souls inspire.
Come, like the south wind breathing balm,
Our joys refresh, our passions calm.</p> <p>5 Come, like the Sun's enlightening beam.
Come, like the cooling, cleansing stream.
With all Thy graces present be;—
Spirit of God, we wait for Thee!</p> |
|--|---|

The Holy Ghost.

206

Sweetest fount of holy gladness.

8.7.8.7.7.7.7.

"In one Spirit were we all baptized into one body."

"Lebens Leben."

Ger. PAUL GERHARDT, 1653.

Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1862. *Abr.*

GERMAN, 17th Century.

I. { SWEETEST fount of ho - ly glad - ness, Fair - est light was ev - er shed, }
 { Who a - like in joy and sad - ness, Leav - est none un - vis - it - ed, }

Spir - it of the high - est God, Lord, from whom is life be - stowed,

Who up - hold - est ev - ery - thing, Hear me,—hear me while I sing!

2 Thou art ever true and holy,
 Sin and falsehood Thou dost hate:
 But Thou comest where the lowly
 And the pure Thy presence wait;
 Wash me then, O Well of grace,
 Every stain and spot efface.
 Let me flee what Thou dost flee,
 Grant me what Thou lov'st to see.

3 Well content am I if only
 Thou wilt deign to dwell with me;
 With Thee I am never lonely,
 Never comfortless with Thee.
 Thine forever make me now,
 And to Thee, my Lord, I vow,
 Here and yonder, to employ
 Every power for Thee, with joy.

The Holy Ghost.

207

Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord!

C. M.

"Thro Him we have our access, in one Spirit, unto the Father."

Kabzeel.

THOMAS HAWEIS, 1792.

JOHANN G. C. STÖRL, 1744.

I. EN - THRONED on high, Al - might - y Lord! Thy Ho - ly Ghost send down.

Ful - fill in us Thy faith - ful word, And all Thy mer - cies crown.

208

- 2 Tho on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life and light and love,
Thy heavenly influence give.
Quicken our souls, born from above,
That we in Christ may live.
- 4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.
- 5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well,
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
Abrood with dove-like wings
Above the helpless and the weak
Among created things!
- 2 Where should our feebleness find
Our helplessness a stay, [strength,
Didst Thou not bring us hope and help
And comfort, day by day?
- 3 Great are Thy consolations, Lord,
And mighty is Thy power,
In sickness and in solitude,
In sorrow's darkest hour.
- 4 Oh, if the souls that now despise
And grieve Thee, Heavenly Dove,
Would seek Thee, and would welcome
How would they prize Thy love! [Thee,

JANE E. (BROWNE) SAXBY, 1849, *Abr.*

The Holy Ghost.

209

A glory gilds the sacred page.

C. M.

"The writing which is written in the King's name may no man reverse."

Liverpool.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779. Abr.

ROBERT WAINWRIGHT, 1770.

The musical score is written for two voices or instruments. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves.

I. A GLO - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Maj - es - tic like the Sun;
It gives a light to ev - - ery age,— It gives, but bor - rows none.

2 The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

210

1 THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unveil Thy beauties to my sight;
That I may love Thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines:
But, in Thy sacred word,
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, when'er my comforts droop
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
Oh, come with blissful ray!
Break radiant thro the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

5 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight!
And still new beauties may I see
And still increasing light!

ANNE STEELE, 1760. Abr.

The Holy Ghost.

211

"O Earth, Earth, Earth, hear the word of the Lord."

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 THIS Volume, of my Father's grace,
Doth all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.</p> <p>2 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown.
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.</p> | <p>3 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail.
My guide to everlasting life,
Thro all this gloomy vale.</p> <p>4 Oh, may Thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to Thy right hand.</p> |
|--|---|

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Abr.*

212

Holy Ghost, with light divine.

7-7-7-7.

ANDREW REED, 1825.

"A lamp shining in a dark place until the day dawn."

Lubeck.

JOHANN ANAST. FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1704.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine.

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn the dark - ness in - to day.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.</p> <p>3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine.</p> | <p>Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.</p> <p>4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine.
Cast down every idol-throne.
Reign supreme and reign alone!</p> |
|--|---|

The Holy Ghost.

213 The Heavens declare Thy glory, Lord!

L. M.

"That no one may delude you with persuasiveness of speech."

Norfolk.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr.*

SAMUEL HOWARD, 1770.

I. THE Heavens de-clare Thy glo - ry, Lord! In ev - ery star Thy wis - dom shines:

But when our eyes be - hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair - er lines.

- 2 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light!
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 3 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro the world Thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, and feel the Sun.

214

- 1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in Thy Word.
- 2 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind Thy Gospel to my heart!

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Abr.*

215

- 1 UPON the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.
- 2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar:
But, as it soars, the Gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.
- 3 More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world!
- 4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mist away.

JOHN BOWRING, 1823.

Praise to Christ.

216

Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts.

L. M.

"Having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience."

Canonbury.

Lat. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1140.
Tr. RAY PALMER, 1858.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, 1839.

I. JE - sus, Thou joy . of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that Earth im - parts, We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain!

217

- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood.
Thou savest them that on Thee call.
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee,—All in all!
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon Thee still.
We drink of Thee the Fountain-Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright.
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.
- 1 An open volume, Nature stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
And every labor of His hands
Shows something worthy of a God:
- 2 But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here on the Cross 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines!
- 3 Oh! the sweet wonders of that Cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws [side.
From His dear wounds and bleeding
- 4 I would forever speak His name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

Praise to Christ.

218

All hail the power of Jesus' name.

C. M.

"Behold the Man!"

Miles Lane.

EDWARD PERRONET, 1779.
(The unchanged original text.)

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, 1779.
Har. JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, with the Bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves.

I. ALL hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall! Bring forth the

roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him! crown Him! crown Him! crown Him Lord of all!

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> <p>3 Crown, Him ye morning stars of light!
Who fixt this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all!</p> <p>4 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> <p>5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,</p> | <p>Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> <p>6 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, Man Divine;
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> <p>7 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget.
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet
And crown Him Lord of all.</p> <p>8 Let every tribe and every tongue,
That bound Creation's call,
Now shout, in universal song,
The crownèd Lord of all.</p> |
|---|---|

Praise to Christ.

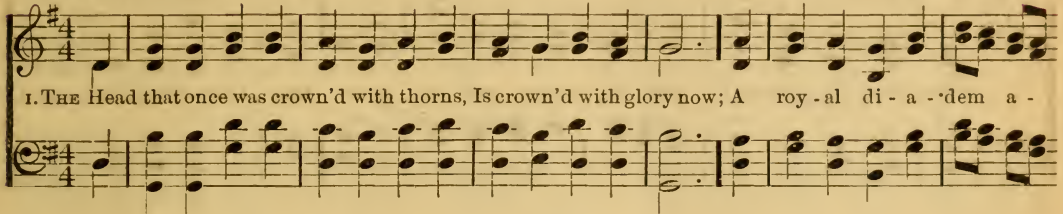
219 The Head that once was crowned with thorns.

C. M.

"Far be it from me to glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." **Coronation.**

THOMAS KELLY, 1820.

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1792.



- 2 The highest place that Heaven affords
Is His,—is His by right;
"The King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
And Heaven's eternal Light.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.
- 4 To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name;
Their joy, the joy of Heaven
- 5 The Cross He bore is life and health,
Tho shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

220

- 1 I've found the Pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
Christ shall my praise employ.
- 2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest and King;
My Prophet full of light,
My great High-Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.
- 3 Christ is my Peace; He died for me,
For me He gave His blood;
And as my wondrous Sacrifice
Offered Himself to God.
- 4 Christ Jesus is my All in All,
My Comfort and my Love;
My Life below, and He shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

JOHN MASON, 1663.

Praise to Christ.

221

When morning gilds the skies.

6.6.6.6.6.6.

"Singing, with grace in your hearts, to the Lord."

Laudes Domini.

EDWARD CASWALL, 1849. *Abr.*

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1868.

I. WHEN morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries May Je-sus Christ be praised.

A - like at work and prayer To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.

2 When'er the sweet church-bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Oh, hark to what it sings!
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 To Thee, O God above,
I cry with glowing love;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 In Heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

7 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
And when this life is gone,
Thro all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Praise to Christ.

222 Ye servants of God! your Master proclaim.

5.5.5.6, D.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1744. *Abr.*

"He is apparelled with majesty."

Lyons.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1770.

Forte.

I. YE serv - ants of God! Your Mas - ter pro - claim, And pub - lish a -

broad His won - der - ful name. The name, all - vic - to - rious, Of

maestoso.
Je - sus ex - tol; His king - dom is glo - rious, And rules o - ver all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh;
His presence we have.
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus, our King.

3 Then let us adore,
And give Him His right,
All glory, and power,
And wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

Praise to Christ.

223 Oh! could I speak the matchless worth.

"Thro Him then let us offer up a sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of lips which make confession to His name."

8.8.6.8.8.6.

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789 *Alt.*

Bremen.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1836.

I. Oh! could I speak the matchless worth, Oh! could I sound the

glo - - ries forth Which in my Sav - iour shine; { I'd Where

soar and touch the heaven-ly strings, {
an - gel with arch - an - gel sings, } In notes al - most di - vine!

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine.

I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears
Exalted on His throne.

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days,
Make all His glories known.

4 Soon the delightful morn will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
There with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Praise to Christ.

224 How brightly glows the Morning-Star.

"Thro the tender mercy of our God, the Dayspring from on high hath visited us."

8s, 7s & 4s, P.

Ger. PHILLIP NICOLAI, 1597.
Tr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883. Abr.

Der Morgenstern.

Ger. 1569, Enlarged, PHILLIP NICOLAI, 1599.

The musical score is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the Soprano and Alto parts, with the piano providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

I. { How bright-ly glows the Morn - ing Star, With God's full grace and truth a - far,
O ten - der Shepherd, Da - vid's Son, My King the Heaven-ly throne up - on,

Our day's ir - ra - diant blos - som! } Pre - cious, gra - cious, Light-re - splen-dent,
Thou shin - est in my bo - som:—

All - trans-cendent, Boundless Giv - er, High and won - der - ful for - ev - er!

2 Shed in my inmost heart abroad,
Thou heavenly Ray! Thou Light of God!
Thy love's illumination.
That I may evermore remain
Thy Body's member, Lord, ordain
My very heart's pulsation!
No rest my breast
Can discover, heavenly Lover!
Till it claimeth
Thee, whose love my love enflameth.

3 Lord Jesus! How I hail Thy name!
The First and Last, and still the same,
The End as the Beginning.
Thou, who with life atoned my price,
Shalt take me to Thy Paradise,
Thy piercèd hand-clasp winning.
Yea, Lord; aye, Lord;
Come to meet me, rapt to greet Thee.
Sound the warning
Soon, of love's eternal morning!

Praise to Christ.

225

Jesus, Thy name I love.

6s & 4s.

JAMES G. DECK, 1842.

"On whom we have set our hope that He will also still deliver us."

Logos.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1881.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system contains the first line of the hymn, and the second system contains the second line. The lyrics are printed below the staves. The score is marked with a copyright notice at the bottom: 'Copyright, 1881, by Biglow & Main.'

1. JE - SUS! Thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove, Je - sus, my Lord! Oh! Thou art

all to me; Noth - ing to please I see, Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

Copyright, 1881, by Biglow & Main.

- 2 Thou, blesséd Son of God!
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! how great is Thy love,
All other loves above,—
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!
- 3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my Refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care?
Since Thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord!
- 4 Soon Thou wilt come again;
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see,

Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

226

- 1 CHRIST in His word draws near;
Hush, moaning voice of fear,
He bids Thee cease.
With songs sincere and sweet
Let us arise, and meet
Him who comes forth to greet
Our souls with peace.
- 2 Rising above thy care,
Meet Him, as in the air,
O weary heart!
Put on joy's sacred dress;
Lo, as He comes to bless,
Quite from thy weariness
Set free thou art!

Praise to Christ.

3 For works of love and praise
He brings thee summer days,
Warm days and bright;
Winter is past and gone,
Now He, salvation's Sun,
Shineth on every one
With mercy's light.

4 From the bright sky above,
Clad in His robes of love,
'Tis He, our Lord!
Dim Earth itself grows clear,
As His light draweth near:
Oh let us hush, and hear
His holy word.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH, 1855.

227

Hail, Thou once despised Jesus!

"Know assuredly that God hath made Him both Lord and Christ, this Jesus."

8s & 7s, D.

"Werde munter, mein Gemüthe."

JOHN BAKEWELL, 1760. *Abr.*

[VOICES IN UNISON.]

JOHANN SCHOP, 1642.
Har. JOHANN SEB. BACH.

HAIL, Thou once-de-spis-ed Jesus! Hail, Thou Gal-i-le-an King!
Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us, Thou didst free sal-vation bring. Paschal Lamb by God ap-point-ed,
All our sins on Thee were laid; By Al-might-y Love anointed, Thou hast full at-onement made.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till we stand in glory there.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

Praise to Christ.

228

Jesus, the very thought of Thee.

C. M.

"The Name which is above every name."

St. Peter.

Lat. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1140.
Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1849.

ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE, 1826.

1. JE - sus! the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills the breast;
But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.

229

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Nor voice can sing nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memr'y find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!</p> <p>3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!</p> <p>4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show.
The love of Jesus,—what it is,
None but His loved ones know.</p> <p>5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And thro eternity!</p> | <p>1 My Saviour! my almighty Friend!
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of Thy grace?</p> <p>2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.</p> <p>3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march with courage in Thy strength,
To see my Father God.</p> <p>4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul redeemed from sin and Hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing</p> |
|--|--|

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. Abr.

Praise to Christ.

230

Immortal Love! forever full.

"One is your Master, even the Christ."

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing Sea!</p> <p>2 Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came
And comprehendeth Love.</p> <p>3 Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of Earth away!
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!</p> <p>4 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down,
In vain we search the lowest deeps
For Him no depths can drown.</p> <p>5 In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
His Witness is within.</p> <p>6 Yea, warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.</p> <hr style="width: 25%; margin-left: 0;"/> <p>7 O LORD and Master of us all!
What'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.</p> <p>8 Deep strike Thy roots, O Heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of Man and God!</p> | <p>9 O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one,
As thro transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday Sun.</p> <p>10 So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled but not concealed,
We know in Thee the Fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.</p> <p>11 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray:
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!</p> <hr style="width: 25%; margin-left: 0;"/> <p>12 APART from Thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the Sun!</p> <p>13 Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is Hell,
To walk with Thee is Heaven!</p> <p>14 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word:
But simply following Thee.</p> <p>15 Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies
The joy of doing good.</p> <p>16 The heart must ring Thy Christmas
Thine inward altars raise; [bells,
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!</p> |
|---|---|

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1867. *Abr.*

Praise to Christ.

231

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.

C. M.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787.

"I rejoice at Thy word as one that findeth great spoil."

Ortonville.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.

1. MA - JES - TIC sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow; His head with
radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow,— His lips with grace o'er - flow.

- 2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief.
For me He bore the shameful Cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.
- 5 Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

232

- 1 OH for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, thro' all the Earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name
- 3 JESUS! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739. Abr.

Praise to Christ.

233

To our Redeemer's glorious name.

C. M.

"In the fulness of the blessing of Christ."

Bradford.

ANNE STEELE, 1760. *Abr.*

GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1741.

1. To our Re-deem-er's glo-rious name, A-wake the sa-cred song!

Oh, may His love—im-mor-tal flame!—Tune ev-ery heart and tongue.

234

2 His love what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder, dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Be, Jesus, our supreme delight,
Thy praise our best employ.

4 Dear Lord! while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,—
'The Saviour died for me!'

5 On Thee alone my hope relies.
Beneath Thy Cross I fall.
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour and my All!

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me.
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find Him lifting up my head.
He brings salvation near.
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be,—
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word;
I steadfastly believe.
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742. *Abr.*

Praise to Christ.

235

My God, I love Thee! not because.

C. M.

"He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation."

Württemberg.

Lat. FRANCIS XAVIER, 1542.
Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1849

JOHANN GEORG FRECH, 1844.

1. My God, I love Thee! not be - cause I hope for Heav'n there - by;
2. Thou, O my Je - sus, Thou didst me Up - on the Cross em - brace;
Nor yet be - cause, if I love not, I must for - ev - er die.
For me didst bear the nails and spear, And man - i - fold dis - grace,

- 3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself; and all for one
Who was Thine enemy!
- 4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well!
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Nor of escaping Hell;—
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward:
But, as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!
- 6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God
And my Eternal King.

236

- 1 THOU art the Way; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee,
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart.
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And them who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE W. DOANE, 1824.

Praise to Christ.

237

Hosanna to the Living Lord!

8.8.8.8.II.

"If these shall hold their peace, the stones will cry out."

Hosanna.

REGINALD HEBER, 1811.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1876.

I. Ho - SAN - NA to the Liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th'In - car - nate Word!

To Christ Cre - a - tor, Sav - iour, King, Let Earth, let Heav'n, Ho - san - na sing!

(After each stanza.)

Ho - SAN - NA! LORD! Ho - SAN - NA IN THE HIGH - - EST!

2 Hosanna, Lord, Thine angels cry.
Hosanna, Lord, Thy saints reply.
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred name.
Here we Thy parting promise claim.

4 But chiefest in our cleanséd breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When Earth and Heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

Praise to Christ.

238

Crown Him with many crowns.

S. M.

"Let all the angels of God worship Him."

Sunderland.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1847. *Abr.*

HENRY SMART, 1868.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

I. CROWN Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
Hark! how the heaven - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!

- 2 Awake, my soul! and sing
Of Him who died for Thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King,
Thro all eternity.
- 3 Crown Him, the Lord of love!
Behold His hands and side,—
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified.
- 4 Crown Him, the Lord of peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise.
- 5 Crown Him, the Lord of years!
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!

239

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart, and every tongue!
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ th' eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

WILLIAM HAMMOND, 1745.
Alt. MARTIN MADAN, 1760. *Abr.*

Praise to Christ.

240 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!

"Whose house are we if we hold fast our boldness, and the glorying of our hope firm unto the end!"

C. M.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

Bristol.

EDWARD HODGES, 1846.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - liev - er's ear!

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And, to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Altho with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

7 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

241

1 IF CHRIST is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things and things to come,
And grace and glory too!

2 Let Jesus tell me He is mine;
I nothing want beside:
My soul shall at the Fountain live,
When all the streams are dried!

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1776. *Abr.*

242

Praise to Christ. Fairest Lord Jesus.

5.6.8.5.5.8.

ANON, 12th Century, A.D.
Tr. RICHARD S. WILLIS, 1847.

"He showeth Himself thro the lattice."

Crusader's Hymn.

Arr. RICHARD S. WILLIS, 1847.

1. FAIREST Lord Je - sus, Ru - ler of all na - ture, O Thou of God and man the Son;

Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy and crown!

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring:
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host.
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels Heaven can boast.

243

O Jesus, King most wonderful.

C. M.

Lat. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1140.
Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1849.

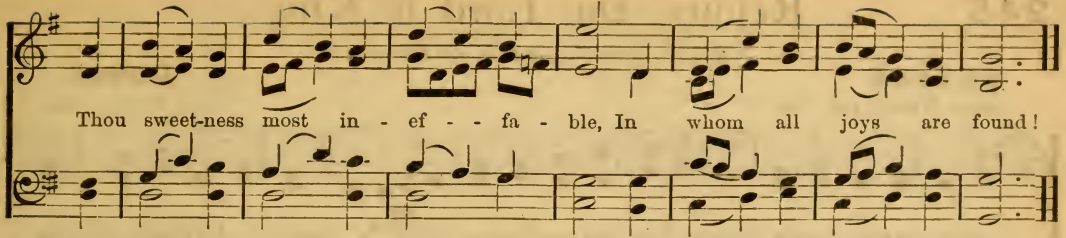
"Having neither beginning of days, nor end of life."

Chesterfield.

THOMAS HAWEIS, 1780.

1. O JE - sus! King most won - der - ful, Thou Con - quer - or re - nowned,

Praise to Christ.



- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine.
Then earthly vanities depart.
Then kindles love divine.
- 3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire,—

- 4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore,
And, seeking Thee, itself enflame
To seek Thee more and more.
- 5 Thee may our tongues forever bless,
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own!

244 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?

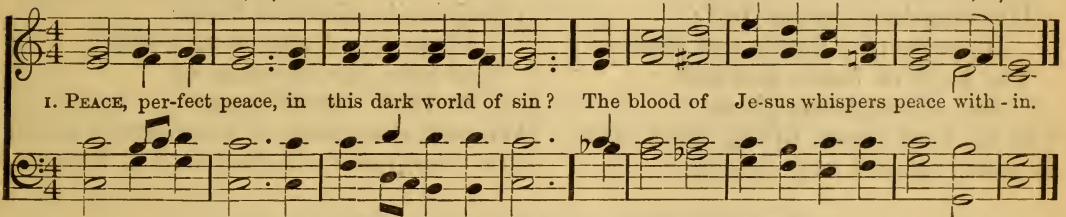
10.10.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1870.

"A God which worketh for Him that waiteth for Him."

Pax Tecum.

G. T. CALDBECK, 1870.



- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties prest?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping safe are we and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers!
- 7 It is enough. Earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call to Heaven's perfect peace.

Praise to Christ.

245

Rejoice, the Lord is King.

"King of righteousness, and then also King of peace."

6.6.6.6.8.8.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1748. *Abr.*

Darwall.

JOHN DARWALL, 1770.

1. REJOICE! the Lord is King!— Your God and King a - dore; Mortals! give thanks, and sing,

And triumph ev - er - more. Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, Rejoice! again, I say—rejoice!

2 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er Earth and Heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

246

In the Cross of Christ I glory.

8.7.8.7.

JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

"Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

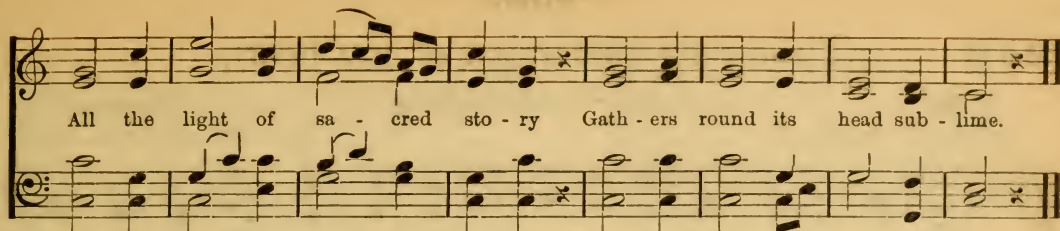
Rathbun.

ITHAMAR CONKEY, 1847.

1. In the Cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring o'er the wrecks of time;

Used by permission of Oliver Ditson & Co., owners of the Copyright.

Grace.



- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the Cross forsake me:
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,

- From the Cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the Cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys that thro all time abide.

247

Blow ye the trumpet, blow!

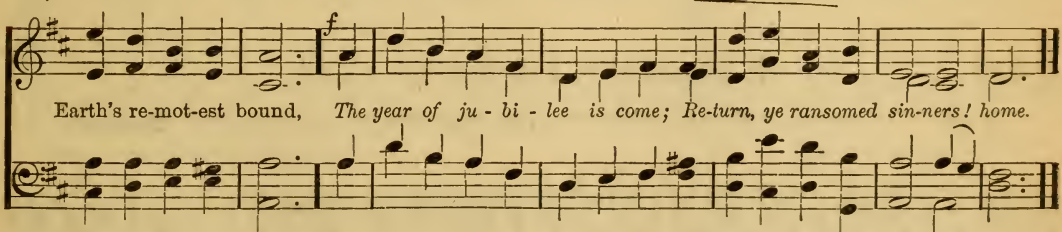
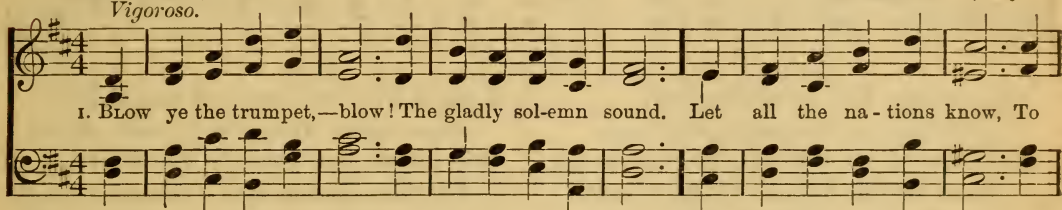
"God deviseth means that he that is banished be not an outcast from Him."

6.6.6.6.8.8.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1750.
Vigorous.

Christ Church.

CHARLES STEGGALL, 1865.



- 2 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb.
 Redemption in His blood,
 Thro out the world proclaim.
The year of jubilee, etc.

- 3 Ye, who have sold for naught
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love!
The year of jubilee, etc.

Grace.

248

Thou only Sovereign of my heart.

L. M.

"Let him take hold of My strength."

Samson.

ANNE STEELE, 1760. *Abr.*

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL, 1741.

I. THOU on - ly Sov - ereign of my heart, My Ref - uge, my al - might - y Friend—

And can my soul from Thee de - part, On whom a - lone my hopes de - pend!

2 Eternal life Thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives.
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of Nature gives.

3 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells and peace divine.
Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is Thine.

249

I bless the Christ of God.

S. M.

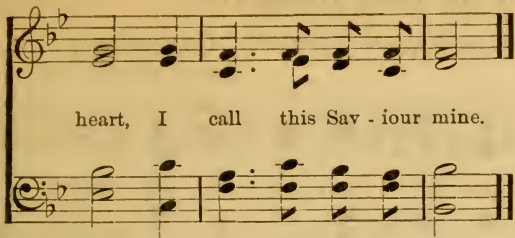
"And he put forth his hand and took her, and brought her in unto him into the ark." Braden.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1863. *Abr.*

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY, 1844.

I. I BLESS the Christ of God; I rest on love di - vine; And with un - faltering lip and

Grace.



heart, I call this Sav - iour mine.

- 2 I praise the God of grace;
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my Joy, my Light.
- 3 My life with Him is hid,
My death has past away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

250

- 1 LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the Earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found;
- 2 Oh cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the Ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more,
- 4 There safe thou shalt abide;
There sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG, 1826.

251

Oh, where shall rest be found.

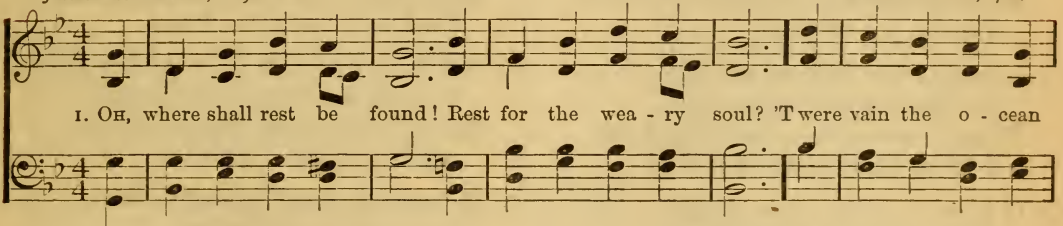
S. M.

"I flee unto Thee to hide me."

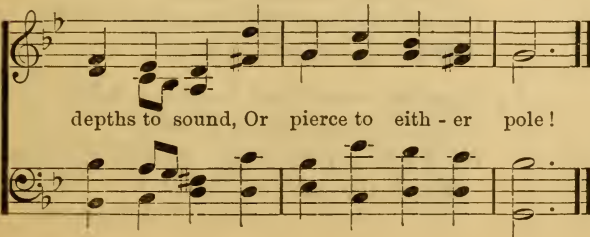
St. Bride.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819. *Abr.*

SAMUEL HOWARD, 1762.



1. OH, where shall rest be found! Rest for the wea - ry soul? 'T were vain the o - cean



depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole!

- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in Thee,
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

Grace.

252

O Lord, turn not Thy face from me.

C. M.

"A better covenant, which hath been enacted upon better promises."

Canterbury.

JOHN MARKANT, 1562. Abr.

EDWARD BLANCKS, 1592.

1. O LORD, turn not Thy face from me, Who lie in wo - ful state,
La - ment - ing all my sin - ful life, Be - fore Thy mer - cy - gate.

- 2 A gate that opens wide to those
That do lament their sin;
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.
- 3 I need not to confess my life
To Thee, who best can tell
What I have been; and what I am,
I know 'Thou know'st it well.
- 4 O Lord, I need not to repeat
The comfort I would have;
My broken words and tears entreat
Thé blessing I do crave.
- 5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum!
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit.
Lord, let Thy mercy come!

253

- 1 How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
Oh, help mine unbelief!
- 4 A guilty, weak, and helpless child,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my Strength and Righteous-
My Jesus, and my All! [ness,

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. Abr.

Grace.

254

Behold! a Stranger at the door!

L. M.

"And they were all astonished at the majesty of God"

Bera.

JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765. *Abr.*

JOHN EDGAR GOULD, 1849.

1. BE - HOLD a Stran-ger at the door! He gent - ly knocks, has knocked be - fore;
Hath wait - ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

- 2 Oh lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart, and laden hands.
Oh matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.
- 3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in!
- 4 Admit Him, ere His anger burn;
His feet departed ne'er return.
Admit Him,—or the hour's at hand,
When, at His door, denied you'll stand!

255

- 1 EARTH has a joy unknown to Heaven,—
The new-born peace of sins forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

- 2 Loud is the song. The heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain,
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.
- 3 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
Ye on your harps must learn to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear!

ABRAHAM LUCAS HILLHOUSE, 1822. *Abr.*

256

- 1 COME, let us hear His voice to-day,
The counsels of His love obey;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.
- 2 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates.
Believe,—and take the promised rest.
Obey,—and be forever blest.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr.*

Grace.

257

Depth of mercy! can there be.

7.7.7.7.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740. *Abr.*

"While he was yet afar off, His Father saw him."

Immanuel.

RICHARD REDHEAD, 1852.

p Grave. *m*

I. DEPTH of mer - cy! Can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?

Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners spare? A - men.

258

- 2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face,
Would not hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled His relentings are,
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries,—“How shall I give thee up?”—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His
God is love, I know, I feel; [hands.
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
- 5 Now incline me to repent.
Let me now my fall lament,
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more! *Amen.*

- 1 BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother. Homeward come.
- 2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save!
- 3 Is a mighty famine now
In thine heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee; God will make thee whole.
- 4 He can heal thy bitt'rest wound.
He thy gentlest prayer can hear.
Seek Him; for He may be found.
Call upon Him; He is near. *Amen.*

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, 1844.

Grace.

259 Weary of Earth and laden with my sin.

10.10.10.10.

"I came to call sinners."

Langran.

SAMUEL J. STONE, 1865, *Abr.*

JAMES LANGRAN, 1863.

I. WE - RY of Earth and lad - en with my sin, I look at

Heaven and long to en - ter in: But there no e - vil thing may

find a home: And yet I hear a Voice that bids me "Come."

- 2 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear.
His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me near.
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 3 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord!
Thine all the merit, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

Grace.

260

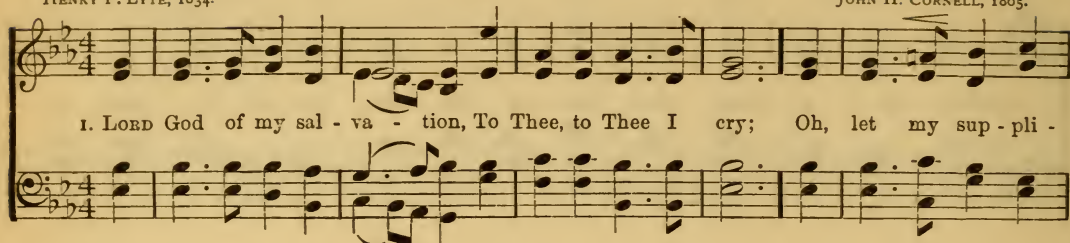
Lord God of my salvation.

7s & 6s, D. "He hath redeemed my soul in peace from the battle that was against me."

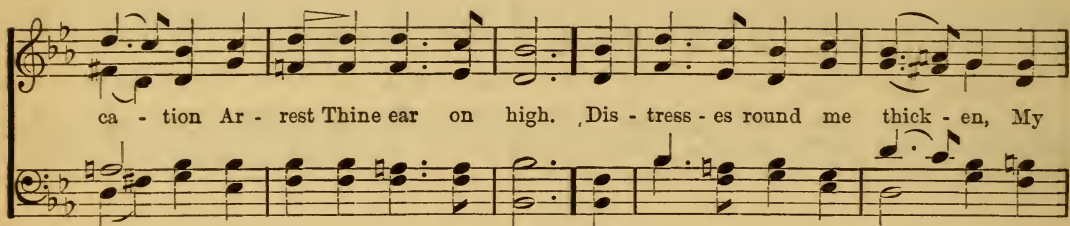
Achor.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834.

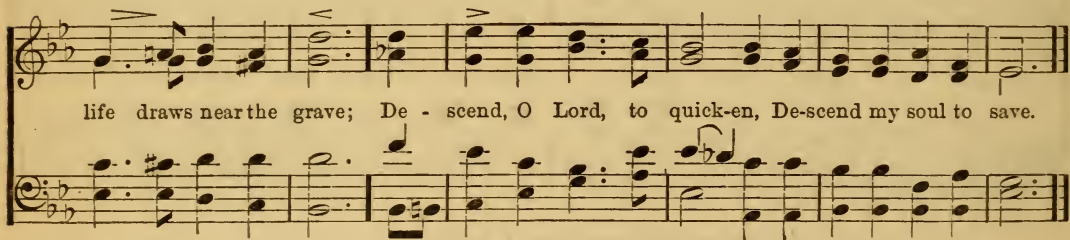
JOHN H. CORNELL, 1865.



1. LORD God of my sal - va - tion, To Thee, to Thee I cry; Oh, let my sup - pli -



ca - tion Ar - rest Thine ear on high. Dis - tress - es round me thick - en, My



life draws near the grave; De - scend, O Lord, to quick-en, De-scend my soul to save.

2 Thy wrath lies hard upon me,
Thy billows o'er me roll;
My friends all seem to shun me,
And foes beset my soul.
Where'er on Earth I turn me,
No comforter is near;
Wilt Thou too, Father, spurn me?
Wilt Thou refuse to hear?

3 No! banished and heart-broken
My soul still clings to Thee;
The promise Thou hast spoken
Shall still my refuge be.
So present ills and terrors
May future joy increase;
And scourge me from my errors
To duty, hope, and peace.

Grace.

261

- 1 O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er;
O Jesus, Thou art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.
- 2 Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
Oh sin, that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1854. *Abr.*

262

- 1 To-day Thy mercy calls me
To wash away my sin.
However great my trespass,
Whate'er I may have been,
However long from mercy
I may have turned away,
Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me,
And make me white to-day.
- 2 To-day the Father calls me,
The Holy Spirit waits,
The blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates,
No question will be asked me,
How often I have come;
Altho I oft have wandered,
It is my Father's home!

OSWALD ALLEN, 1862. *Abr.*

263

Thy grace is all of grace!

6.6.8.4.

"He came and preached peace to you that were far off."

Via Pacis.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1886.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1872.

1. THY grace is all of grace, Thou Mer - ci - ful and Just! The light that shines in

Je - sus' face Is all my trust.

- 2 It found me in my sin,
Will-driven and wide astray,

And placed my perilled feet within
Life's narrow way.

- 3 From God no more estranged,
In Christ's dear blood made nigh,
Mine alienage forever changed,
A child am I.
- 4 Thro Love's unearned release,
Submissive at Thy side,
Thou Lord, my Righteousness and Peace,
My heart dost guide.

Grace.

264

"Art thou weary, art thou languid?"

8.5.8.3.

"Let no man rob you of your prize."

Welcome.

Gk. STEPHEN, THE SABAITE, cir. 750
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1851.

CHARLES L. HUTCHINS' HYMNAL, 1870.

mf *f*

1. ART thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid? Art thou sore dis - tre-t? "Come to Me," saith

One, "and com - ing, Be at rest!"

- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."
- 3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns."

- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till Earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away!"
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes!"

8.5.8.3.

[SECOND TUNE.]

Stephanos.

HENRY W. BAKER, 1868.
Har. HUBERT P. MAIN, 1871.

1. ART thou wea-ry, art thou languid, Art thou sore dis-trest? "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest!"

Contrition.

265

For mercies, countless as the sands.

C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

"The Lord will not forsake His people for His great name's sake; because it hath pleased the Lord to make you His people."

Burford.

HENRY PURCELL, 1690.

1. For mer - cies, count - less as the sands, Which dai - ly I re - ceive

From Je - sus my Re - deem - er's hands, My soul, what canst Thou give?

266

- 2 Alas! from such an heart as mine,
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestow'd;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.
- 4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.
- 5 Since at His feet my soul has sat
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on Him my care

- 1 LORD, I have sinned: but Oh forgive,
Nor cast me quite away!
Renew my soul and bid me live,
And be my future stay.
- 2 Oh let me from my fall arise,
More watchful and more strong.
Light up my dim and tearful eyes,
And fill my mouth with song.
- 3 On Christ's prevailing sacrifice
I all my hopes recline;
A broken spirit Thou dost prize,
And such, Oh Lord, be mine.
- 4 Give me a meek dependent heart,
For all my days to come;
Nor let Thy Spirit e'er depart,
Till I am safe at home.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834.

Contrition.

267

Return, my roving heart! return.

L. M.

"Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed! save me and I shall be saved!"

Spires.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740. Abr.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1541.

1. RE - TURN, my rov - ing heart! re - turn, And chase these shad'-wy forms no more.

Seek out some sol - i - tude, to mourn, And Thy för - sak - en God im - plore.

2 Thro all the mazes of my heart,
My search let Heavenly Wisdom guide,
And still His radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

3 Then, with the visits of Thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God has fixed His dwelling there.

268

Show pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive.

L. M.

"I will be sorry for my sin."

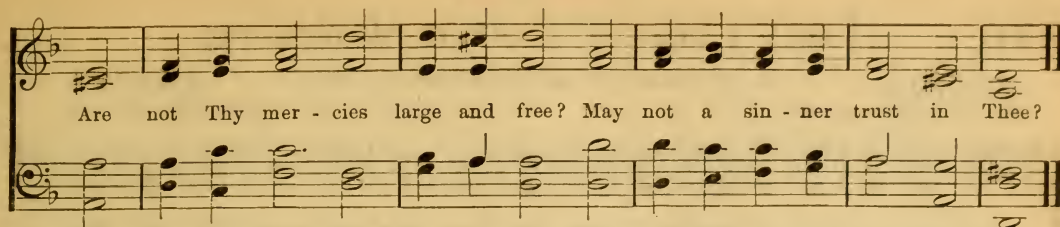
Windham.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. Abr.

DANIEL READ, 1783.

1. SHOW pit - y, Lord! O Lord! for - give, Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live!

Contrition.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 My crimes, tho great, cannot efface
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God! Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pard'ning love be found.</p> | <p>3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God! restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.</p> |
|---|--|

269

Gently, gently lay Thy rod.

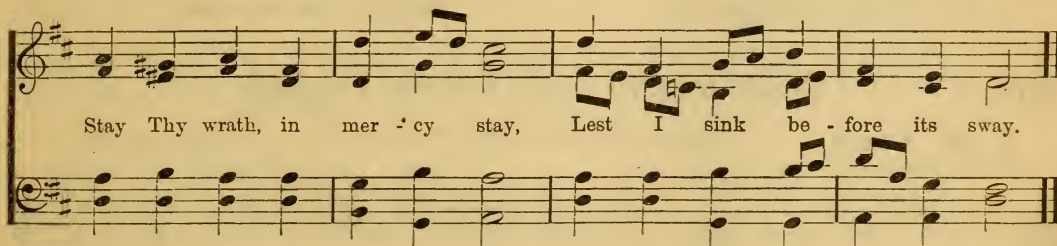
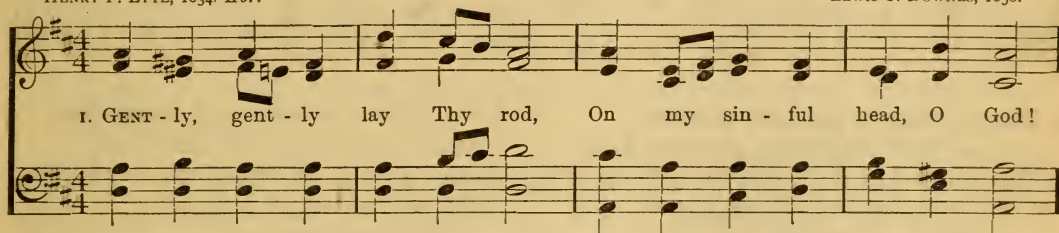
7.7.7.7.

"For this our heart is faint; for these things our eyes are dim."

Solitude.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834. *Abr.*

LEWIS T. DOWNES, 1850.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Heal me; for my flesh is weak.
Heal me; for Thy grace I seek.
This my only plea I make,—
Heal me, for Thy mercy's sake.</p> | <p>3 Lo, He comes,—He heeds my plea!
Lo, He comes,— the shadows flee!
Glory round me dawns once more;
Rise, my spirit, and adore!</p> |
|--|---|

Contrition.

270

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.

8.7.8.7.6.7.

"Oh, that I were as in the days when His secret was with me!"

Even Me.

ELIZABETH CODNER, 1860. *Abr.*

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1862.

1. { LORD! I hear of showers of bless - ing, Thou art scat - tering full and free; }
 { Showers, the thirst-y land re - fresh - ing;—Let their bless - ing fall on me,— }

E - ven me,— e - ven me! Let their bless - ing fall on me.

2 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
 Has the world my heart been keeping?
 Oh! forgive and rescue me,—
Even me,—even me!
Oh! forgive, and rescue me.

3 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Blood of God, so rich and free,
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me,—
Even me,—even me!
Magnify them all in me.

271

With tearful eyes I look around.

L. M. Chant.

"The Lord is not slack concerning His promise."

Come to Me.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1841.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1853.

1. WITH tearful eyes I look around,—Life seems a dark and..... | storm - y | sea;

Contrition.

Yet 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A heavenly..... | whis - per,— | “Come to | Me!”

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 It tells me of a place of rest.
It tells me where my soul may flee.
Oh! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding,—
“Come to Me!”</p> | <p>4 “Come; for all else must fail and die.
Earth is no resting- place for thee.
Heav’nward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion,— “Come to Me!”</p> |
| <p>3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en- joy, and see,
When a faint chill steals o’er my heart,
A sweet voice utters,— “Come to Me.”</p> | <p>5 O voice of Mercy! Voice of Love!
In conflict, grief, and ag-o- ny,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper,— “Come to Me.”</p> |

272

O Jesus, Saviour of the lost.

C. M.

“That in me as chief might Jesus Christ shew forth all His long suffering.”

Obedience.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1849.

PHILADELPHIA CHORALBUCH, 1813.

1. O JE - SUS, Sav - iour of the lost, My Rock and Hid - ing - place, By storms of sin and

sor - row tost, I seek Thy sheltering grace!

- 2 Guilty, forgive me Lord! I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die—
An outcast, take me home!
- 3 And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glories see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee!

Contrition.

273

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.

L. M.

"Let us lift up our heart with our hands."

Anastasius.

Ger. GEORGE WEISSEL, 1635.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1855. *Abr.*

JOHANN A. FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1704. *Abr.*

1. LIFT up your heads, ye might - y gates; Be - hold the King of glo - ry waits!

The King of kings is draw - ing near, The Sav - iour of the world is here.

274

- 2 Oh, blest the land, the city blest
Where Christ, the Ruler is confest!
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom this King of triumph comes!
- 3 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for Heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and filled with joy.
- 4 Redeemer! come; I open wide
My heart to Thee. Here, Lord, abide.
Let me Thine inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal.
- 5 So come, my Sovereign! enter in,
Let new and nobler life begin.
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won!

- 1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?
- 2 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?
- 3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait: but He does not forsake!
He calls me still; my heart, awake!
- 4 God calling yet! I cannot stay.
My heart I yield without delay.
Vain world, farewell; from thee I part.
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Ger. GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1730.
Tr. JANE BORTHWICK, 1853. *Abr.*

Contrition.

275

With broken heart, and contrite sigh.

L. M.

"I was wounded in the house of My friends"

Warner.

CORNELIUS ELVEN, 1852.

GIOACCHIMO ROSSINI.
Arr. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1853.

1. With broken heart, and contrite sigh, A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free; O God, be merciful to me.

276

- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt opprest,
Christ and His Cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me.
- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies:
But Thou dost all my anguish see;
O God, be merciful to me.
- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone:
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God be merciful to me,
- 5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

- 1 Poor, weak and worthless tho I am,
I have a rich, almighty Friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is His name.
He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns;
I've been a faithless friend to Him.
- 3 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey,
And often Satan's lies believe
Rather than all my Friend can say
- 4 Sure, were I not most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite!
And were not He the God of Grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from His sight.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

Contrition.

277 Approach, my soul! the mercy-seat.

C. M.

"Behold, we are before Thee in our guiltiness."

Manoah.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. Abr.

FRANZ J. HAYDN, 1801.
Arr. HENRY W. GREATOREX, 1851.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 3/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

I. AP - PROACH, my soul! the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an - swers prayer.
There hum - bly fall be - fore His feet; For none can per - ish there....

2 Thy promise is my only plea:
With this I venture nigh.
Thou call'st burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,—
By war without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Oh, wondrous love,—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name!

278

1 WHEN wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercéd hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
O'er some dark fouling spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in Thy wounded side!

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1858.

279

Contrition.

- 1 AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost: but now am found.—
Was blind: but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Thro many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be,
So long as life endures.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

280

Out of the depths of woe.

S. M.

"Before I was afflicted I went astray."

Deliverance.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

SAMUEL SER. WESLEY, 1863. *Abr.*

1. OUT of the depths of woe, To Thee, O Lord, I cry!

Dark - ness sur - rounds me: but I know That Thou art ev - er nigh.

- 2 I cast my hope on Thee;
Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive;
Wert Thou to mark iniquity,
Who in Thy sight could live?
- 3 Humbly on Thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin.
Lord! I am knocking at Thy gate;
Open, and take me in.
- 4 Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease;
For, lo! the swift-returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.
- 5 Tho storms His face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure;
His bow is in the cloud.

Contrition.

281

From the recesses of a lowly spirit.

II.II.II.5. Chant.

"That which I see not, teach Thou me."

Gould's Chant.

JOHN BOWRING, 1823.

JOHN EDGAR GOULD, 1845.

1. From the recesses of a lowly spirit, Our humble prayer ascends. O Fa - ther | hear it! ||

Borne on the trembling wings of... | fear · and | meekness, || For - | give · its | weakness.

- 2 We know, we feel, how mean and how unworthy
The lowly sacrifice we | pour · be- | fore Thee;— ||
What can we offer Thee,—O | Thou · most | holy!— ||
But | sin · and | folly?
- 3 Lord! in Thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and | vain our | truest; ||
Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our | lips re- | peat them,— ||
Our | hearts · for- | get them.
- 4 We see Thy hand—it leads us, it supports us.
We hear Thy voice—it | counsels · and it | courts us;— ||
And then we turn away!—and | still · Thy | kindness ||
For- | gives · our | blindness.
- 5 Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and | bid them | blossom ||
In fragrance and in beauty | bright and | vernal, ||
And | spring e- | ternal.

Faith.

282

I heard the voice of Jesus say.

C. M. D.

"God is faithful, thro whom ye were called into the fellowship of His Son." Vox Dilecti.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1850.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.

p *rall.* *mf tempo.*

1. I HEARD the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou wea-ry

Org.

mf

one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast." I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea -

f *ff*

ry, and worn, and sad: I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
*"Behold! I freely give
 The living-water; thirsty one!
 Stoop down, and drink and live."*
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
*"I am this dark world's light;
 Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."*
 I looked to Jesus, and I found,
 In Him, my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till traveling days are done.

Faith.

283

My faith looks up to Thee.

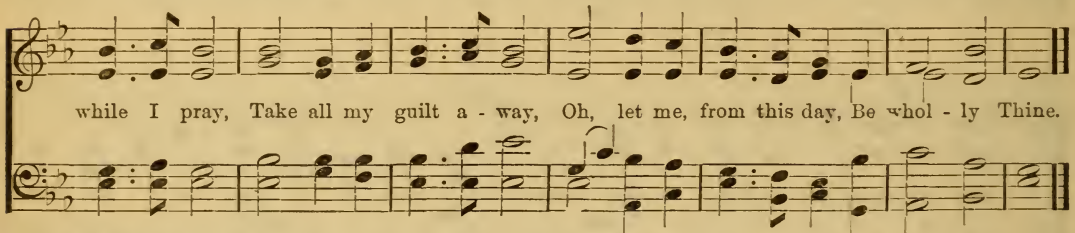
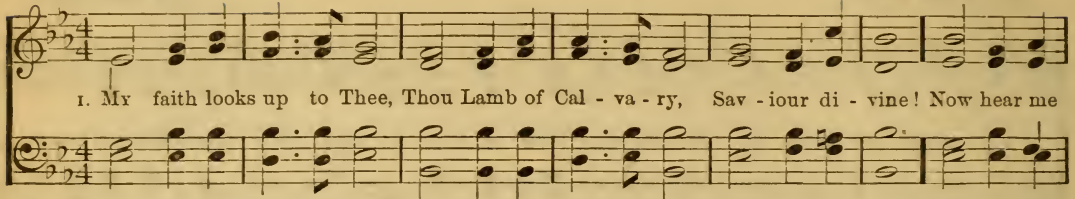
6s & 4s.

"If righteousness is thro the law, then Christ died for naught."

Olivet.

RAY PALMER, 1830.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.



2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire.
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide.
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,

Fear and distrust remove;
Oh! bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

284

1 "PEACE, peace I leave with you,
My peace I give to you,
Perfect and pure;
Not as the world doth give,
Words that the soul deceive,
Ye who in Me believe
Shall rest secure."

2 "Peace, peace, I leave with you,
My peace I give to you,
Tho foes invade;
All power is given to Me,
I will your refuge be
Now and eternally,
Be not dismayed!"

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1856. Abr.

Faith.

285 Slain for my soul, for all my sins defamed.

10.10.10.10.

"Thou shalt be with Me."

Dalkeith.

HERBERT KYNASTON, 1862, *Abr.*

THOMAS HEWLETT, 1863.

1. SLAIN for my soul, for all my sins de - famed, King, crowned with

thorns, with blas-phemies pro - claimed! High o'er the clouds Thy roy - al Sign I

see; Throned on Thy glo - ry, Lord, Re - mem - ber me! A - men.

- 2 For Thy tormentors, for my pardon sue,—
"Father, forgive; they know not what they do!"
 When they that pierc'd, when every eye, shall see
 Thee in Thy kingdom, Lord, remember me!
- 3 Mid all the thronging of Thy ransomed dead,
 With all the Book of Life before Thee spread,
 Toss'd, like a waif, upon the living sea
 By angels parted, Lord, remember me! *Amen.*

Faith.

286

Just as I am, without one plea.

L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

"According to your faith be it unto you."

Woodworth.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1849.

I. JUST as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come—I come.</p> <p>3 Just as I am, tho tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come—I come.</p> <p>4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come—I come.</p> <p>5 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come—I come.</p> | <p>6 Just as I am; Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come—I come.</p> <p>7 Just as I am, of that free love [prove,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come—I come.</p> |
|--|--|

287

1 COMPLETE in Thee! No work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of Thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in Thee.

2 Complete in Thee. No more shall sin
Thy grace has conquered reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in Thee.

Faith.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Complete in Thee. Each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since Thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more—complete in Thee.</p> | <p>4 Dear Saviour! when, before Thy bar
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among Thy chosen may I be
At Thy right hand—complete in Thee!</p> |
|--|---|

AARON ROBERTS WOLFE, 1852, 1857.

288 There is a fountain filled with blood.

C. M.

"Wash and be clean."

Phuvah.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772.

MELCHOIR VULPIUS, 1609.

1. THERE is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.</p> <p>3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.</p> <p>4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.</p> | <p>5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering,
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue]</p> <p>6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy tho I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.</p> <p>7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but Thine!</p> |
|---|--|

Faith.

289 I do not come because my soul is free.

8.8.6.8.8.6.

"Nevertheless I live; yet not I: but Christ liveth in me."

St. Augustine.

FRANK B. ST. JOHN, 1878.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1861.

1. I do not come be - cause my soul Is free from sin, and pure, and whole,

And wor - thy of Thy grace. I do not speak to Thee be - cause

Rit.....
I've ev - er just - ly kept Thy laws, And dare to meet Thy face.

2 I know that sin and guilt combine
To reign o'er every thought of mine,
And turn from good to ill.

I know that when I try to be
Upright and just and true to Thee,
I am a sinner still!

3 I know that often when I strive
To keep a spark of love alive
For Thee, the powers within

Leap up in unsubmissive might,
And oft benumb my sense of right,
And pull me back to sin.

4 I know that tho in deeds of good
I spend my life, I never could
Atone for all I've done:
But, tho my sins are black as night,
I dare to come before Thy sight,
Because I trust Thy Son.

Faith.

"I have applied my heart to perform Thy statutes, forever, even unto the end."

5 In Him alone my trust I place—
Come boldly to the throne of grace,
And there commune with Thee:
Salvation sure, O Lord is mine,
And, all-unworthy, I am Thine,
For Jesus died for me!

2 And now, in age and grief, Thy name
Doth still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee.
Oh yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for Thee!

290

1 THY mercy heard my infant prayer;
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days. [youth,
Thy goodness watched my ripening
And formed my heart to love Thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

3 Yes! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long;
Till, sinking slow with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

ROBERT GRANT, 1839. *Abr.*

291

Not all the blood of beasts.

S. M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Abr.*

"The Righteous for the unrighteous."

Boylston.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew - ish al - tars slain, Could
give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

Faith.

292

Thro the love of God, our Saviour.

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him."

All's Well.

MARY (BOWLY) PETERS, 1846.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1875.

1. THRO the love of God, our Sav - iour, All will be well. Free and changeless

is His fa - vor. All, all is well. Precious is the blood that healed us; Per - feet

is the grace that sealed us; Strong the hand out-stretched to shield us; All must be well.

2 Tho we pass thro tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, thro the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well.
Faith can sing thro days of sorrow,
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

Faith.

293

The Lord is my Shepherd.

II. II. II. II. II.

"They know not the voice of a stranger."

Poland.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. *Abr.*

THOMAS KOSCHAT, 1862.
Arr. BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1885.

1. THE Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know. I feed in green pastures, safe

fold-ed I rest. He leadeth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Restores me when

wand'ring, redeems when op-prest, Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when op-prest.

- 2 Thro valley and shadow of death tho I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall me, my Comforter near.
- 3 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
Thro lands of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

Faith.

294

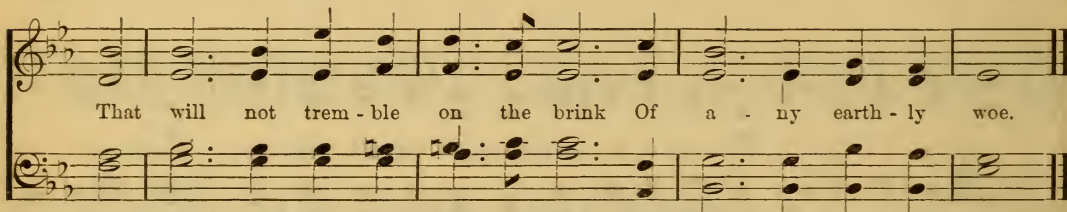
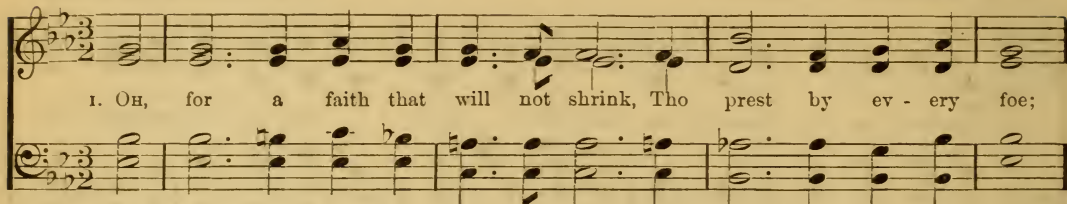
Oh, for a faith that will not shrink.

C. M.

"O man greatly beloved, fear not. Peace be unto thee. Be strong, yea, be strong." Serenity.

WILLIAM H. B. BATHURST, 1830.

WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE, 1856. *Abr.*



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- 2 That will not murmur nor complain,
Beneath the chastening rod:
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith, that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt.
- 4 A faith, that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.
- 5 Lord! give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of our eternal home.

295

- 1 LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
- 2 Come, Lord, when grace has made me
Thy blessed face to see; [meet,
For if Thy work on Earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be!
- 3 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
To sing Jehovah's praise.
- 4 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim:
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

RICHARD BAXTER, 1681. *Abr.*

296

Faith.

- 1 LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for Heaven.
- 2 Help us, thro good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's' griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,

- And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.
- 4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.
- 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to Heaven!

JOHN H. GURNEY, 1838.

297

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

7.7-7.7-7.7.

EDWARD HOPPER, 1871. Abr.

"Why are ye fearful?"

Pilot.

JOHN EDGAR GOULD, 1873.

FINE.

1. JE - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;
D.C.—Chart and com - pass came from Thee. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.

Un - known waves be - fore me roll. Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;

D. C.

- 2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "*Be still!*"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea!
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

- 3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"*Fear not, I will pilot thee!*"

Faith.

298

O One with God the Father.

7s & 6s, D.

"Having obtained the help that is from God, I stand unto this day."

Miriam.

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1872.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK, 1865.

1. O ONE with God the Fa - ther, In maj - es - ty and might, The brightness of His glo - ry,
D.S.—The shadows flee be - fore Thee,

FINE.

E - ter - nal Light of Light! O'er this our home of darkness Thy rays are streaming now,
The world's true Light art Thou!

D.S.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:—
O heavenly Light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee, our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace.
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest
O Sun of righteousness.

299

1 'Tis not that I did choose Thee;
For, Lord, that could not be;
This heart would still refuse Thee;
But Thou hast chosen me.
Thou from the sin that stained me
Hast made me pure and free;
Of old Thou hast ordained me,
That I should live to Thee.

2 'Twas sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind.
My heart owns none above Thee,
For Thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing, if I love Thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1837.

Faith.

300

As pants the hart for cooling streams.

L. M.

"In that day ye shall ask me no question."

Eloise.

NAHUM TATE, 1696.

Alt. HENRY F. LYTE, 1834. *Abr.*

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1874.

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace.

Copyright, 1874, by Biglow & Main.

301

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou majesty divine?</p> <p>3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for Thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.</p> <p>4 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.</p> <p>5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is Thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.</p> | <p>1 THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
Oh, be that refuge mine!</p> <p>2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed.
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.</p> <p>3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.</p> <p>4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine.
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!</p> |
|---|--|

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834. *Abr.*

Faith.

302

In heavenly love abiding.

7s & 6s, D. "Faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen."

Clare.

ANNA L. WARING, 1850.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1877.

1. In heaven-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe in such con -

fid - ing, For noth-ing chang-es here. The storm may roar with - out me, My

heart may low be laid: But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - may'd?

Copyright, 1877, by Hubert P. Main,

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back.
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh.
His sight is never dim.
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen.
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure.
My path to life is free.
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Faith.

303

I know no life, divided.

"I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself up for me."

7s & 6s, D.

Berkshire.

Ger. CARL J. P. SPITTA, 1833.
Tr. RICHARD MASSIE, 1860. Arr.

BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1873.

I. I KNOW no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life! from Thee. In Thee is life pro-

vid - ed For all man-kind and me. I know no death, O Je - sus! Be - cause I

live in Thee; Thy death it is that frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly.

Copyright, 1875, by Biglow & Main

2 A deep and heavenly feeling
Oft seizes on my breast.
Ah! here is balm for healing,
Here only is true rest.
All day I hear resounding,
A voice with silver tone,
Which speaks of grace abounding
Thro God's Eternal Son.

3 Thy love it was which sought me,
When all unsought by me,
And to the haven brought me
Where I would gladly be.
The things that once distressed me,
My heart no longer move,
Since the sweet truth imprest me,
That I possess Thy love!

Faith.

304

To God I lift mine eyes.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

"Having therefore obtained the help that is from God, I stand unto this day."

Lintz.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1857

Marcato.

From Him is all mine aid;

1. { To God I lift mine eyes; From Him is all mine aid, } God is the
 { The God that built the skies, And Earth and na - ture made, }

From His is all mine aid, God is the

tower to which I fly, His grace is nigh in ev - ery hour.

tower to which I fly, His grace is nigh, His grace is nigh,

2 My feet shall never slide,
 And fall in fatal snares;
 Since God, my Guard and Guide,
 Defends me from my fears.
 Those wakeful eyes which never sleep,
 Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

3 Since Thou hast pledged Thy word
 To save my soul from death,
 Shall I not trust Thee, Lord,
 To keep my mortal breath!
 I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
 Till from on high Thou call me home.

305 The Lord's my Shepherd; I'll not want.

C. M.

"For this God is our God forever and ever."

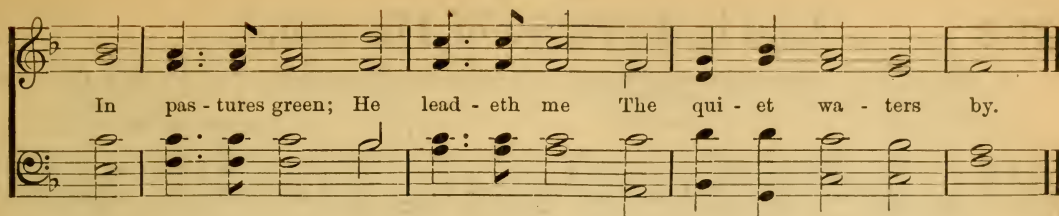
Arlington.

FRANCIS ROUS, 1643.

THOMAS A. ARNE, 1762.

1. THE Lord's my Shep - herd; I'll not want. He makes me down to lie

Faith.



In pas - tures green; He lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.

- 2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, tho I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnishéd,
In presence of my foes.
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

306

- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul!
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

- 4 Yet, gracious God! where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust,
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Tho prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

ANNE STEELE, 1760. *Abr.*

307

- 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that's built upon His word
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Tho many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the Strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Tho unperceived by mortal sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence;
Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you,
So surely you that love His name
Shall triumph in Him too.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

Faith.

308

God is the refuge of His saints.

L. M.

"Seeking the wealth of His people and speaking Peace to all His seed."

Ward.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719

Old Scotch Air.
Arr. LOWELL MASON, 1830.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 2/2 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

1. God is the Ref - uge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade;
Ere we can of - fer our com-plaints, Be - hold Him pres - ent with His aid.

- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar:
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy still gliding thro',
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream,—Thy holy word,
That all our raging fear controls.
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with
[power,

309

- 1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to thy day;
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there.
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While His kind hand my soul sustains.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

Faith.

310

"Christ, who thro the Eternal Spirit offered Himself without blemish unto God."

- 1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song.
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 To God I cried when troubles rose,
He heard me, and subdued my foes.
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused thro all my soul.
- 3 Amid a thousand snares, I stand
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand.
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 4 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

311

- 1 LORD, how the troubles of my peace
Within me and around increase!
What faithless doubts my heart assail,
That Thou wilt slight and they prevail!
- 2 But, Lord, my spirit hangs on Thee;
My hope, my shelter, Thou shalt be.
O Thou who from Thy holy hill
Hast heard, oh hear me, help me still!
- 3 Beneath Thy wing secure I sleep;
What foe can harm when Thou dost keep?
I wake and find Thee at my side,
My omnipresent guard and guide!
- 4 Oh why should Earth or Hell distress,
With God so strong, so nigh to bless?
From Him alone salvation flows;
On Him alone, my soul repose!

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834.

312

- 1 NO MORE, my God, I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

- 2 Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His Cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne:
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

313

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise!
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness is so free.
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from lost my estate,
His loving-kindness is so great.
- 3 Thro mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where Earth and Hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness is so strong.
- 4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But, tho I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 5 So when I pass the gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
Oh may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

- 6 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1793.

Faith.

314

How firm a foundation, ye saints.

"About midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing praises to God, and the prisoners were listening to them."

II. II. II. II.

R. KEENE, 1787, Abr.

Goshen.

German Melody.

Arr. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1839.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
d.s.—Who un - to the

faith, in His ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said,
Sav - iour for ref - uge have fled?

- 2 Fear not, I am with thee, oh be not dismayed ;
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid.
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When thro the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
- 5 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul, tho all Hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

Faith.

315

Thro the night of doubt and sorrow.

8s & 7s, D.

"I press on toward the goal unto the prize."

Rex Gloriae.

Danish, BERNHARD INGEMANN, 1825.
Tr. SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1867, *Abr.*

HENRY SMART, 1868.

Con brio.

I. THRO the night of doubt and sorrow, On-ward goes the pil-grim band, Sing-ing songs of

ex-pec-ta-tion, Marching to the promised land. Clear be-fore us thro the darkness Gleams and

marcato. *f.* a tempo.

burns the guiding Light. Brother clasps the hand of broth-er, Stepping fear-less thro the night.

2 One the light of God's own presence
O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Bright'ning all the path we tread.
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

3 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one,
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun,
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty Father
Reigns in love forevermore.

Faith.

316

A Tower of Refuge is our God!

8s, 7s, & 6s, P.

"Therefore will not we fear."

"Ein' Feste Burg."

Ger. MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.
Tr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1521.
Arr. HUBERT P. MAIN, 1881.

Forte.

I. { A TOWER of Ref-uge is our God!—A good-ly ward and wea-pon. }
 { He'll help us free, tho force or fraud To us may now mis-hap-pen. }

mf

That old Arch-en-e-my Would our un-do-ing be! Gross might and vast de-

f *ff*

vice His dread-ful ar-mor is; On Earth can none with-stand Him!

2 By our might could we do no more
 Than vainly to have striven:
 But for us the right Man will war,
 Whom God Himself hath given.
 Dost ask who this can be?
 Christ Jesus, it is HE!
 The Lord of Sabaoth,
 None other God, in troth.
 The field he holds forever.

3 For tho the world with demons swarmed,
 All minded to devour us,
 Not greatly were our souls alarmed;
 They cannot overpower us.
 This world's dark Prince may still
 Lour sullen as he will;
 For he can harm us naught.
 'Tis past. His doom is wrought.
 One word can bring his downfall!

Faith.

317

4 That Word, for all they do, shall stand,
No thank to them that jeer it!
Yea, on the plain He's at our hand,
By His own Gift and Spirit.
And should they take our life,
Fame, fortune, child and wife,—
Let them all this begin:
But nothing can they win,
And God gives us the Kingdom.

1 To FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost,
Forever be outpouring
All glory, from the heavenly host,
And saints on Earth adoring.
Thro time's remotest bound
That chorus shall resound,
And swell forevermore,
Like stormy ocean's roar,
Thro endless ages rolling.

WILLIAM R. WHITTINGHAM, 1871.

318

Thro Baca's vale my way is cast.

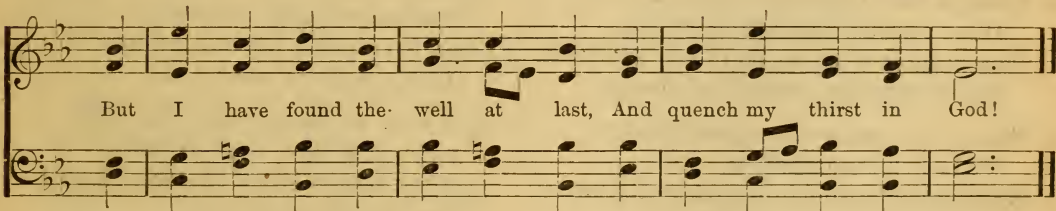
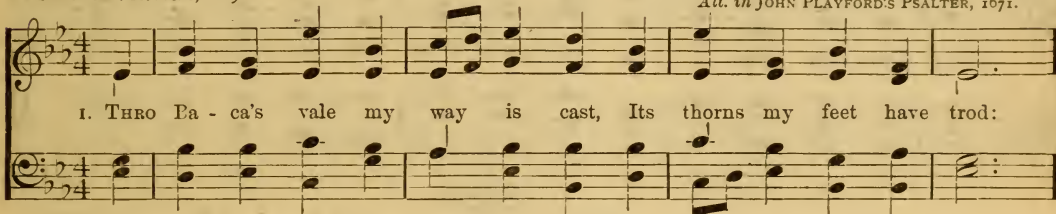
C. M.

"Bless'd is the man in whose heart are the highways."

London.

SAMUEL D. ROBBINS, 1869.

ANDRO HART'S SCOTCH PSALTER, 1635.
Alt. in JOHN PLAYFORD'S PSALTER, 1671.



2 My roof is but an humble home
Hid in the wilderness:
But o'er me springs th'eternal dome;
For He my dwelling is.
3 My raiment rude and lowly seems,
All travel-stained and old:
But with His brightest morning beams
He doth my soul infold.
4 My table scantily is spread,
With tears my cup o'erflows:

But He is still my daily bread,
No want my spirit knows.
5 Hard is the stony-pillowed bed,
How broken is my rest!
On Him I lean my aching head,
And sleep upon His breast.
6 For faith can make the desert bloom,
And thro the vistas dim,
Love sees, in sunlight or in gloom,
All pathways lead to Him.

Faith.

319

All as God wills, who wisely heeds.

C. M.

"Privately, to His disciples, He expounded all things."

St. Frances.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1861, *Abr.*

G. A. LÖHR, 1855.

I. ALL as God wills, who wise - ly heeds, To give or to with - hold,
And know - eth more of all my needs Than all my prayers have told!

- 2 Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;
- 3 That more and more a providence
Of Love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good.
- 4 That care and trial seem at last,
Thro memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair.
- 5 And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day!

320

- 1 FORTH, to the Land of Promise bound,
Our desert path we tread,
Gods fiery pillar for our guide,
His Captain at our head.
- 2 E'en now we faintly trace the hills,
And catch their distant blue,
And the bright city's gleaming spires
Rise dimly on our view.
- 3 Soon, when the desert shall be crossed,
The flood of death past o'er,
Our pilgrim hosts shall safely land
On Canaan's peaceful shore.
- 4 There love shall have its perfect work,
And prayer be lost in praise,
And all the servants of our God
Their endless anthems raise.

HENRY ALFORD, 1830.

Here I can firmly rest.

"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, * * that walketh in darkness and hath no light ;—let him * * stay upon his God."

S. M.

Aswarby.

Ger. PAUL GERHARDT, 1650.

Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1855. *Abr.*

SAMUEL WESLEY, 1798.

I. HERE I can firm - ly rest, I dare to boast of this,

That God, the high - est and the best, My Friend and Fa - ther is.

322

2 From dangerous snares He saves.
Where'er He bids me go, [waves,
He checks the storms and calms the
That naught can work me woe.

3 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How he who seeks in God his rest
Shall ever find Him near ;

4 My heart for gladness springs,
It cannot more be sad,
For very joy it laughs and sings,
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The Sun that glads mine eyes
Is Christ the Lord I love ;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for us above.

1 My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline ;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest ;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform ;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me ;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834.

Faith.

323 Yea! our Shepherd leads, with gentle hand.

9.6.6.8.4.4.

"A stranger will they not follow."

Christus Pastor.

Ger. FRIED. ADOLPH KRUMMACHER, 1805.
Tr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1884.

CONRAD KOCHER, 1828.

I. YEA! our Shepherd leads, with gen - tle hand, A - long this pil - grim - land, — This night - en - shadowed wold, His lit - tle flock safe to their fold. *f* AL - LE - LU - IA! AL - LE - LU - IA!

- 2 When His carelings wander in the dark,
This Shepherd true doth mark,
And, of His grace divine,
He bids a friendly star to shine. ALLELUIA!
- 3 Safe He leads us, out from deadly gloom,
To greenest meadow-bloom,
To waters flowing free,
Life-willing to eternity. ALLELUIA!
- 4 Down on us His eyes with pity look.
His gentle Shepherd-crook
Doth trust and comfort bring.
Himself keeps watch unwearying. ALLELUIA!
- 5 Yea! He is the faithfulest and best;
Our fold itself doth rest
Within those arms of His,
Whose very name Compassion is. ALLELUIA!

Hope.

324

Leave God to order all thy ways.

"Bless'd are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

8.8.8.8.8.

Ger. GEORGE NEUMARK, 1653.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1855. Abr.

"Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten."

GEORGE NEUMARK, 1657.
Har. JOHANN SEB. BACH, d. 1750.

I. { LEAVE God to or - der all thy ways, And hope in Him what-e'er be - tide; }
 { Thou'lt find Him, in the e - vil days, Thine all - suf - fi - cient strength and guide. }

Who trusts in God's un - chang-ing love Builds on the Rock that naught can move!

325

- 2 Only thy restless heart keep still,
 And wait in cheerful hope, content
 To take what'er His gracious will,
 His all-discerning love hath sent;
 Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
 To Him who chose us for His own.
- 3 He knows when joyful hours are best,
 He sends them as He sees it meet.
 When thou hast borne the fiery test,
 And now art freed from all deceit,
 He comes to thee all unaware,
 And makes thee own His loving care.
- 4 Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways;
 But do thine own part faithfully.
 Trust His rich promises of grace,
 So shall they be fulfilled in thee.
 God never yet forsook at need
 The soul that trusted Him indeed.

- 1 SURROUNDED by unnumbered foes,
 Against my soul the battle goes!
 Yet tho I weary, sore distressed,
 I know that I shall reach my rest;
 I lift my tearful eyes above,—
 His banner over me is love!
- 2 Its sword my spirit will not yield,
 Tho flesh may faint upon the field.
 He waves before my fading sight
 The branch of palm, the crown of light.
 I lift my brightening eyes above,—
 His banner over me is love!
- 3 My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
 His vail of splendor curtain Him,
 And in the mid-night of my fear
 I may not feel Him standing near:
 But, as I lift mine eyes above,
 His banner over me is love!

GERALD MASSEY, 1869.

Hope.

326

Faint not, Christian! tho the road.

"Set your hope perfectly on the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ."

7.7.7.7.

JAMES H. EVANS, 1833, *Abr.*

Monkland.

Arr JOHN P. WILKES, 1861.

1. FAINT not Chris-tian! tho the road, Lead-ing to thy blest a-bode,
Dark-some be, and dangerous too; Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee thro.

- 2 Faint not, Christian! tho in rage
Satan would thy soul engage;
Gird on faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle-field.
- 3 Faint not, Christian! tho the world
Hath its hostile flag unfurled;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.
- 4 Faint not, Christian! tho within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ, the Lord, is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.
- 5 Faint not, Christian! look on high;
See the harpers in the sky;
Patient wait, and thou shalt join
In their chant to Love divine.

327

- 1 HASTEN, Lord! to my release,
Haste to help me, O my God!
Foes, like armed bands, increase;
Turn them back the way they trod.
- 2 Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail,
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.
- 3 Those that seek Thee shall rejoice.
I am bound with misery:
Yet I make Thy law my choice;
Turn, my God! and look on me.
- 4 Thou mine only Helper art,
My Redeemer from the grave;
Strength of my desiring heart!
Do not tarry, haste to save.

JAMES MONTGOMERY 1822.

Hope.

328

Head of the Church triumphant.

"Till Thy people pass over, O Lord, till the people pass over which Thou hast purchased."

7.7.8.7, D.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745. *Abr.*

Alla marcìa.

Septuor.

Arr. from LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1799.

The musical score is written for a septuor (seven voices) in D major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble, and the bass line is in the bass. The lyrics are: "I. HEAD of the Church tri-umph-ant, We joy-ful-ly a-dore Thee! Till Thou ap-pear Thy". The second system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: "members here Shall sing like those in glo-ry. We lift our hearts and voic-es With". The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "blest an-tic-i-pa-tion, And cry aloud, and give to God The praise of our sal-va-tion." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *f* and *ff*.

I. HEAD of the Church tri-umph-ant, We joy-ful-ly a-dore Thee! Till Thou ap-pear Thy

members here Shall sing like those in glo-ry. We lift our hearts and voic-es With

blest an-tic-i-pa-tion, And cry aloud, and give to God The praise of our sal-va-tion.

2 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Thro torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
We clap our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favor;
Thy love divine
That makes us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine forever!

3 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The world despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us;
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand
To take us up to Heaven!

329

Ye servants of the Lord.

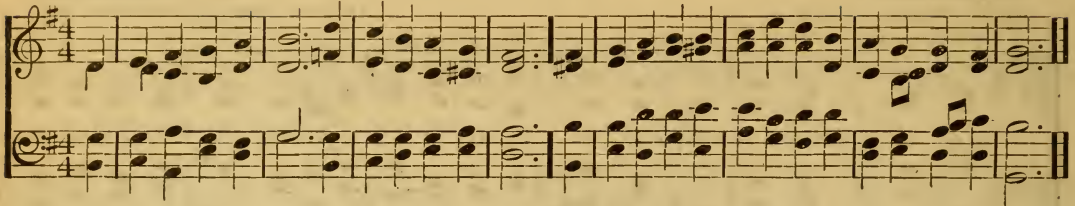
S. M.

"Each shall receive his own reward according to his own labor."

Winn.

PHILIP DODDKIDGE, 1740.

WILLIAM WINN, 1872.



- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in His office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
- 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

330

- 1 My soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown,
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.
- 2 With prayer and crying strong,
Maintain the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.
- 3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfil;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.
- 4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod,
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

LEONARD SWAIN, 1858.

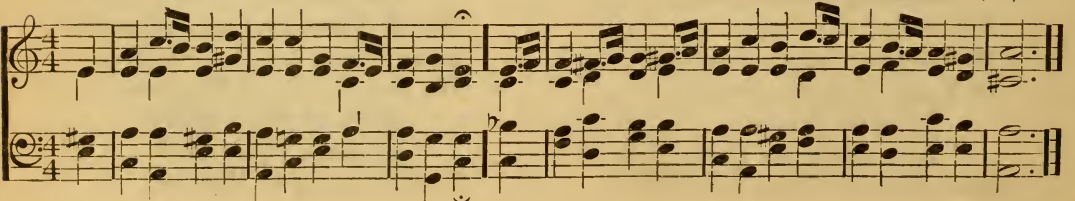
S. M.

SECOND TUNE.

Bedfont.

JAMES KENT, 1750.

Har. WILLIAM H. KEARNS, 1846.



Hope.

331

Fear not, O little flock, the foe.

"The Lord shall be for strength to them that turn the battle to the gate."

8.8.6.8.8.6.

Magdalen College.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, 1631.

Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1855. *Alt.*

WILLIAM HAYES, 1749.

I. FEAR not, O lit - tle flock, the Foe Who mad - ly seeks your o - ver - throw,

Dread not His rage and pow'r. What tho your cour - age some - times faints;

His seem - ing tri - umph o'er God's saints Lasts but a lit - tle hour.

- 2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave all to Him, your Lord!
Tho hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise;
He girdeth on His sword!
- 3 As true as God's own word is true,
Not Earth nor Hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.

- A jest and by-word are they grown,
God is with us, we are His own,
Our vict'ry cannot fail!
- 4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again!
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. *Amen!*

Hope.

332

Come, we that love the Lord.

S. M.

"The Lord is on my side."

Laban.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.

I. COME, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known.

Join in a song, with sweet ac - cord, And thus surround His throne.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God:
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets;
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

333

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er:
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou receive thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God.
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

GEORGE HEATH, 1781.

Woe.

334

Your harps, ye trembling saints.

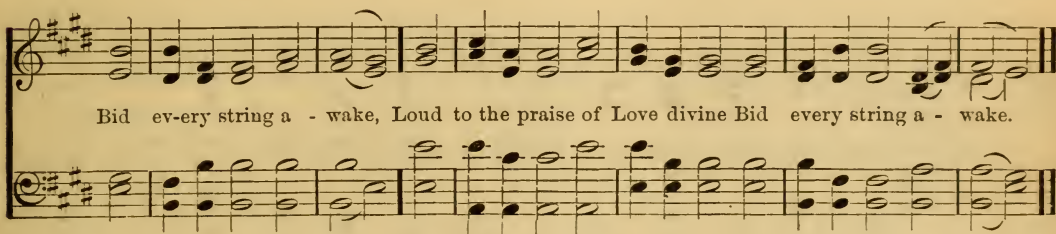
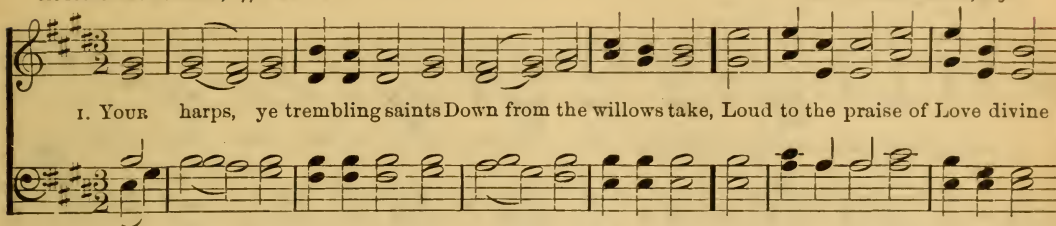
S. M.

"He that wrought us for this very thing is God."

Selvin.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1772. *Abr. Alt.*

Arr. LOWELL MASON, 1850.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Tho in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.</p> <p>3 His grace will to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.</p> <p>4 If, thro unruffled seas,
Toward Heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.</p> <p>5 Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.</p> | <p>6 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at Thy control;
Thy loving-kindness shall break thro
The midnight of the soul.</p> <p>7 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone;—</p> <p>8 Still on Thy plighted love
At all events rely;
The very hidings of Thy face
Shall brighten by and by.</p> <p>9 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.</p> |
|---|---|

Hope.

335

Christian, dost thou see them!

6s & 5s, D.

"We wrestle not with flesh and blood."

St. Andrews.

Gk. ANDREW OF CRETE, cir. 720.

Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1862. *Alt. and Abr.*

JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.

1. CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them! On the ho - ly ground, How the pow'rs of
 dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round? Chris - tian, up and smite them!
 Counting gain but loss, In the strength that com - eth By the ho - ly Cross.

2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
 How they work within,
 Striving, tempting, luring,
 Goading into sin?
 Christian! never tremble;
 Never be down-cast;
 Gird thee for the battle,
 Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
 How they speak thee fair?—
 "Always fast and vigil?
 Always watch and prayer?"
 Christian! answer boldly,—
 "While I breathe I pray!"
 Peace shall follow battle,
 Night shall end in day.

Hope.

336

Brightly gleams our banner.

6s & 5s. "Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope." Overview.

THOMAS J. POTTER, 1862. Abr.

Adap. by JOHN GOSS, d. 1880.

1. BRIGHTLY gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high!

Marching thro the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray, Still, with hearts u-nited, Singing on our way.

Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high!

2. In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, our Leader,
Only unto Thee?
All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Crown us with Thy conquest
Over every foe.
Brightly gleams, etc.

3. There with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the march is over
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,—
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams, etc.

Hope.

337

When I can read my title clear.

C. M. D.

"Such confidence have we thro Christ."

Varina.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

GEORGE F. ROOT, 1848.

1. { WHEN I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, }
 I bid farewell to ev - ery fear And wipe my weeping eyes. } Should Earth against my soul engage,

And hell-ish darts be 'hurled, Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.

2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my Heaven, my all!

There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

338

We bless Thee for Thy peace, O Lord.

C. M.

"A kingdom that cannot be shaken."

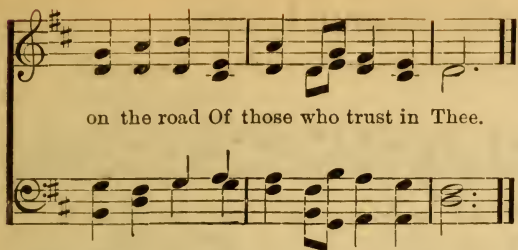
Clark.

ANON, 1862.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1869.

1. WE bless Thee for Thy peace, O God! Deep as the soundless sea, Which falls like sun-shine

Love.



Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee.

2 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,

3 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

4 Such, Father! give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

339

Saviour, teach me, day by day.

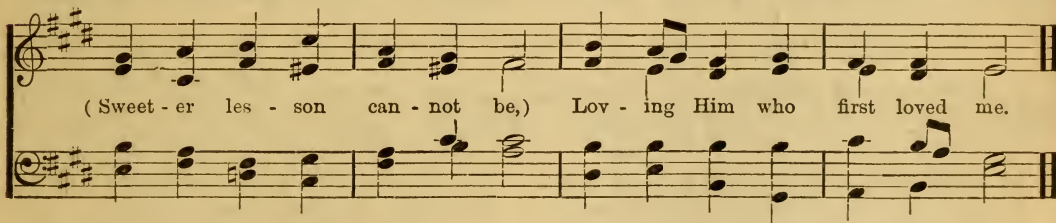
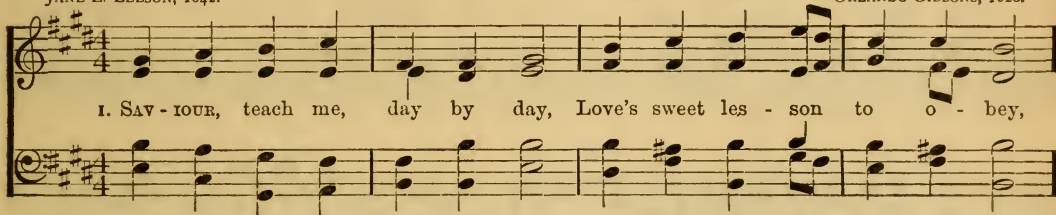
7.7.7.7.

"Unite my heart."

Southminster.

JANE E. LEESON, 1842.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1620.



2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,—
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy.
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe,
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

Love.

340 When gathering clouds around I view.

8.8.8.8.8.8. "Hope to the end for the grace to be brought at the revelation of Jesus Christ." Brownell.

ROBERT GRANT, 1806.

FRANCIS J. HAYDN, 1787.

1. WHEN gathering clouds a - round I view And days are dark, and friends are few,

On Him I lean, who, not in vain, Ex - perience ev - ery hu - man pain.

He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and treas - ures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, Who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 And, Oh! when I have safely past
Thro every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed; for Thou hast died.

Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

341

1 In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless soul redeem?
Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart.
Oh, could I catch one smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity!

CHARLES WESLEY'S last hymn, dictated from his deathbed, 1738.

Lode.

342

These eyes, O Jesus! ne'er have seen.

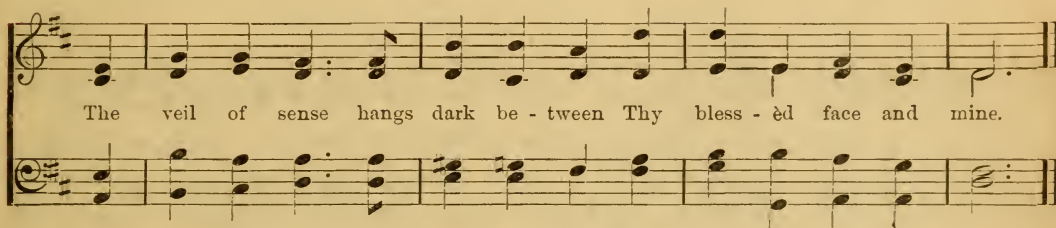
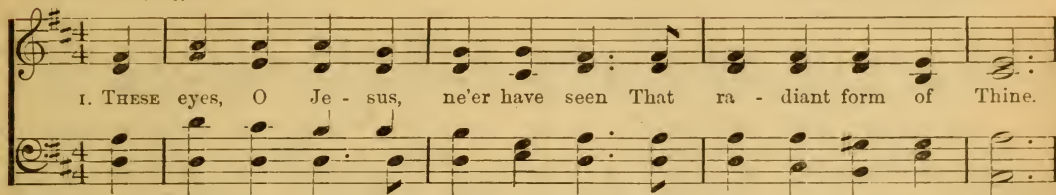
C. M.

"A little while and ye shall see Me."

St. Mark.

RAY PALMER, 1857.

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1872.



2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not:
 Yet art Thou oft with me,
 And Earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
 As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes un-
 When slumbers o'er me roll, [sought
 Thine image ever fills my thought,
 And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet tho I have not seen, and still
 Must rest in faith alone,
 I love Thee, dearest Lord! and will,
 Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
 And still this throbbing heart,
 The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
 All glorious as Thou art!

343

1 It was no love for Thee, dear Lord,
 That won Thy love to me:
 On me were Thy compassions poured
 From that accursèd Tree.

2 And now I hold Thee by no bands
 Of holy prayer or deed:
 I hold Thee with my trembling hands,
 These hands of guilt and need.

3 Saviour and sinner we have met,
 And meeting will not part;
 The blood that bought me claims me yet,—
 Christ hath me in His heart!

4 So, poor yet rich and vile yet pure,
 I have my all in Thee,
 Beloved and loving, pledged, secure,
 To all Eternity.

HERVEY D. GANSE, 1837.

Earth has nothing sweet or fair.

Ger. JOHANN SCHEFFLER, 1657.
Tr. FRANCES E COX, 1841, *Abr.*

XAVIER SCHNYDER, 1826.

Andante.

1. EARTH has noth - ing sweet or fair, Love - ly forms or beau - ties rare,

But be - fore mine eyes they bring Christ, of beau - ty Source and Spring.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The first system of music contains the lyrics '1. EARTH has noth - ing sweet or fair, Love - ly forms or beau - ties rare,'. The second system contains the lyrics 'But be - fore mine eyes they bring Christ, of beau - ty Source and Spring.' The piano part features chords and moving lines that support the vocal melody. There are various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'm' (mezzo-forte).

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 When the morning paints the skies,
 When the golden sunbeams rise,
 Then my Saviour's form I find,
 Brightly imaged on my mind.</p> <p>3 When the day-beams pierce the night,
 Oft I think on Jesus' light,—
 Think,—how bright that light will be
 Shining thro eternity.</p> <p>4 When, as moonlight softly steals,
 Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
 Then I think;—Who made their light
 Is a thousand times more bright!</p> | <p>2 I delivered thee when bound,
 And, when bleeding, healed Thy wound;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
 Turned thy darkness into light.</p> <p>3 Can a woman's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare?
 Yea, she may forgetful be:
 Yet will I remember thee!</p> <p>4 Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depth beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death."</p> |
|---|--|

I HARK, my soul, it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee ;
“ Say, poor sinner, lov’st Thou me ?

- 4 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore,
Oh! for grace to love Thee more.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772. *Abr.*

Love.

346

"From whence also we wait for a Saviour."

- 1 MASTER, Lord, to Thee we cry,
On Thy throne exalted high;
See Thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee.
- 2 Grant, tho parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

- 3 Ever may we upward move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Looking for our heavenly home.
- 4 Then may we with Thee remain,
Partners of Thine endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our Heaven of heavens in Thee!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739. *Alt.*

347

When this passing world is done.

7.7.7.7.7.

"He changed his prison garments."

Margaret Street.

ROBERT MURRAY MCCHEYNE, 1837. *Abr.*

ALEXANDER S. COOPER, 1872.

1. WHEN this passing world is done, When has sunk yon glorious Sun, When I stand with Christ in light,

All my finished life in sight; Then, Lord, shall I fully know, Not till then, how much I owe.

- 2 When I stand before the throne,
Clothed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe!

- 3 When the praise of Heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harps' melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe!

Love.

348 Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest.

10.10.10.10.10.10.

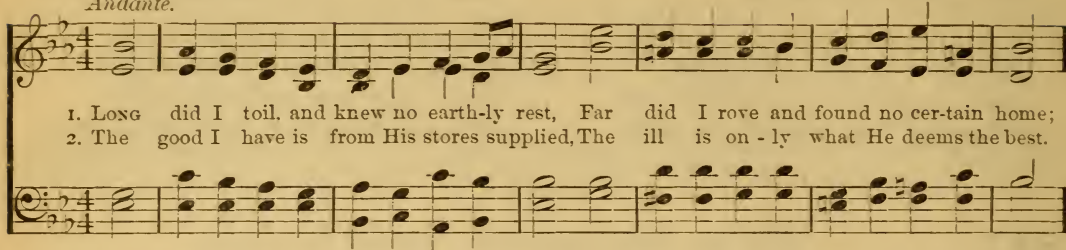
"My Beloved is mine, and I am His."

Evensong.

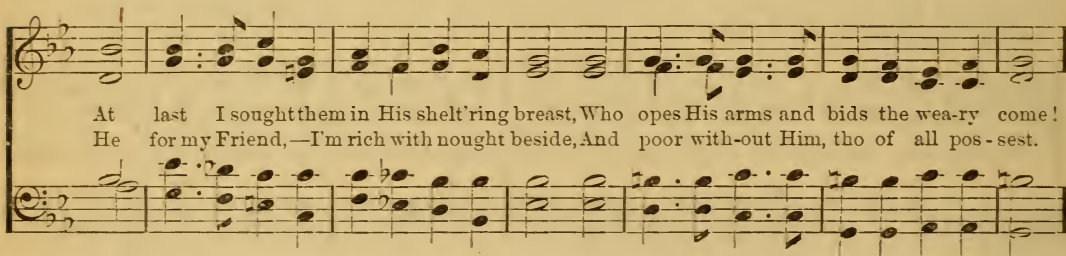
HENRY F. LYTE, 1833. *Abr.*

WALTER BOND GILBERT, 1873.

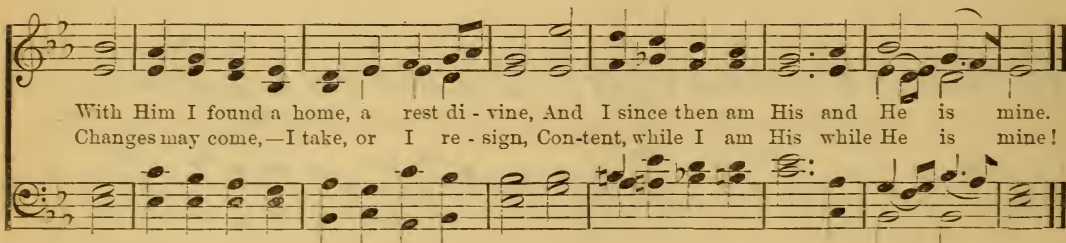
Andante.



1. LONG did I toil, and knew no earth-ly rest, Far did I rove and found no cer-tain home;
2. The good I have is from His stores supplied, The ill is on - ly what He deems the best.



At last I sought them in His shelt'ring breast, Who opes His arms and bids the wea-ry come!
He for my Friend, — I'm rich with nought beside, And poor with-out Him, tho of all pos - sessed.



With Him I found a home, a rest di - vine, And I since then am His and He is mine.
Changes may come, — I take, or I re - sign, Con-tent, while I am His while He is mine!

- 3 While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore:
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His and He is mine!

I need Thee, precious Jesus.

7s & 6s, D.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD, 1855, *Abr.*

"Thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul."

Borrowdale.

EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1885.

I. I NEED Thee, pre-cious Je - sus; For I am full of sin. My soul is dark and

guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in. I need the cleans-ing Fountain, Where I can

al - ways flee,— The blood of Christ, most pre-cious, The sinner's per-fect plea. A - men.

2 I need Thee, blesséd Jesus!
 For I am very poor.
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 I have no earthly store.
 I need the love of Jesus,
 To cheer me on my way,
 To guide my doubting footsteps,
 To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, blesséd Jesus,
 And hope to see Thee soon,
 Encircled with the rainbow,
 And seated on Thy throne.
 There, with Thy blood-bought children
 My joy shall ever be
 To sing Thy praise, O Jesus!
 To gaze, my Lord! on Thee! Amen.

Jesus! and shall it ever be.

"Take heed lest there shall be any one that maketh spoil of you thro his philosophy!"

L. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG, 1723.
Alt. BENJAMIN FRANCIS, 1787.

Federal Street.

HENRY K. OLIVER, 1832.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in 2/2 time and G major. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

1. JE - SUS! and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee?
A - shamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro end - less days?

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! Oh, as soon
Let morning blush to own the Sun;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

- 6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain!
Till then I boast a Saviour slain.
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

351

- 1 JESUS! Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are,—my glorious dress.
Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When, from the dust of death, I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
This then shall still be all my plea,—
"Jesus hath lived,—hath died for me."
- 3 Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice!
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice!
Their beauty this—their glorious dress,
Jesus! Thy blood and righteousness.

Ger. NICOLAUS L. VON ZINZENDORF, 1739.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1740. Abr.

352

Jesus, engrave it on my heart.

L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789.

Supplicando.

"Thou wilt show me the path of life."

Zithri.

JOHANN STAHL, 1544.

1. JE - sus, en - grave it on my heart That Thou the one thing need-ful art. I could from all things

part-ed be; But nev - er, nev - er, Lord, from Thee. A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

- 2 Needful is Thy most precious blood
To reconcile my soul to God.
Needful is Thine indulgent care,
Needful Thine all-prevailing prayer.
- 3 Needful Thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford.
Needful Thy promise, to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.
- 4 Needful art Thou, my Guide, my Stay,
Thro all life's dark and weary way;
Nor less in death Thou'lt needful be
To bring my spirit home to Thee.
- 5 Then needful still, my God, my King,
Thy name eternally I'll sing!
Glory and praise be ever His;
The one thing needful Jesus is! *Amen.*

353

- 1 LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.
- 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thine unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.
- 3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.
- 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove,
Where life nor death my soul can part
From Thy blest presence and Thy love.
Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

Love.

354

Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All.

8.8.8.8.8.

HENRY COLLINS, 1852. *Abr.*

"Transformed into the same image."

Covenant.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1872.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The lyrics are: '1. JE - sus, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Sav - iour, when I call! Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace. Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore; Oh make me love Thee more and more.'

355

- 2 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more.
- 3 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have, or am, is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine;
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh make me love Thee more and more.

- 1 THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows!
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose!
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.
- 2 Is there a thing beneath the Sun,
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from Earth be free,
When it hat' found repose in Thee.

Ger. GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1738. *Abr.*

Love.

356

Grander than ocean's story.

"Thou hast seen how that the Lord thy God bare thee, as a man doth bear his son, in all the way that ye went."

7s & 6s. P.

God's Love.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN, 1871.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN, 1872.

1. GRANDER than o-cean's sto - ry, Or songs of for - est trees; Pur - er than breath of

morn-ing, Or evening's gen-tle breeze; Clear - er than mountain ech - oes Ring out from

peaks a - bove, Rolls on the glo - rious an - them Of God's e - ter - nal love!

2 Dearer than any lovings
The truest friends bestow;
Stronger than all the yearnings
A mother's heart can know;
Deeper than Earth's foundations,
And far above all thought;
Broader than Heaven's high arches—
The love that Christ has brought.

3 Richer than all Earth's treasure,
The wealth my soul receives;
Brighter than royal jewels,
The crown that Jesus gives;
Wondrous the condescension,
And grace beyond degree!
I would be ever singing
The love of Christ to me.

357

Come, O Thou Traveller unknown.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742. *Abr.*

"I have seen God face to face and my life is preserved!"

Melita.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.

1. COME, O Thou Tra-vel - ler un-known, Whom still I hold, but cannot see. My com - pa - ny be - fore is gone,

And I am left a - lone with Thee; Wrestling, I will not let Thee go, Till I Thy Name, Thy nature know.

358

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 I need not tell Thee who <i>I</i> am;
My misery or sin declare.
Thyself hast call'd me by my name.—
Look on Thy hands, and read it there!
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.</p> <p>3 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee!
Pure universal Love Thou art!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love!</p> <p>4 Lame as I am, I take the prey!
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome.
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Thro all eternity to prove
Thy Nature and Thy Name is Love.</p> | <p>1 ETERNAL Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!</p> <p>2 O Saviour! whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Thou who didst walk the foaming deep.
And, calm amid its raging, sleep,
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!</p> <p>3 O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion peace,
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!</p> |
|---|--|

Love.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour!
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,

Protect them wheresoe'er they go,
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.
WILLIAM WHITING, 1862. *Alt.*

359

Oh, for a shout of joy!

6.6.6.6.8.8.

"In His temple everything saith—Glory!"

Antiphon.

J. YOUNG, 1843. *Arr.*

WILLIAM ALPERS, 1844. *Arr.* B. C. B.

1. Oh, for a shout of joy! Wor - thy the theme we sing. To this di - vine em - ploy Our

hearts and voic - es bring! Sound, sound thro all the Earth a - broad, The love, th'e-

ter - nal love of God,— The love, th'e - ter - nal love of God!

Arr. Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

2 Thy Seraphs, bright and fair,
In countless myriads stand,
Veiling their faces there,
All bowed at Thy right hand:
Yet not their rapture's loudest chord
Can sound Thy wondrous love, O Lord!

3 Redeemed by sovereign grace,
Thy Church, in lower key,
Age-long, in every place,
Hath sung the mystery,—
Telling, in strains of sweet accord,
Thy love, Thy changeless love, O Lord!

Love.

360

In all my vast concerns with Thee.

C. M.

"His commandments are not grievous."

York.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr.*

ANDRO HART'S SCOTCH PSALTER, 1615.

1. IN all my vast con - cerns with Thee, In vain my soul would try

To shun Thy pres - ence, Lord! or flee The no - tice of Thine eye.

2 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

3 Oh wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

4 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

2 When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O love of God most wise!

3 And tho we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

361

1 THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free!

5 And, filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to Thee.

ELIZA SCUDDER, 1852.

Love.

362

"That we should be called children of God; and such we are."

- 1 O LORD, how happy is the time
When in Thy love I rest,
When in my weariness I climb
E'en to Thy tender breast.
- 2 Let this world call itself my foe,
Or let the world allure:
I care not for the world; I go
To this dear Friend and sure.
- 3 When Thy law threatens endless death
Upon the awful hill,
Straightway from its consuming breath
My soul goes higher still;—
- 4 Goeth to Jesus, wounded, slain,
And maketh Him her home,
Whence she will not go out again,
And where death cannot come.
- 5 That is not losing much of life
Which is not losing Thee,
Who art as present in the strife
As in the victory.

*Ger. WOLFGANG CHRISTOPHER DESZLER, 1692.
Tr. GEORGE MACDONALD, 1874. Abr.*

363

- 1 THOU Lord art Love! and everywhere
Thy Name is brightly shown,
Beneath, on Earth, Thy footstool fair,
Above, in Heaven, Thy throne.
- 2 Thy word is love—in lines of gold
There mercy prints its trace.
In nature we Thy steps behold,
The Gospel shows Thy face.
- 3 Thy ways are Love—tho they transcend
Our feeble range of sight;
They wind, thro darkness, to their end
In everlasting light.
- 4 Thy thoughts are Love—and Jesus is
The living voice they find.
His love lights up the vast abyss
Of the Eternal Mind.

- 5 Thy chastisements are Love—more deep
They stamp the seal divine,
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.
- 6 Thy Heaven is the abode of Love—
O blessèd Lord, that we [move,
May there, when time's deep shades re-
Be gathered home to Thee.
- 7 There with Thy resting saints to fall
Adoring round thy throne;
Where all shall love Thee, Lord, and all
Shall in Thy love be one.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS, 1854.

364

- 1 THE Lord is rich and merciful,
The Lord is very kind;
Oh come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.
- 2 His comforts they shall strengthen thee,
Like flowing waters cool;
And He shall for thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.
- 3 The Lord is glorious and strong,
Our God is very high;
Oh trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security.
- 4 He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind, that bloweth healthfully,
Thy sicknesses to heal.
- 5 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell;
Oh learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well.
- 6 And with His light thou shalt be blest,
Therein to work and live;
And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH, 1850.

Love.

365

"Come and rejoice with me."

S. M.

"Our hearts shall rejoice in Him, because we have trusted in His holy name."

Monseil.

ELIZABETH CHARLES, 1867.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1863.

I. COME and re - joice with me; For once my heart was poor,

And I have found a treas - u - ry Of love,— a bound - less store!

366

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Come and rejoice with me;
I, who was sick at heart,
Have met with One who knows my case,
And knows the healing art.</p> <p>3 Come and rejoice with me;
For I have found a Friend
Who knows my heart's most secret
Yet loves me without end. [depths,</p> <p>4 I knew not of His love,
And He had loved so long,
With love so faithful and so deep,
So tender and so strong!</p> <p>5 And now I know it all,
Have heard and know His voice,
And hear it still from day to day,
Can I enough rejoice?</p> | <p>1 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold.
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.</p> <p>2 I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.</p> <p>3 The Shepherd sought his sheep.
The Father sought his child.
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.</p> <p>4 He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone,
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.</p> |
|--|---|

HORATIUS BONAR, 1843. 157.

More love to Thee, O Christ!

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

"It is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh, saying 'Open to me.'"

Horbury.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS, 1856.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1860.

Adagio.

I. MORE love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the prayer I make,

On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea,—More love, O Christ!

to Thee, More love to Thee!

- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest:
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best.
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ! to Thee,
More love to Thee!

- 3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

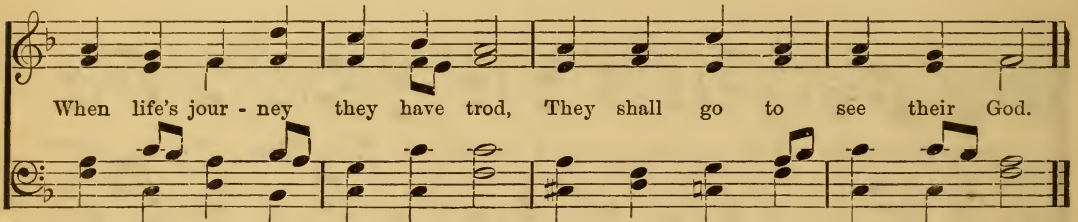
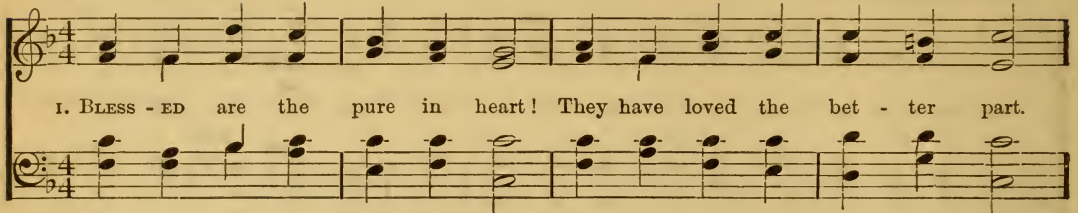
- 4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,—
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ! to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Blessèd are the pure in heart.

"Earnestly desiring the coming of the day of God."

7-7-7-7.
JOHN M. NEALE, 1844.

University College.
HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1848.



- 2 Till in glory they appear,
They shall often see Him here;
And His grace shall learn to know,
In His glorious works below.
- 3 When the Sun begins to rise,
Spreading brightness thro the skies,
They will love to praise and bless
Christ, the Sun of Righteousness.
- 4 In the watches of the night,
When the stars are clear and bright,
'Thus the just shall shine,' they say,
'In the resurrection day.'
- 5 God in everything they see.
First in all their thoughts is He.
They have loved the better part,—
Blessèd are the pure in heart

369

- 1 LORD! for ever at Thy side,
Let my place and portion be.
Strip me of the robe of pride.
Clothe me with humility.
- 2 Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken,—I believe,
Tho the prophecy were sealed.
- 3 Quiet as a weanèd child,
Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.
- 4 Saints, rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust.
Him in all His ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

Prayer.

370

Come, my soul! thy suit prepare.

7.7.7.7.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

"This is the boldness which we have toward Him."

Seymour.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER, 1826.

1. COME, my soul! thy suit pre - pare; Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer.

He Him - self has bid thee pray, There - fore will not say thee nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest.
Take possession of my breast.
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 4 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print Thine own resemblance there.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer.
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

- 6 Show me what I have to do.
Every hour my strength renew.
Let me live the life of faith.
Let me die Thy people's death.

371

- 1 O THOU God who hearest prayer
Every hour and everywhere!
For His sake whose blood I plead,
Hear me in my hour of need.
- 2 Hear and save me, gracious Lord!
For my trust is in Thy word.
Wash me from the stain of sin,
That Thy peace may rule within.
- 3 Leave me not, my Strength, my Trust:
Oh, remember I'm but dust!
Leave me not again to stray.
Leave me not the Tempter's prey!

JOSIAH CONDER, 1820. *Abr.*

Hope.

372

We cannot always trace the way.

8.8.8.4.

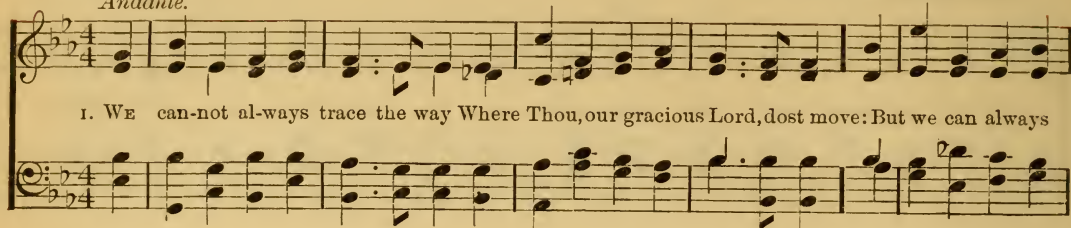
JOHN BOWRING, 1824.

Andante.

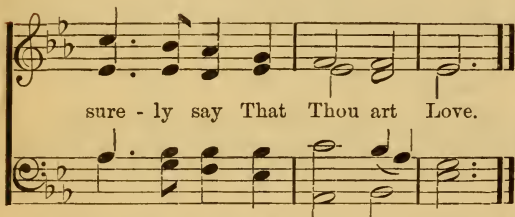
"On whatsoever errand I shall send thee, thou shalt go."

Woodthorpe.

JAMES ADCOCK, d 1860.



1. We cannot always trace the way Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost move: But we can always



sure - ly say That Thou art Love.

2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er Earth, our souls to Heav'n above,
As to their sanctuary spring;
For Thou art Love.

3 When mystery shrouds our darkened
path,
We'll check our dread, our doubts re-
prove;
In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
That Thou art Love.

4 Yes, Thou art Love! and truth like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss;
Our God is Love!

373

My God is any hour so sweet.

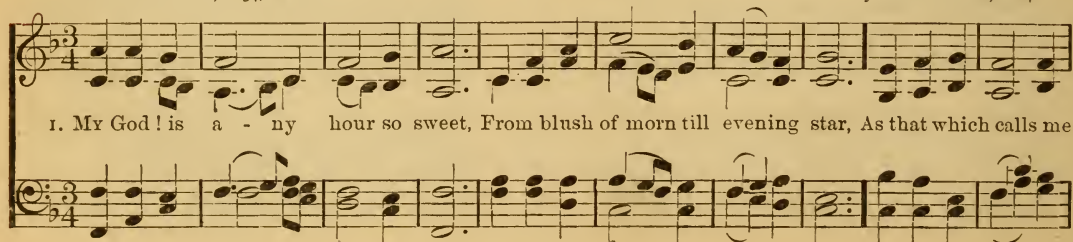
8.8.8.4.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834, *Abr.*

"From the first day that thou didst set thine heart to understand, and to chasten thyself before thy God,
thy words were heard."

Prayer.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1864.



1. My God! is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn till evening star, As that which calls me

Prayer.



2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,

When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.
3 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in Heaven to stay,
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.
4 Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

374

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.

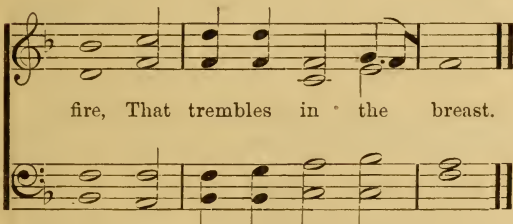
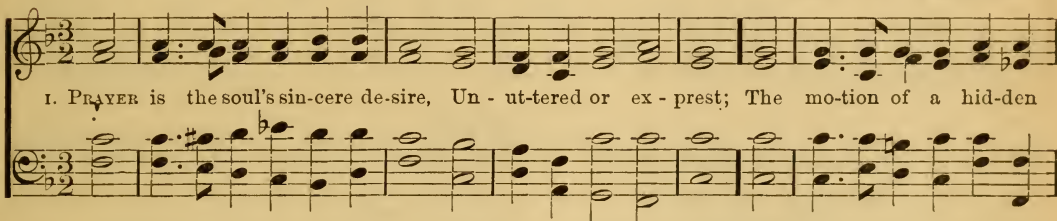
C. M.

"I was asleep: but my heart waked."

Byefield.

JAMES MONTGOMERY 1819.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1843.
Har. HUBERT P. MAIN, 1881.



2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.
3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try.

Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, Behold, he prays!
5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death.
He enters Heaven with prayer.
6 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

Prayer.

375 From every stormy wind that blows.

L. M.

"But the Lord hath heard me."

Retreat.

HUGH STOWELL, 1827. *Abr.*

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1840.

1. FROM ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

5 Oh! may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget Thy mercy-seat!

376

1 SAVIOUR! I bring to Thee my chain;
For heavier bonds on Thee were flung.
I bare to Thee my bosom's pain,
For bitterer pangs from Thee were wrung.

2 I think upon that awful hour
When Thee, the Shepherd of the flock,
The Prince of Peace, the Lord of Power,
The priest did scorn, the soldier mock.

3 Be Thou my Guard on peril's brink!
Be Thou my Guide thro weal or woe,
And teach me of Thy cup to drink,
And make me in Thy path to go!

4 For what is earthly change or loss?
Thy promises are still mine own.
The feeblest frame may bear Thy Cross,
The lowliest spirit share Thy throne."

"FREEDOM'S LYRE," 1840. *Abr.*

Prayer.

"Every sorrowful soul have I replenished."

377

- 1 JESUS, my heart within me burns,
To tell Thee all its conscious love:
From all Earth's low delights it turns,
To taste a joy like that above.
- 2 Tho oft these lips my love have told,
They still the story would repeat.
To me the rapture ne'er grows old
That thrills me, bending at Thy feet.
- 3 I breathe my words into Thine ear,
I seem to fix mine eyes on Thine,
And sure that Thou dost wait to hear,
I dare in faith to call Thee mine.

RAY PALMER, 1869. *Abr.*

378

- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky.
Out of the depths to Thee I call:
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 Amid the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hopes on Thee;
Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 3 Tho tempest-tossed and half a wreck,
My Saviour thro the floods I seek.
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again!

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779. *Abr.*

379

In the dark and cloudy day.

7.7.7.5.

GEORGE RAWSON, 1853. *Abr.*

"O remember how short my time is."

Treves.

Arr. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1872.

1. In the dark and cloudy day, When Earth's riches flee a - way, And the last hope

rit.
will not stay, Saviour, com-fort me.

- 2 When the secret idol's gone
That my poor heart yearned upon,
Desolate, bereft, alone,
Saviour, comfort me.

- 3 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in Thy love confide.
Saviour, comfort me.
- 4 In these hours of sad distress,
Let me know He loves no less,
Bids me trust His faithfulness.
Saviour, comfort me.
- 5 Not unduly let me grieve,
Meekly chastisement receive,
Let me humbly still believe.
Saviour, comfort me.

Prayer.

380 One prayer I have—all prayers in one.

C. M.

"Nevertheless—."

Martyrdom.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

HUGH WILSON, 1798.
Har. JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.

1. ONE prayer I have— all prayers in one— When I am whol - ly Thine;
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done, And let that will be mine. A - men.

381

- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In Thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember that to Thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back, in gratitude, from me
May all Thy bounties flow.
- 4 And tho Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will?
No, let me bless Thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."
- 5 A pilgrim thro the Earth I roam,
Of nothing long possess;
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest. *Amen.*

- 1 LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our broken spirits, pitying see,
And penitence impart,
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.
- 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies. *Amen.*

JOSEPH DACRE CARLYLE, 1805. *Abr.*

Prayer.

382

I love to steal a while away.

C. M.

PHEBE H. BROWN, 1818.

"Lord, to whom shall we go! Thou hast the words of eternal life."

Brown.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1843.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cumbering care.

And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.

383

- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in Heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day!

- 1 O SON of Man, (Thy name by choice),
Our Hope, our Joy, our Life,
Make us like Thee, whose gentle voice
Was never heard in strife.
- 2 Holy and harmless, undefiled,
On Earth Thou wert alone;
Come from the depths of Heaven, a child,
To make the lost Thine own.—
- 3 To be a glory in our night,
And bring us from above,
The way Heav'n's children live, all bright
With self-forgetting love.
- 4 In all things like Thy brethren made,
Oh teach us how to be
With meekness, gentleness, arrayed,
In all things like to Thee!

GEORGE MACDONALD, 1867.

Prayer.

384 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee.

C. M.

"Yet I am not alone."

St. Columba.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779. *Abr.*

ANCIENT IRISH TUNE.
Har. ROBERT F. STEWART, 1874.

1. FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tu - mult far,
From scenes where Sa - tan wa - ges still His most suc - cess - ful war.

385

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.</p> <p>3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
She then communes with God!</p> <p>4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.</p> <p>5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,—
My <i>Saviour</i>! Thou art mine!</p> | <p>1 O THOU who hast Thy servants taught
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness
The life of God is shown,</p> <p>2 While in Thy house of prayer we meet,
And call Thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow Thee,
Obedient to Thy word.</p> <p>3 When we our voices lift in praise,
Give Thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeigned thanks,
And with the spirit sing.</p> <p>4 And in the dangerous path of life
Uphold us as we go;
That with our lips and in our lives
Thy glory we may show.</p> |
|---|---|

HENRY ALFORD, 1844.

Prayer.

386

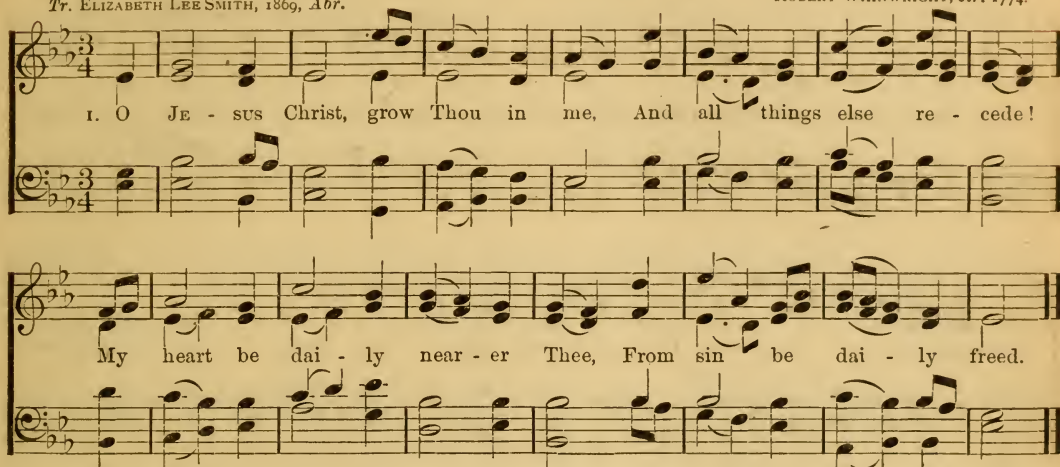
O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me.

C. M.

"Put on, therefore as God's elect, holy and beloved, a heart of compassion." Manchester.

Ger. JOHANN C. LAVATER, 1780.
Tr. ELIZABETH LEE SMITH, 1869, Abr.

ROBERT WAINWRIGHT, cir. 1774.



1. O JE - sus Christ, grow Thou in me, And all things else re - cede!
My heart be dai - ly near - er Thee, From sin be dai - ly freed.

387

- 2 Each day, let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace,
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
Thy life my death efface.
- 3 In Thy bright beams, which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.
- 4 Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim.
Oh, make me daily, thro Thy grace,
More worthy of Thy Name!
- 5 Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
My every motive move.
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love.
- 1 OH, speak that gracious word again,
And cheer my broken heart!
No voice but Thine can soothe my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.
- 2 Oh, then, let saints and angels join,
And help me to proclaim
The grace that healed a soul like mine,
And put my foes to shame!
- 3 My Saviour, by His powerful word,
Has turned my night to day;
And all those heavenly joys restored,
Which I had sinned away.
- 4 Dear Lord, I wonder and adore!
Thy grace is all divine,
Oh, keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as Thine!

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. Abr.

Prayer.

388

Jesus, where'er Thy people meet.

L. M.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779. *Abr.*

"Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you."

San Salvador.

EMILIO PIERACCINI, 1848.

1. JE-SUS, wher-e'er Thy peo-ple meet, There they be-hold Thy mer-cy-seat;

Wher-e'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev-ery place is hal-lowed ground.

389

- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all Heaven before our eyes
- 4 Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch thy curtain and the cord;
Come Thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.
- 5 Lord, we are few: but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear.
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own!
- 1 WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord! I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Oh! think Thou of the sinner's Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.
- 2 Think, Lord! how I am still Thine own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand!
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.
- 3 Oh! think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace divine:
But think of Jesus' woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.
- 4 Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull,
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here! my heart is full;
Behold and spare and succor me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1833. *Abr.*

Prayer.

390

1 ON Thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove Thine utmost will;
The promise by Thy mercy made,
Thou canst, Thou wilt, in me fulfill.

2 See, Lord, the travail of Thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine,
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1772. *Abr.*

391

1 LORD! take my heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee.
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

2 How blest are they, who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Whence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move and in Thee live.

Ger. NICOLAUS L. VON ZINZENDORF, 1735.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1739. *Abr.*

392

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1773.

"Continuing steadfastly in prayer."

All Saints.

German, 1698.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in 4/4 time and G major. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

I. { GUIDE me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro this bar - ren land. }
I am weak: but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy power - ful hand. }

Bread of Heav - en, Bread of Heav - en, Feed me now and ev - er - more.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow.
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey thro.
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fear subside.
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

Prayer.

393

Saviour! when, in dust, to Thee.

7s, D.

"The Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us."

Litany.

ROBERT GRANT, 1815.

(ALL VOICES IN UNISON)

J. FOSTER, from JOHN L. HATTON.

1. SAVIOUR! when, in dust, to Thee, Low we bow th'a-dor-ing knee; When re-pentant to the skies

Organ.

Scarce we lift our streaming eyes; Oh! by all Thy pains and woe, Suffer'd once for man be-low,

Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny! A-men.

Prayer.

- 2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle Tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany!
- 3 By Thine hour of dark despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds—Thy crown of thorn,

- By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice,
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany!
- 4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in Heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany! *Amen.*

394

There is an Eye that never sleeps.

C. M.

"They that partake of the benefit are believing and beloved."

Anastasia.

JOHN AIKMAN WALLACE, 1839. *Abr.*

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1791.

I. THERE is an Eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night.

There is an Ear that nev - er shuts, When sink the beams of light.

- 2 There is an Arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way.
There is a Love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.
- 3 There is a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,

- That Eye, that Arm, that Love to reach,
That listening Ear to gain.
- 4 *That power is prayer,* which soars on high,
Thro Jesus, to the throne, [world,
And moves the Hand which moves the
To bring salvation down!

Prayer.

395

Jesus! Lover of my soul!

7s, D.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

"He maketh the storm a calm."

Treuefest.

German, 1784.

Divoto.

FINE.

1. { JE - sus! Lov - er of my soul! Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. }
 D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past,

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me!
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head,
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
 Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
 Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
 Lo! on Thee I cast my care.
 Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
 While I of Thy strength receive,
 Hoping against hope I stand,
 Dying, and behold I live!

4 Thou O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness.
 False and full of sin I am:
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the Fountain art;
 Freely let me take of Thee.
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity!

Prayer.

396

In the hour of trial.

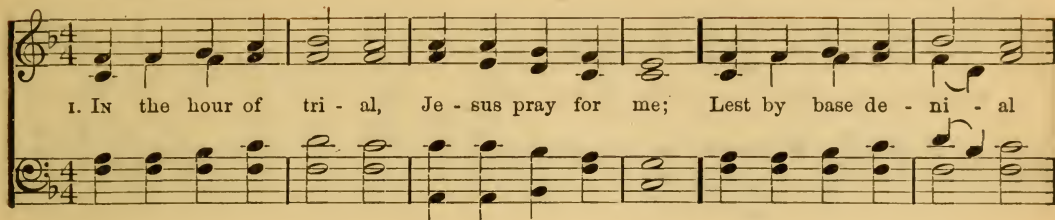
6s & 5s, D.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1834.

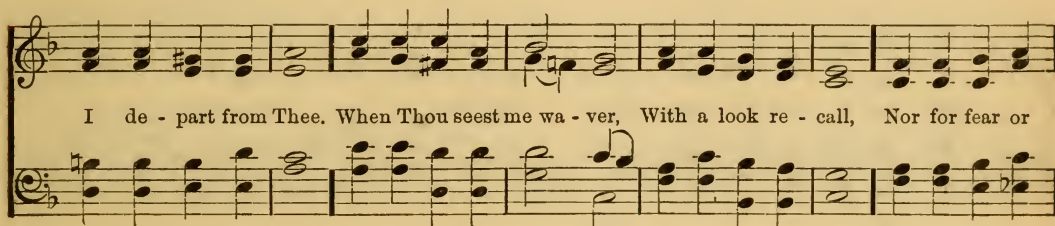
"The world passeth away and the lust thereof."

Magdalena.

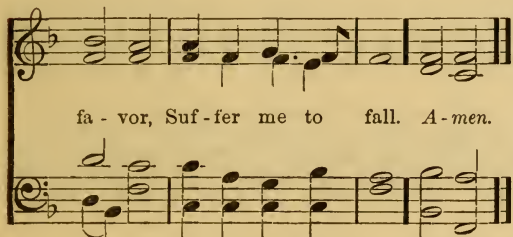
JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus pray for me; Lest by base de - ni - al



I de - part from Thee. When Thou seest me wa - ver, With a look re - call, Nor for fear or



fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall. A - men.

- 2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

- 3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice.
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Tho the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drain the cup.
- 4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While Heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Thro that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life! Amen.

Prayer.

397

Lead, kindly Light.

14.14.10.10.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833.

"Blessed be my Maker, who giveth me songs in the night."

Lux Benigna.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1868.

1. LEAD, kindly Light, a - mid th'en-circling gloom, lead Thou me on; The night is

dark, and I am far from home, lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I

do not ask to see.... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for for me. A - men.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path : but now—lead *Thou* me on!
I loved the garish day and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will :—remember not past years!
- 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone;
And, with the morn, those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile! *Amen.*

Prayer.

398

The way is dark; I cannot see at all.

14. 14. 10. 10.

JAMES UPHAM, 1869. Arr. 1881.

"For Thy name's sake lead me, and guide me."

Lux Expectata.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1868.

cres.

1. THE way is dark; I can - not see at all; my Je - sus, guide! Oh, let me

cres. *mf*

feel the clasp-ing of Thy hand, close to my side! Lord, stay the heart Thy

a tempo.

ten - der love hath won, Up - braid me not, while yet Thou lead - est on.

- 2 The way is long. I fear I yet may fall. My Jesus, keep!
Oh, let my faith outlast the weary road, no more to weep!
Lord, let me lean upon Thy strength alone,
Till, in Thy light, I know as I am known.
- 3 The wayfare ends. The radiant gates appear. All trials past!
My spirit hastes, and bounds with joy, to be safe home at last.
Darkness and terror, doubt and tears, are o'er.
My thankful life is Thine forevermore!

Prayer.

399 Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light.

L. M.

"The effect of righteousness shall be quietness and assurance."

Lebenslicht.

Ger. MARTIN BEHEM, 1606.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1862. Abr.

JOSEPH CLAUDE'S "PSALMODIA," 1630.

1. LORD Je - sus Christ, my Life, my Light, My strength by day, my trust by night,
On Earth I'm but a pass - ing guest, And sore - ly with my sins op - prest.

2 Oh, let Thy suff'rings give me power
To meet the last and darkest hour,
Thy Cross the staff whereon I lean,
My couch the grave where Thou hast been.

3 Since Thou hast died, the pure the just,
I take my homeward way in trust,
The gates of Heaven, Lord, open wide,
When here I may no more abide.

4 Ah, then I have my heart's desire,
When, singing with the angel choir,
Among the ransomed of Thy grace,
Forever I behold Thy face! *Amen.*

400

1 O CHRIST, our true and only Light!
Illumine those who sit in night.
Let those afar now hear Thy voice,
And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

2 Fill with the radiance of Thy grace
The souls now lost in error's maze,
And all whom in their secret minds
Some dark delusion hurts and blinds.

3 Oh, make the deaf to hear Thy word,
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Tho secretly they hold it now. *Amen.*

Ger. JOHANN HEERMANN, 1630.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1862. Abr.

JOHANN SCHOP, 1641, Abr.

A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

Prayer.

401

Thou hast not, dearest Lord, forgot.

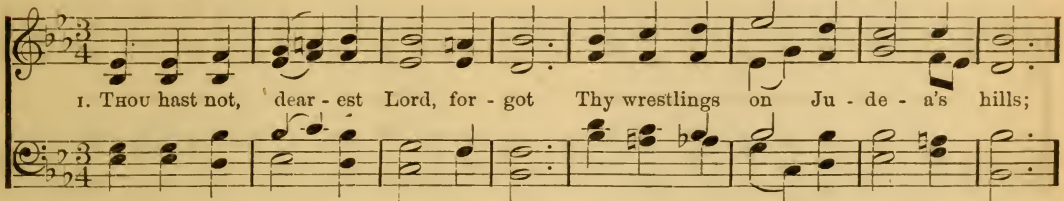
"While they communed and questioned together, Jesus Himself drew near and went with them."

L. M.

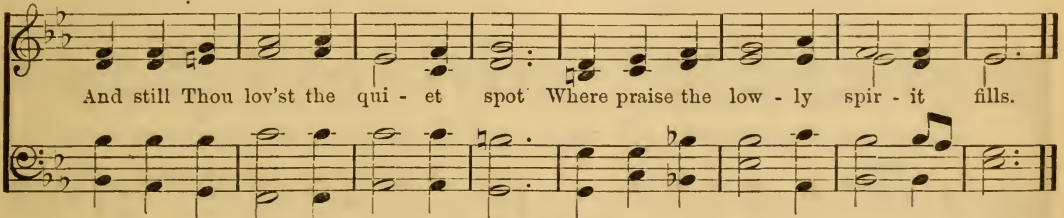
RAY PALMER, 1864. *Abr.*

Angelus.

JOHANN G. W. SCHEFFLER, 1657.



1. THOU hast not, 'dear - est Lord, for - got Thy wrestlings on Ju - de - a's hills;



And still Thou lov'st the qui - et spot Where praise the low - ly spir - it fills.

403

- 2 Oft Thou Thyself didst steal away,
At eventide, from labor done,
In some still, peaceful shade to pray
Till morning watches were begun.
- 3 Now to our souls, withdrawn awhile
From Earth's rude noise, Thy face reveal;
And as we worship, kindly smile,
And for Thine own our spirits seal.

402

- 1 FRIEND of the friendless and the faint!
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 2 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772. *Abr.*

- 1 HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before His Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of His blood.
- 2 Lo! in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.
- 4 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On Thee alone our hopes depend.
Our cause can never, never fail;
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

ANNE STEELE, 1760. *Abr.*

Prayer.

404

While Thee I seek, protecting Power.

C. M. D.

"The prayers of the saints went up before God."

Confidence.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, 1786.

THOMAS MORLEY, 1865. *Abr.*

1. WHILE Thee I seek, pro-te-ct-ing Pow'r, Be my vain wishes stilled! And may this con - se -

crat - ed hour With bet-ter hopes be filled. Thy love the pow'rs of tho't bestowed, To Thee my

thoughts would soar. Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed, That mer - cy I a - dore.

2 In each event of life, how clear,
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill.
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see.
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

Prayer.

405

"Putting on the breastplate of faith."

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 I BOW my forehead in the dust,
 I veil mine eyes for shame,
 And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
 A prayer without a claim;
 No offering of mine own I have,
 Nor works my faith to prove;
 I can but give the gifts He gave,
 And plead His love for love.</p> <p>2 I dimly guess, from blessings known,
 Of greater out of sight;
 And with the chastened Psalmist, own
 His judgments too are right.
 And if my heart and flesh are weak
 To bear an untried pain,
 The bruised reed He will not break:
 But strengthen and sustain.</p> | <p>3 I long for household voices gone,
 For vanished smiles I long:
 But God hath led my dear ones on,
 And He can do no wrong.
 I know not where His islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air:
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care.</p> <p>4 I know not what the future hath
 Of marvel or surprise,
 Assured alone that life or death
 His mercy underlies
 And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
 Thy creatures as they be,
 Forgive me if too close I lean
 My human heart on Thee!</p> |
|--|--|

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1867. *Abr.*

406

Father! whate'er of earthly bliss.

C. M.

"Ask in faith, nothing doubting."

Naomi.

ANNE STEELE, 1760. *Abr.*

Arr. LOWELL MASON, 1836.

1. FA-THER! what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign hand de - nies, Ac - cept-ed at Thy

throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise.—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free.
 The blessings of Thy grace impart,
 And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope, that Thou art mine,
 My path of life attend.
 Thy presence thro my journey shine,
 And bless its happy end.

Prayer.

407

The way is long and dreary.

7s & 6s, P.

"I am full of tossings to and fro until the dawning."

Via Dolorosa.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER, 1858.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1874.

1. THE way is long and drea-ry, The path is bleak and bare; Our feet are worn and wea - ry, But

we will not des - pair; More heavy was Thy bur - den, More des-o-late Thy way; O Lamb of

God! who tak - est The sin of the world a - way, Have mer - cy up - on us!

2 The snows lie thick around us
In the dark and gloomy night,
The tempest roars above us,
The stars have hid their light:
But blacker was the darkness
Round Calvary's cross that day;
O Lamb of God! who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy upon us!

3 Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and sad to bear;
We dread the bitter morrow:
But we will not despair;
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And Thou wilt bid it cease;
O Lamb of God! who takest
The sin of the world away,
Oh give to us Thy peace!

Prayer.

408

O God, forsake me not!

"That Thine hand might be with me, and that Thou wouldst keep me from evil, that it be not to my sorrow."

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

"Ach Gott verlass mich nicht."

Ger. SALOMON FRANCK, d. 1725.
Tr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1882.

1648. Har. JOHANN SEB. BACH, 1730.

Implorando.

1. { O God, for - sake me not! Thine hand to me ex - tend - ing, }
{ Un - til, in stead - y faith, My pil - grim - age is end - ing. }

Here in this vale of night, Be Thou my glo - rious light:

Be Thou my staff and rod, For - sake me not, my God!.....

2 O God, forsake me not!

Teach me Thy way to ponder,
And let me nevermore

In sin and folly wander.

Give me the Holy Ghost

Grant an all-conquering trust,

And, if my footing slide,

Then, Lord, be at my side.

3 O God! forsake me not!

In danger and in trial,
Stand Thou to strengthen me,
Amid the world's denial.

When fierce temptations near,

And courage turns to fear,

Do all that Thou hast willed:

But ne'er forsake Thy child!

Prayer.

409

Love Divine, all loves excelling.

"That in the ages to come He might shew the exceeding riches of His grace in kindness toward us in Christ Jesus."

8s & 7s, D.

Plymouth Church.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1746. *Abr.*

JOHN ZUNDEL, 1870.

1. LOVE Di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of Heav'n, to Earth come down, Fix in us Thy

hum - ble dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown. Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure un -

bound-ed love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Breathe, oh breathe, Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast.
 Let us all in Thee inherit.
 Let us find Thy promised rest.
 Come, almighty to deliver.
 Let us all Thy life receive.
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave.</p> | <p>3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be.
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by Thee.
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in Heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise !</p> |
|---|---|

Prayer.

410

Call Jehovah thy salvation.

8.7.8.7.

"He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him."

Nathanael.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. *Abr.*

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1880. *Abr.*

I. CALL Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest be - neath th'Al - might - y's shade.

In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, and nev - er be dis - mayed!

Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 Since with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.

411

Our Father, which art in Heaven.

Our Lord's Prayer.

"Not my will: but Thine."

Pater Noster.

MATTHEW VI: 9-13.

GREGORIAN. The Sixth Century, A. D.

1. { OUR Father, Which
{ . art in Heaven, . . . Hal - lowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done in . . . Earth, as it is in Heaven.

2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread. ||
And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | Evil. ||
For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A-men.

Prayer.

412 Thou Lord of my life, by the words Thou hast said.

II.9.II.9.

"If any man thirst let him come unto Me."

Oland.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1887.

SWEDISH KORAL, 17th Century. Abr.

i. Thou Lord of my life, by the words Thou hast said, I bring Thee the

bur - dens that pain me. Deep wa - ters of sor - row close o - ver my

head, Un - less Thy good hand shall sus - tain.... me. A - men! A - men!

- 2 O Help of the stricken! O Hope of the lost!
Where else can I go with my crying?
Thou One all-acquainted with grief to Thy cost,
My soul to Thy mercy is flying.
- 3 Almighty Redeemer, give ear to my prayer!
Uphold me! Abandon me never!
Forgive me my doubts of Thine infinite care.
Enfold me forever and ever. Amen.

Prayer.

413

Jesus! Name all names above.

"Holy, guileless, undefiled, separated from sinners, and made higher than the heavens."

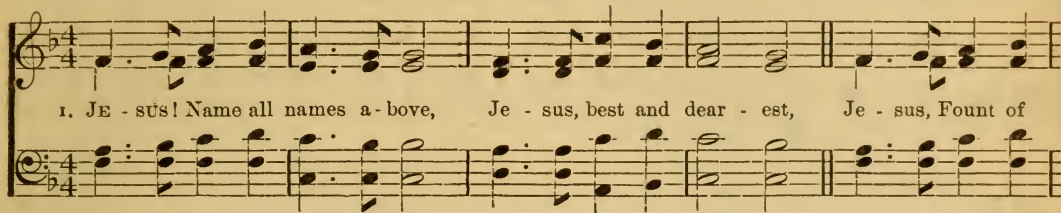
7s, 6s & 8s.

Castello.

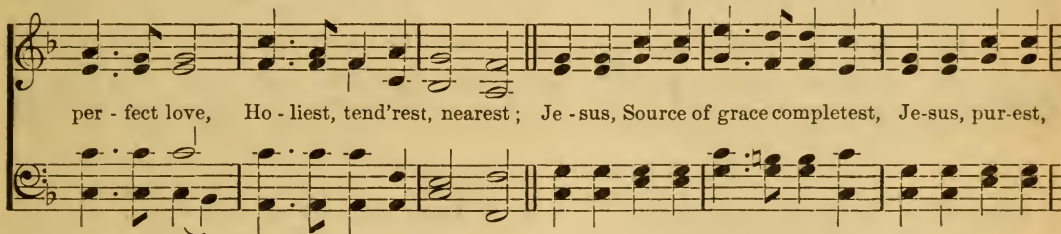
Gk. THEOCTISTUS, 890.

Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1862. *Abr.*

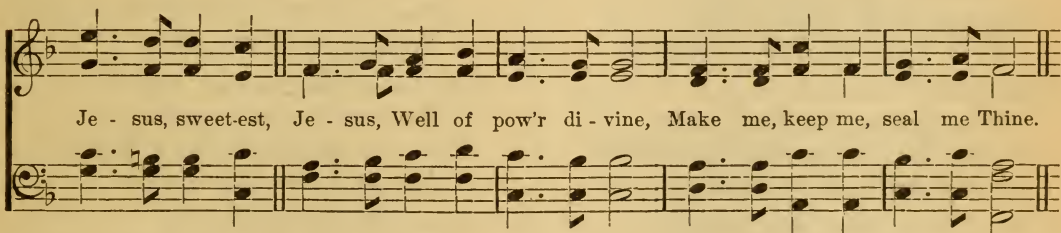
UZZIAH C. BURNAP, 1870.



1. JE - sus! Name all names a - bove, Je - sus, best and dear - est, Je - sus, Fount of



per - fect love, Ho - liest, tend'rest, nearest; Je - sus, Source of grace completest, Je - sus, pur - est,



Je - sus, sweet - est, Je - sus, Well of pow'r di - vine, Make me, keep me, seal me Thine.

2 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing, thro agony,
That Thy good confession,
Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
For my evil making payment;
Let not all Thy woe and pain,—
Let not Calvary, be in vain!

3 When I cross death's bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me
As the storm draws nigher;
Jesus, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish:
Tell me—"Verily, I say,
"Thou shalt be with Me to-day."

Prayer.

414

Still, still with Thee, my God!

S. M.

"Of whom shall I be afraid!"

Mornington.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS, 1856.

GARRATT C. WELLESLEY, 1760.

I. STILL, still with Thee, my God! I would de - light to be;

By day, by night, at home, a - broad, I would be still with Thee.

- 2 With Thee, when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God! in prayer.
- 3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart.
- 4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind.
The setting, as the rising, Sun
With Thee my heart would find.
- 5 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee!

415

- 1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows His gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till He appear,
And pray and pray again.
- 3 Jesus the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, tho He may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.
- 4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, He hears, and from on high
Will make our cause His care.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

Prayer.

416

*"I thank Him that enabled me * * * appointing me to His service."*

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care!
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.

2 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the Tempter fly.

3 I want a true regard,—
A single, steady, aim,
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,—
To Thee and Thy great name.

4 The praying spirit breathe.
The watching power impart.
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart.

5 Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the Earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of Thy love,
And shut me up in God!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742. *Abr.*

417

1 JESUS, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or self are we now met:
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

3 We meet the grace to take,
Which Thou hast freely given;
We meet on Earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in Heaven.

4 Present we know Thou art,
But, oh, Thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.

5 Oh, may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

418

1 OUR Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now.
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To Thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come. Thy will
On Earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by Thy word we live.
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend.
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of Heaven and Earth are Thine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

419

1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting, I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest!"

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee,
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember Thee.

3 God of my life, be near;
On Thee my hopes I cast.
Oh guide me thro the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834. *Abr.*

Submission.

420 Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb.

L. M.

RAY PALMER, 1858.

"Unto the upright there ariseth light in darkness."

Melcombe.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1790.

1. LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb To search the star - ry vault pro - found;

In vain would wing her flight sub - lime, To find ere - a - tion's out - most bound.

2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search Thy great eternal plan,—
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began!

3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,—
That so it seemeth good to Thee!

5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at Thy will.
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

421

1 THY will be done! I will not fear
The fate provided by Thy love;
Tho clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

2 The stars of Heaven are shining on,
Tho these frail eyes are dimmed with
The hopes of Earth indeed are gone: [tears.
But are not ours th' immortal years?

3 Father! forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time,
And bid my soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love:
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

JANE E. (ROSCOE) HORNBELOW, 1831. *abr.*

Submission.

"Knowing that the same sufferings are accomplished in your brethren."

422

- 1 O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each Earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!
- 2 Tho long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year;
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!
- 4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1859.

423

- 1 OH grant us light, that we may know
The wisdom Thou alone canst give,
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.
- 2 Oh grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple Word the more.
- 3 Oh grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart,
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.
- 4 Oh grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.
- 5 Oh grant us light, when soon or late
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

LAWRENCE TUTTLET, 1864.

424

- 1 I BLESS Thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break my dream of human power;
For now, my shallow cisterns spent,
I find Thy founts, and thirst no more.
- 2 I take Thy hand,—my fears are still;
Behold Thy face,—my doubts remove.
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect Truth and boundless Love!
- 3 That Truth gives promise of a dawn,
Beneath whose light I am to see,
When all these blinding veils are drawn,
This was the wisest path for me.
- 4 That love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of Thine eternal calm,
And tune its sad and broken speech
To join, on Earth, the angels' psalm.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1858.

425

- 1 O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free.
Tell me Thy secret. Help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.
- 2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love.
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.
- 3 Help me to bear the sting of spite,
The hate of men who hide Thy light,
The dulness of the multitude
Who dimly guess that Thou art good.
- 4 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,
- 5 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

WASHINGTON GLADDEN, 1879. *Abr.*

Submission.

426

Thy way, not mine, O Lord.

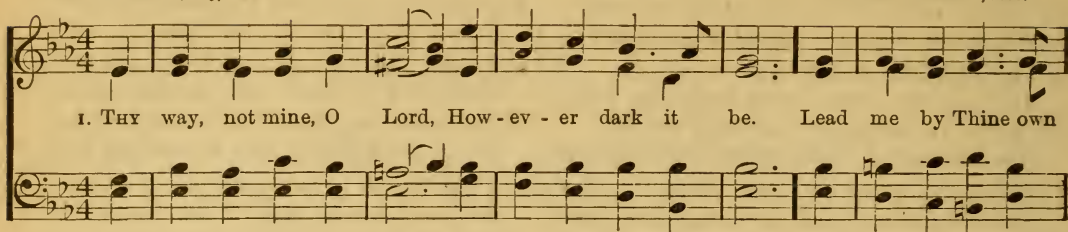
6.6.6.6, D.

"If we ask anything according to His will He heareth us."

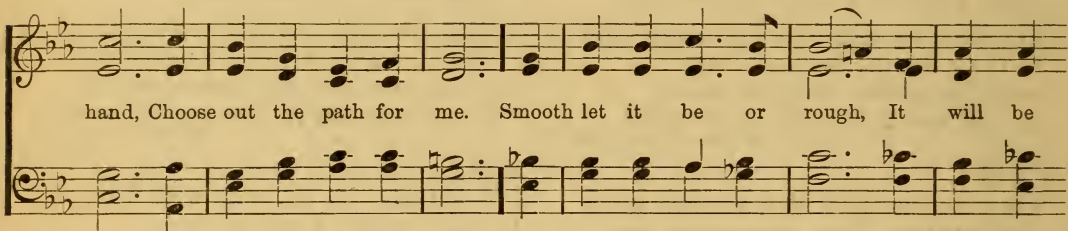
Baxter.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857. Abr.

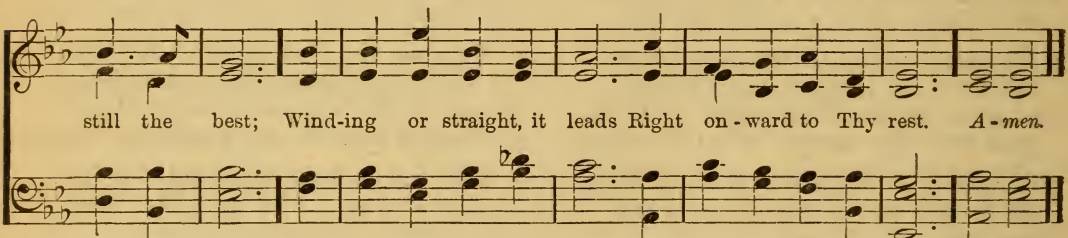
UZZIAH C. BURNAP, 1868.



i. THY way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be. Lead me by Thine own



hand, Choose out the path for me. Smooth let it be or rough, It will be



still the best; Wind-ing or straight, it leads Right on - ward to Thy rest. A - men.

2 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem.
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health.
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All. Amen.

Submission.

427

"Is any among you afflicted? Let Him pray."

- 1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 Oh, may Thy will be mine!
 Into Thy hand of love
 I would my all resign.
 Thro sorrow, or thro joy,
 Conduct me as Thine own,
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, Thy will be done!
- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 Tho seen thro many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear.

Since Thou on Earth hast wept,
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 My Lord, Thy will be done!

- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 All shall be well for me.
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee.
 Straight to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing, in life or death,
 My Lord, Thy will be done! *Amen.*

*Ger. BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE, 1716.
 Tr. JANE BORTHWICK, 1853. Abr.*

428

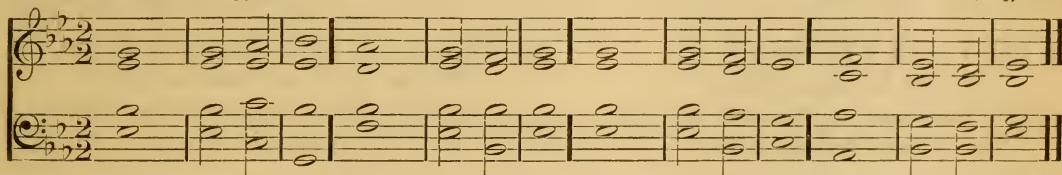
My God and Father, while I stray.

8.8.8.4.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834. *Abr.*

Troyte's Chant.

Arr. ARTHUR H. D. TROYTE, 1857.



- 1 My God, and Father, | while I | stray ||
 Far from my home, on | life's rough | way, ||
 Oh teach me from my | heart to | say, ||
 Thy | will be | done!
- 2 Tho Thou hast called me | to re- | sign ||
 What most I prized, it | ne'er was | mine; ||
 I have but yielded | what was | Thine. ||
 Thy | will | be done!
- 3 Should grief or sickness | waste a- | way ||
 My life in pre-ma- | ture de- | cay, ||
 My Father, still I | strive to | say, ||
 Thy | will be | done.
- 4 Let but my fainting | heart be | blest ||
 With Thy sweet Spirit | for its | guest, ||
 My God, to Thee I | leave the | rest. ||
 Thy | will be | done!
- 5 Renew my will from | day to | day; ||
 Blend it with Thine, and | take a- | way ||
 All that now makes it | hard to | say, ||
 Thy | will be | done!
- 6 Then when on Earth I | breathe no | more ||
 The prayer, oft mixed with | tears be- | fore, ||
 I'll sing upon a | happier | shore, ||
 Thy | will be | done!

Submission.

429

I have no hiding-place.

S. M.

"It was for my peace that I had great bitterness."

THOMAS MACKELLAR, 1880.

Peace.

ALEXANDER E. FESCA, 1849.

1. I HAVE no hid - ing - place, No ref - uge from the blast,....

But in the arms of Je - sus' grace A - round a - bout me cast.

2 Tho I see not His hand,
I feel its loving power;
And guardian angels near me stand
In my distressful hour.

3 I dare not look within:
But heavenward turn my gaze;
And lest my grief become my sin,
My tongue breaks out in praise.

4 Tho tears mine eyes bedim,
He dries the tears I shed;
And in my soul I sing a hymn,
Content and comforted.

430

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who Earth and Heaven commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom wind and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on.
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care:
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Give to the winds thy fears.
Hope, and be undismayed.
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Submission.

6 Thro waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

7 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

*Ger. PAUL GERHARDT, 1659.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1739. Abr.*

431

Jesus, day by day.

5.5.8.8.5.5.

"He that hath mercy on them shall lead them."

Hafodwen.

NICOLAUS L. VON ZINZENDORF, 1721.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1862.

PETER MAURICE, 1876.

I. JE - sus, day by day Guide us on life's way, Naught of dangers will we reck - on,

Simp - ly haste where Thou dost beck-on, Lead us by the hand To our Fa - ther - land.

2 Hard should seem our lot,
Let us waver not,
Never murmur at our crosses
In dark days of grief and losses;
'Tis thro trial we
Here must pass to Thee.

3 When the heart must know
Pain for other's woe,
When beneath its own 'tis sinking,
Give us patience, hope unshrinking,
Fix our eyes, O Friend,
On our journey's end.

4 Thus our path shall be
Daily traced by Thee;
Draw Thou nearer when 'tis rougher,
Help us most when most we suffer,
And when all is o'er
Ope to us Thy door.

Submission.

432

Day by day the manna fell.

7.7.7.7.

"Tho He was a Son, yet learned obedience by the things which He suffered."

Last Hope.

JOSIAH CONDER 1836. *Abt.*

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK, 1854.
Arr. HUBERT P. MAIN, 1865.

1. DAY by day the man - na fell. Oh, to learn this les - son well.

Still by con - stant mer - cy fed, Give us, Lord, our dai - ly bread.

- 2 "Day by day," the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord, our times are in Thy hand;
All our sanguine hopes have plann'd
To Thy wisdom we resign,
And would mould our wills to Thine.
- 4 Thou our daily task shall give;
Day by day to Thee we live;
So shall added years fulfil
Not our own, our Father's will.

433

- 1 WAIT, my soul! upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon His word,—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

- 2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace;
"As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayest see;
This is still thy sweet relief,—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 4 Rock of ages! I'm secure,
With Thy promise, full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure,—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

WILLIAM F. LLOYD, 1831.

434

- 1 CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon His word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

Submission.

- 2 He sustains thee by His hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those, whom Jesus once hath loved,
From His grace are never moved.

JOHN CENNICK, 1745, *Abr.*

435

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weaned child.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.

JOHN NEWTON, 1799, *Abr.*

436

- 1 THINE for ever—God of love!
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in Eternity.
- 2 Thine for ever—Lord of life!
Shield us thro the earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine for ever—Oh! how blest
They who find in Thee their rest.
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh! protect us to the end.

MARY F. MAUDE. 1848.

437

Come, ye disconsolate.

"To you it hath been granted in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him: but also to suffer."

II. IO. II. IO.

THOMAS MOORE, 1816.

Come, ye disconsolate.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1790. *Abr.*

1. COME, ye dis - con - so - late, wher-e'er ye languish. Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot heal!

- 2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrows that Heaven cannot cure!

Submission.

438 O Thou, who driest the mourner's tear.

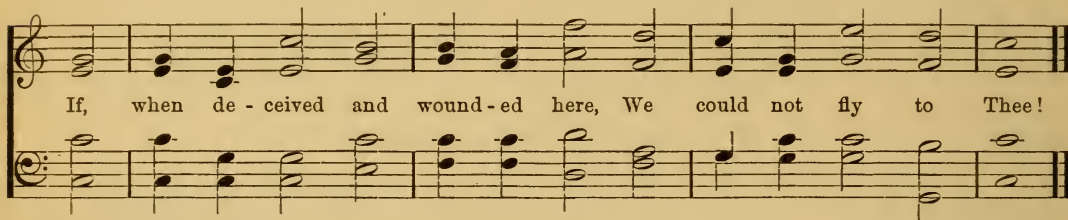
C. M.

"Smitten down, yet not destroyed."

Lucius.

THOMAS MOORE, 1816.

GEORGE KINGSLEY 1853.



2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting, thro the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

4 Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows
With more than rapture's ray; [bright,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

2 Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in our Father's love;
We lean on His almighty arm,
And fix our hopes above.

3 Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds may be,
As streams, that still the nobler grow,
The nearer to the sea.

4 To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and prest,
In God's clear sight high work we do,
If we but do our best.

439

1 Tho lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do,
In faith, O Lord, to follow Thee,
Whose lot was lowly too.

5 Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright;
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1837.

Submission.

440

"Having been taken captive by the Lord's servant unto the will of God."

1 My spirit to Thy chastening stroke
I meekly would resign;
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am Thine.

2 I know that trial works for ends
Too high for sense to trace,
That oft in dark attire He sends
Some embassy of grace.

3 May none depart till I have gained
The blessing which it bears,
And learn, tho late, I entertained
An angel unawares.

4 So shall I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God.

JAMES D. BURNS, 1858. *Abr.*

441 Come unto Me when shadows darkly gather.

II. IO. II. IO.

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Comfort.

CATHRINE H. (WATERMAN) ESLING, 1839, *Abr.*

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1881.

I. COME, un-to Me, when shadows darkly gath-er, When the sad heart is wea-ry and dis-trest,

Seeking for com-fort from your heavenly Father; Come un-to Me, and I will give you rest.

Copyright, 1881, by Biglow & Main

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the Earth too rudely prest
Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I give you rest!

Submission.

442

I know, my Father, all my life.

8.6.8.6.8.6.

"Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."

St. Bede.

ANNA LAETITIA WARING, 1850. *All.*

JOHN B. DYKES, 1866.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system contains the first line of the hymn, and the second system contains the second line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

1. I KNOW, my Fa-ther, all my life Is por-tioned out for me; The changes that will surely

come I do not fear to see; I ask Thee for a present mind, In-tent on pleas-ing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Thro constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,

While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

5 And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessing be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful, love to Thee;
More careful not to serve Thee much,
But please Thee perfectly.

6 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Consecration.

443

Saviour, who died for me.

"That the strength of Christ may rest upon me."

6s & 4s. P.

Agapè.

MARY JANE MASON, 1871.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN, 1871.

1. SAV - IOUR, who died for me, I give my - self to Thee; Thy love, so full—so free,

Claims all my powers. Be this my pur-pose high, To serve Thee till I die, Wheth-er my

path shall lie 'Mid thorns or flow'rs.

2 But, Lord, the flesh is weak,
Thy gracious aid I seek;
For Thou the word must speak,
That makes me strong.
Then let me hear Thy voice;
Thou art my only choice.
Oh, bid my heart rejoice,
Be Thou my song.

3 May it be joy to me
To follow only Thee,
Thy faithful servant be,—
Thine to the end.
For Thee, I'll do and dare,
For Thee, the cross I'll bear,
To Thee direct my prayer,
On Thee depend.

4 Saviour, with me abide!
Constantly near my side,
Support, defend and guide;
I look to Thee.
I lay my hand in Thine,
All fleeting joys resign,
So I may call Thee mine
Eternally.

Consecration.

444

Jesus, I my cross have taken.

"I have not concealed Thy loving-kindness and Thy truth from the great congregation."

8s & 7s.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1824. *Abr.*

Zephaniah.

German, 1744.

1. JE - SUS, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee.

Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought and hoped and known;
Yet how rich is my condition;
God and Heaven are still my own!</p> <p>3 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour, too.
Human hearts and looks deceive me:
Thou art not, like man, untrue.</p> <p>4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast.
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!</p> <p>5 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me.
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.</p> | <p>6 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.</p> <p>7 Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee!
Child of Heaven, shouldst thou repine?</p> <p>8 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.</p> <p>9 Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight and prayer to praise.</p> |
|---|---|

Consecration.

445

How gentle God's commands.

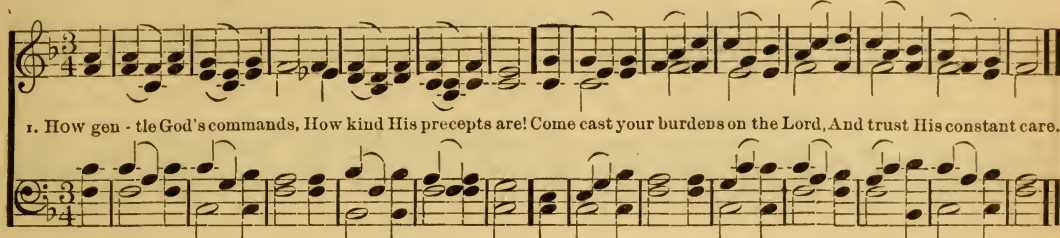
S. M.

"We brethren, as Isaac was, are children of promise."

Dennis.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

JOHANN GEORG NAGELI, 1790.



1. How gen - tle God's commands, How kind His precepts are! Come cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust His constant care.

- 2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guide His children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?

- Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet.
And bear a song away.

446

A charge to keep I have.

S. M.

"If by the Spirit ye mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

Aston.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1762.

JOHN HEYWOOD.



1. A CHARGE to keep I have,— A God to glo - ri - fy, A nev - er-dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky,

- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;

- And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely!
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Consecration.

447

Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult.

8s & 7s.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1852.

"Not a hearer that forgetteth: but a doer that worketh."

Devotion.

EDMUND S. CARTER, 1865.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system contains the first line of the hymn, and the second system contains the second line. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

I. JE - SUS calls us, o'er the tum - ult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea.

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say - ing, 'Chris - tian, fol - low Me,'

- 2 As, of old, disciples heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake;
- 3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.
- 4 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, 'Christian, love Me more.'
- 5 Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

448

- 1 DAY by day we magnify Thee,—
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips and meek obedience,
Show Thy glory in Thine own.
- 2 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
When for Jesus' sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.
- 3 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
When, as each new day is born,
On our knees at home, we bless Thee,
For the mercies of the morn.
- 4 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
Till our days on Earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labors,
Waiting for Thy day in peace.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1855. Abr.

Consecration.

449

I love the Lord; He lent an ear.

C. M. D.

"The Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him."

Jerusalem.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

LOUIS SPOHR, 1835.

1. I LOVE the Lord; He lent an ear When I for help im - plored. He re - scued me from all my
D.S. — His hand hath bounti - ful - ly

FINE.

D.S.

fear, Therefore I love the Lord. Re - turn, my soul, un - to thy rest, From God no longer roam;
blest, His goodness called thee home.

450

- 2 What shall I render unto Thee,
My Saviour, in distress
For all Thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless?
This will I do, for Thy love's sake,
And thus Thy love proclaim;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon Thy name.
- 3 Thou God of covenanted grace!
Hear and record my vow,—
While in Thy courts I seek thy face
And at Thine altar bow;
Henceforth myself to Thee I give,
With single heart and eye,
To walk before Thee while I live,
And bless Thee when I die.

- 1 OH, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
- 2 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
The dearest idol I have known,
What'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779. *Abbr.*

Consecration.

451

O happy day that fixt my choice.

L. M.

"That they may be put to shame who revile your good manner of life in Christ."

Hebron.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1. O HAP - PY day that fixt my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God!

Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rapt - ures all a - broad.

452

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love.
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine.
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the Voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

- 1 LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine thro all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here at the Cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

SAMUEL DAVIES, 1760. Abr.

Consecration.

453 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak.

L. M.

"That ye may shew forth the excellencies of Him who called you."

Rose Hill.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1872. *Abr.*

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER, 1849.

1. LORD, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thine err - ing chil - dren, lost and lone.

454

2 Oh lead me, Lord that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet.
Oh feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 Oh strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 Oh give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones, in needful hour.

5 Oh fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

1 REDEEMED from guilt, redeemed from
My soul at rest and dried my tears, [fears,
What can I do, O Love Divine,—
What to repay such gifts as Thine?

2 What can I do, so poor, so weak,
But from Thy hands new blessing seek,—
A heart to feel Thy mercies more,
A soul to know Thee and adore?

3 Oh teach me at Thy feet to fall,
And yield Thee up myself, my all,
Before Thy face my sins to own,
And live and die to Thee alone!

4 Thy gracious Spirit, Lord, impart,
Expand and raise and fill my heart;
So that a holy life may be
Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834.

Consecration.

455

Onward, Christian soldiers!

6s & 5s.

S. BARING-GOULD, 1865. *Abr.*

"By the armor of righteousness."

St. Gertrude.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.

Con moto.

1. ON - WARD, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y arm - y, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing

Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe; For-ward in - to
Where the saints have trod, We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod-y we, One in hope, in

mf
bat - tle See His ban-ners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war,
doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.

3 With the Cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore!
Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

Consecration.

456

The Son of God goes forth to war.

"Subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises."

C. M. D.

REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

Alla marcía.

St. Bartholomew.

ARCHIBALD MACDONALD, 1870.

I. THE Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain. His blood-red ban-ner

streams a - far! Who fol - lows in His train? Who best can drink His cup of woe, Triumphant

o - ver pain, Who pa - tient bears His cross be-low, —He fol - lows in His train. A - men.

2 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven
Thro peril, toil, and pain;—
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

DOXOLOGY.

THE songs of glory here begun
Let heavenly songs complete,
To Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Paraclete.
We are as all Thy servants were,
And as they are shall be,—
Creator, Saviour, Comforter,—
Forever one in Thee! Amen. 1884.

Consecration.

457

Forward! be our watchword.

6s & 5s.

HENRY ALFORD, 1871.

"Why satest thou to hear the pipings for the flocks?"

St. Albans.

FRANCIS J. HAYDN, 1797.

Moto.

1. FORWARD! be our watch-word, Steps and voices joined, Seek the things before us,

Not a look behind. Burns the fiery pillar At our army's head;

Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Captain led? Forward thro the desert,

Thro the toil and fight. Jordan flows before us, Zion beams with light.

Consecration.

2 Forward, when in childhood
 Buds the infant mind;
 All thro youth and manhood,
 Not a thought behind.
 Speed thro realms of nature,
 Climb the steeps of grace;
 Faint not, till in glory
 Gleams our Father's face.
 Forward, all the life-time,
 Climb from height to height,
 Till the head be hoary,
 Till the eve be light.

3 Far o'er yon horizon
 Rise the city towers,
 Where our God abideth;
 That fair home is ours.
 Flash the streets with jasper,
 Shine the gates with gold,
 Flows the gladd'ning river
 Shedding joys untold.
 Weak are earthly praises,
 Dull the songs of night,
 Forward into triumph,
 Forward into light!

458 Blest be Thy love, dear Lord!

S. M.

"Sincere and void of offence unto the day of Christ."

Thatcher.

JOHN AUSTIN, 1668. *Abr.*

From GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1732.

1. BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord, That taught us this sweet way,
 On - ly to love Thee for Thy - self And for that love o - bey.

2 O Thou, our souls' chief hope,
 We to Thy mercy fly;
 Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
 Whate'er we need, supply.

3 Whether we sleep or wake,
 To Thee we both resign;

By night we see, as well as day,
 If Thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
 Both we submit to Thee;
 In death we live, as well as life,
 If Thine in death we be.

Consecration.

459

O God of Bethel, by whose hand.

C. M.

"I will counsel thee with Mine eye upon thee."

Newbold.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1737. *Abr.*

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1843. *Arr.*

1. O God of Beth-el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed; Who thro this

wea - ry pil - grim - age Hast all our fa - thers led!— Hast all our fa - thers led!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Oh, spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.</p> | <p>3 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.</p> |
|---|--|

460

Children of the heavenly King.

7.7.7.7.

"To make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord."

Pleyel.

JOHN CENNICK, 1742.

IGNACE PLEYEL, 1790.

1. CHIL - DREN of the heaven - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing.

Consecration.

Sing your Sav - iour's worth - y praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.

- 2 Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

- 4 Fear not, brethren. Joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee

461

Oft in danger, oft in woe.

7.7.7.7.

"Against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness."

Clarion.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1804. *Alt.*

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, 1867.

1. OFT in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christ-ian, on - ward go! Fight the

fight, main-tain the strife, Strengthened with the Bread of life. *f* A - - men, A - men.

- 2 Onward, Christian, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe.
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad.
March, in heavenly armor clad.
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Vict'ry soon shall tune your song. *Amen.*

Consecration.

462

O Jesus, I have promised.

"The God whose I am, whom also I serve."

7s & 6s. D.

Aurelia.

JOHN E. BODE, 1860.

SAMUEL SEB. WESLEY, 1864.

1. O JE - SUS, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for ev - er

near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend! I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art

by my side, Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide. A - men.

2 Oh ! let me feel Thee near me—
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear.
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within :
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all that follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Oh, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend. Amen.

Consecration.

463

"These things I will that thou affirm confidently."

- 1 STAND up,—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the Cross.
Lift high His royal banner;
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquish'd
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up,—stand up for Jesus!
The solemn watchword hear.
If while ye sleep He suffers,
Away with shame and fear.
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge, for the God of Battles,
And put the foe to rout.
- 3 Stand up,—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey.
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
Ye that are men now serve Him,
Against unnumber'd foes.
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there!
- 5 Stand up,—stand up for Jesus!
Each soldier to his post.
Close up the broken column,
And shout thro all the host!

Make good the loss so heavy,
In those that still remain,
And prove to all around you
That death itself is gain.

- 6 Stand up,—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of Glory,
Shall reign eternally! *Amen.*

GEORGE DUFFIELD, 1858.
(*The entire and authentic text.*)

464

- 1 LORD! when thro sin I wander
So very far from Thee,
I think in some far country
Thy sinless home must be;
But when with heartfelt sorrow
I pray Thee to forgive,
Thy pardon is so perfect,
That in Thy Heaven I live!
- 2 That Heaven, Lord, so surrounds me,
That when I do the right,
The saddest path of duty
Is lightened by its light.
I know not what its glories
Before Thy throne must be:
But here Thy smiling presence
Is Heaven on Earth to me.
- 3 To love the right and do it,
Is to my heart so sweet,
It makes the path of duty
A shining golden street!
Give me Thy strength, O Father,
To choose this path each day,
Then Heaven within, about me,
Shall compass all my way. *Amen.*

CHARLES SMITH, 1875.

Consecration.

465

Soldiers of Christ, arise.

S. M. D.

"First they gave their own selves to the Lord."

Leominster.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

GEORGE WILLIAM MARTIN.
Har. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1874.

I. SOLDIERS of Christ, a - rise, And gird your ar - mor on, Strong in the strength which

God sup-plies, Thro His e - ter - nal Son; Strong in the Lord of hosts, And

in His might-y power, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts, Is more than conquer - or.

2 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome thro Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

3 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all His soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

Consecration.

466

"Love ye therefore the strangers, for ye were strangers."

1 WE give Thee but Thine own,
 Whate'er the gift may be,
 All that we have is Thine alone,
 A trust, O Lord, from Thee;
 Lo! hearts are bruised and dead,
 And homes are bare and cold;
 And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
 Are straying from the fold.

2 To comfort and to bless,
 To find a balm for woe,
 To tend the lone and fatherless,
 Is angels' work below.
 And we believe Thy word,
 Tho dim our faith may be;
 Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
 We do it unto Thee.

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1854. *Abr.*

467

While the Sun is shining.

6s & 5s, D.

"I have meat to eat that ye know not."

Noonday.

THOMAS A. STOWELL. *Abr.*

WILLIAM H. MONK, 1861.

1. WHILE the Sun is shin-ing Brightly in the sky, Ere his rays de- clin-ing Tell that night is nigh;

Ere the shadows fall-ing, Lengthen on our way, Hark! a voice is call-ing, "Work while it is day."

2. Work, but not in sadness,
 For your Lord above;
 He will make it gladness
 With his smile of love.
 When that Lord returning
 Knocketh at the gate,
 Let your lights be burning,
 Be like men who wait.

Happy then the meeting,
 When you see His Face;
 Welcome then the greeting
 From the Throne of grace—
 "Good and faithful servant,
 Of My FATHER blest
 Now your work is ended,
 Enter into rest."

Consecration.

468

He that goeth forth with weeping.

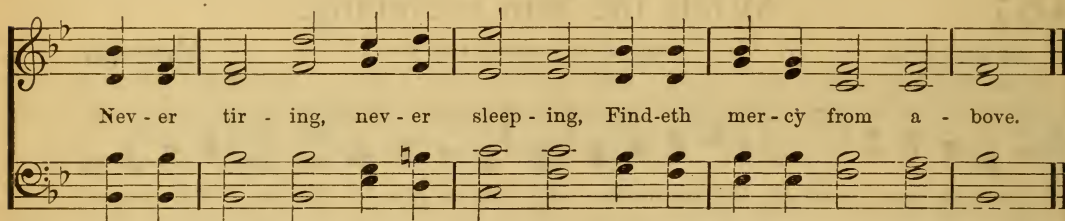
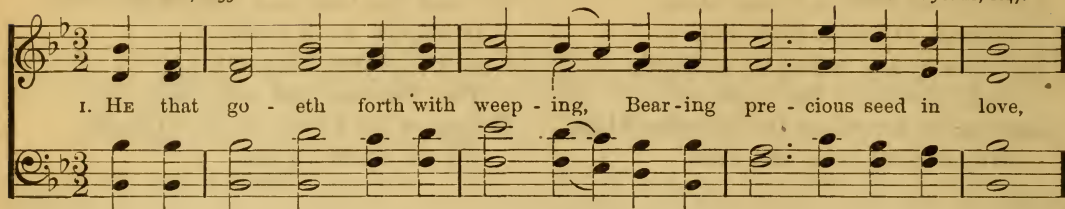
8.7.8.7.

"According as each hath received a gift, ministering it."

Stockwell.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1835.

DARIUS E. JONES, 1847.



- 2 Soft descend the dews of Heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Thro an influence all divine.
- 3 Sow Thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
- 4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest-time is near.

469

- 1 LIKE the eagle, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be born.
Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,
Let mine eyes reflect the morn.

- 2 Where the Cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be!
- 3 Oh, may I no longer dreaming,
Idly waste my golden day,
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Upward, onward press my way!

HORATIUS BONAR, 1856. Abr.

470

- 1 THERE's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea.
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
- 2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

Consecration.

3 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed.
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849. *Abr.*

471 Robbed, bruised and dying, once I lay.

C. M.

"The love which ye shewed toward His name, in that ye ministered unto the saints."

Azmon.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1886.

CARL GOTTHILF GLÄSER, 1828.
Arr. LOWELL MASON, 1841.

I. ROBBED, bruised and dy - ing, once I lay, Up - on a lone - ly road,
When One came jour-neying on His way, And wondrous mer - cy showed!

2 He saw me, pitied, came and bound,
And bore me to the inn,
Cared wisely for my every wound,
As He were very kin.
3 He watched beside me all the night,
Till dawn did comfort bring;
Went only when 'twas fully light,
And paid my reckoning.
4 So now, to keep the vows I made
Beneath those glowing eyes,
I would my fallen fellow aid,
And go and do likewise.

472

1 FILL Thou my life, O Lord, my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.
2 Not in the temple crowd alone,
Where holy voices chime:
But in the silent paths of Earth,
The quiet rooms of Time.
3 So shall each hour of day or night
Continual worship be,
And all my life, in every step,
Have fellowship with Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR. *Lbs*

Consecration.

473

Oh, for a heart to praise my God.

C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

"Ye have purified your souls in your obedience to the truth."

Tudor.

JOHN MARBECKE'S BOOK, 1550.
Har. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1846.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in 4/4 time and G major. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the piano accompaniment providing a steady harmonic support. The lyrics are: "I. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free, A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So free-ly shed for me!"

474

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!</p> <p>3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.</p> <p>4 A heart in every thought renewed
And filled with love divine,
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!</p> <p>5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart!
Come quickly from above,
Write Thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of love.</p> | <p>1 My God! accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.</p> <p>2 Before the Cross of Him who died,
Behold I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified;
Let Christ be all in all.</p> <p>3 May the dear blood, once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove,
That I, from first to last, may be
The purchase of Thy love.</p> <p>4 Let every thought and work and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord!
And death the gate of Heaven.</p> |
|--|--|

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848.

475

Consecration.

- 1 ALL that I was, my sin and guilt,
My death was all my own:
All that I am, I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.
- 2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;

- The good in which I now rejoice,
Is Thine, and only Thine.
- 3 All that I am, e'en here on Earth;
All That I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1850. *Abbr.*

476

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

6s & 4s. "Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Almighty, and shall lift up thy face unto God." Bethany.

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1840.

LOWELL MASON, 1856.

1. NEARER, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee: E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me;

Still all my song shall be,—Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

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- 2 Tho like the wanderer,
The Sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Beth-El I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Clearing the sky,
Sun, Moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Consecration.

477

Take my life, and let it be.

7.7.7.7.

"We may have a strong encouragement."

Culbach.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1873. *Abr.*

German, 1750.
Arr. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL, 1861.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 4/4 time. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The lyrics are written below the Treble staff.

I. TAKE my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, 'to Thee;

Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise.

- 2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
- 3 Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
- 4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my will and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
- 5 Take my heart, it is Thine own!
It shall be Thy royal throne.
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all!—for Thee.

478

Tune—SEASONS.

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the Cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign, [wait.
And glittering robes for conquerors
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Abr.*

Aspiration.

479

Awake, our souls! away, our fears!

L. M.

"He that voucheth for me is on high."

Seasons.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

IGNACE PLEVEL, 1790.

1. A - wake, our souls! a - way, our fears! Let ev - ery trembling thought be gone;
A - wake, and run the heaven - ly race, And put a cheer - ful cour - age on.

2 True,—'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint:
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 Thee, mighty God! whose matchless
Is ever new and ever one, [power
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While they that trust their native strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

480

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light!
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee.
Oh! burst these bonds, and set me free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross.
Nail my affections to the Cross.
Hallow each thought. Let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord! art clean.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus! Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

4 Saviour! where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
Oh! let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

Ger. GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1738. Abr.

Aspiration.

481

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.

7s & 6s, P.

"Fully assured in all the will of God."

Amsterdam.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE, 1742.

JAMES NAKES, 1750.

1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; }
 { Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Toward Heav'n, thy na - tive place. }

Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this Earth re - move;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course.
 Fire, ascending, seeks the Sun.
 Both speed them to their source.
 So a soul, that's born of God,
 Pants to view His glorious face,
 Upward tends to His abode,
 To rest in His embrace.

3 Fly me, riches, fly me, cares,
 While I that coast explore;
 Flatt'ring world, with all thy snares
 Solicit me no more!
 Pilgrims fix not here their home;
 Strangers tarry but a night;
 When the last dear morn is come,
 They'll rise to joyful light.

Aspiration.

- 4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon our Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies.
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All our sorrows left below,
 And Earth exchanged for Heaven.

482

- 1 CHRIST, my hidden Life, appear,
 Soul of my inmost soul!
 Light of Life, the mourner cheer,
 And make the sinner whole.
 Thou, in whom I live and move,
 Thine the work, the power is Thine!
 Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love;
 And all Thou art is mine!
- 2 Open, Lord, my inward ear,
 And bid my heart rejoice!
 Bid my quiet spirit hear
 Thy comfortable voice;
 Never in the whirlwind found,
 Or where earthquakes rock the place!
 Still and silent is the sound,
 The whisper of Thy grace!
- 3 Show me, as my soul can bear,
 The depth of inbred sin;
 All the unbelief declare,
 The pride that lurks within:
 Take me, whom Thyself hast bought!
 Bring into captivity
 Every high aspiring thought,
 That would not stoop to Thee!
- 4 From the world of sin, and noise,
 And hurry I withdraw;
 For the small and inward Voice
 I wait with humble awe:

Silent am I now and still;
 Dare not in Thy presence move:
 To my waiting soul reveal
 The secret of Thy love!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742. *Abr.*

483

- 1 FAIN would I my Lord pursue,
 Be all my Saviour taught,
 Do as Jesus bade me do,
 And think as Jesus thought:
 But 'tis Thou must change my heart;
 The good gift must come from Thee;
 Meek Redeemer! now impart
 Thine own humility!
- 2 Let Thy Cross my will control;
 Conform me to my Guide!
 And in the manger lay my soul,
 And crucify my pride!
 Give me, Lord, Thy gentle heart;
 Lowly Mind! my portion be!
 Meek Redeemer! now impart
 Thine own humility!

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1759. *Abr.*

484

- 1 LORD, and is Thine anger gone,
 And art Thou pacified?
 After all that I have done,
 Dost Thou no longer chide?
 Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
 That I've any hope of Heaven;
 Much of love I ought to know,
 For I am much forgiven!
- 2 To the Cross, Thine altar, bind
 Me with the cords of love;
 Never let me freedom find
 From Thee, my Lord, to move:
 That I never, never more
 From my much-loved Master part,
 To the posts of mercy's door,
 Oh, nail my willing heart!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745. *Abr.*

Aspiration.

485

Awake my soul! stretch every nerve.

C. M.

"I will clothe thee with rich apparel."

Christmas.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1728.

1. A - WAKE my soul! stretch ev-ery nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heavenly

race de-mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown,—And an im - mor - tal crown.

486

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high.
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye,—
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust. [gems
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun,
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.
- 1 UNHEARD the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed;
And silent on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.
- 2 Night moves in silence round the pole,
The stars sing on unheard.
Their music pierces to the soul,
Yet borrows not a word.
- 4 Noiseless the morning flings its gold,
And still the evening's place,
And silently the Earth is rolled
Amid the vast of space.
- 4 Lord, grant my soul to hear at length
Thy deep and silent voice,—
To work in stillness, wait in strength,
And in Thy calm rejoice.

GEORGE W. BRIGGS, 1845.

Aspiration.

487

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

- 1 AM I a soldier of the Cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed thro bloody seas?

- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

ISAAC WATTS, 1723. *Abr.*

488

Purer yet and purer.

6s & 5s, D.

"The old things are past away."

Papworth.

J. W. VON GÖTTE, 1858. *Tr.*

EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1870.

1. PUR-ER yet and pur-er I would be in mind, Dearer yet and dear-er Ev-ery du-ty find,
Hoping still, and trust-ing God without a fear, Patient-ly be-liev-ing He will make all clear.

Org. Ped.

- 2 Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain,
Suff'ring still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

- 3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light,—
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

Baptism.

489 To Thee, our God, these babes we bring.

C. M.

"Else were your children unclean: but now are they holy."

St. Agnes.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1886.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1858.

I. To THEE, our God, these babes we bring, Their birthright bless - ing claim,

And as a liv - ing of - fer - ing, We name them in Thy Name.

- 2 Of Christian faith and wedlock born,
Now are they holy, Lord;
The promise to our children sworn
Rests on Thy covenant word.
- 3 These bright baptismal drops we pour
About their tender brows;
Cleanse Thou their spirits more and more,
And seal our joyful vows.
- 4 By Thy regenerating choice
Draw all their hearts to Thee,
To recognize the Saviour's voice,
And God's dear children be.
- 5 Faithful Creator, Holy Child,
And Gracious Paraclete,
Fold safe Thy lambs amid this wild,
And homeward guide their feet.

490

- 1 How large the promise, how divine,
That ancient word secures!
*I'll be a God to thee and thine,
While age to age endures.*
- 2 Abra'm believed, and kept the vow,
Saw Christ's glad day revealed;
So waters pledge the blessings now,
That once with blood were sealed.
- 3 The token changed, Thy constant grace
Abideth still the same;
O Angel of the Covenant! trace
Our children's children's name!
- 4 Thus, in that word established fast,
Let household mercies come,
And faith's whole family meet at last,
In one eternal home.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. *Alt.*

Baptism.

491

"As long as he liveth he is granted to the Lord."

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!</p> <p>2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their heavenly claim;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."</p> | <p>3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful songs,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine.
Thine let our offspring be!</p> <p>4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;—
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.</p> |
|---|--|

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755. *Abr.*

492 Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray.

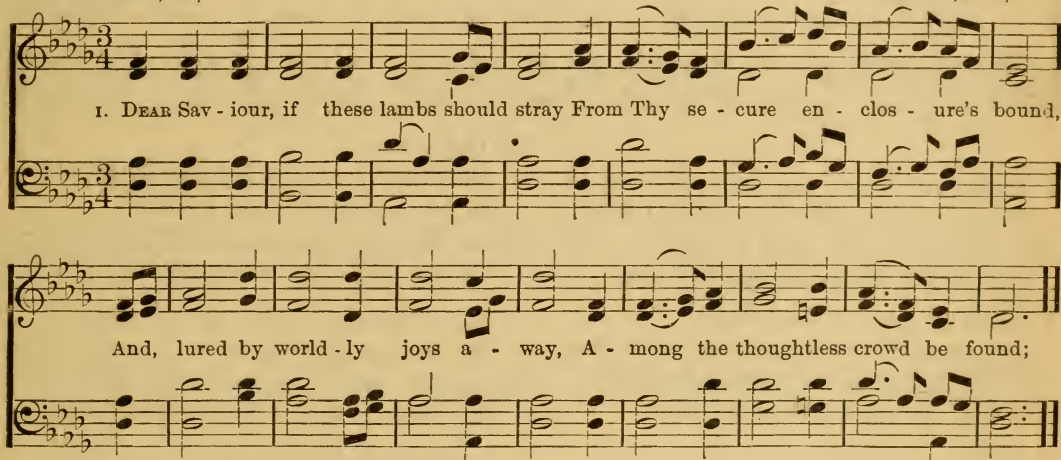
L. M.

"I will for their sakes remember the covenant of their ancestors."

Redemption.

ABBY B. HYDE, 1824.

LUIGI CHERUBINI, d. 1842.



1. DEAR SAV - iour, if these lambs should stray From Thy se - cure en - clos - ure's bound,
And, lured by world - ly joys a - way, A - mong the thoughtless crowd be found;

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Remember still that they are Thine,
That Thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.</p> | <p>3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh! let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which consecrated them to Thee.</p> |
|---|---|
- 4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way,
The wand'ers to Thy fold restore.

Baptism.

493 God of my life! Thy boundless grace.

L. M. "This is My covenant which ye shall keep, between Me and you, and thy seed after thee." Louvan.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1841.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR, 1847.
Har. BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1887.

1. God of my life! Thy bound-less grace Chose, par-doned and ad-opt-ed me;

My Rest, my Home, my Dwell-ing - place, Fa-ther! I come, I come to Thee.

495

2 Jesus, my Hope, my Rock, my Shield!
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into Thy hands my soul I yield.
Saviour! I come, I come to Thee.

3 Spirit of glory and of God!
Long hast Thou deigned my guide to be;
Now be Thy comfort sweet bestowed.
O God Triune! I come to Thee.

494

1 WITH trusting heart and spoken vow,
I claim my Saviour and my Lord.
His name is on my forehead now,
His shield He gives me, and His sword.

2 All ye that live by Him who died,
And wage His war with death and sin,
Receive a comrade to your side,
Your fight to share, your crown to win!

HERVEY D. GANSE, 1887.

1 My Maker! at Thy holy throne,
In full surrender here I bow;
What Thou hast made is all Thine own;
Accept Thy glad new creature now.

2 Thou Master, Christ, alone ordained
My Mediator, Thy decree [stained;
Of grace hath cleansed this heart all-
Henceforth may I Thy namesake be!

3 These waters, like Thy flowing love,
O Holy Ghost, apply to me!
Grant, undivided, from above,
Truth, mercy, power, O Trinity!

4 So let the childhood of my soul
The heavenly kingdom now declare,
Thought, love and choice His will control,
Who called me thus His name to wear.

M. W. STRYKER, 1888.

Baptism.

496

I am baptized unto Thy name.

"The Lord had a delight in thy fathers to love them, and He chose their seed after them."

8.8.8.8.8.8.

Bethabara.

Ger. JOHANN JACOB RAMBACH, 1720.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1858. *Abr.*

JOHN STAINER, 1874. *All.*

1. I AM baptized in - to Thy name, O Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

A - mong Thy seed a place I claim, A - mong Thy con - se - crat - ed host;

Bur - ied with Christ and dead to sin, Thy Spir' - it now shall live with - in. A - men.

- 2 My loving Father, here dost Thou
Proclaim me as Thy child and heir;
Thou, faithful Saviour, bidd'st me now
The fruit of all Thy sorrows share;
Thou, Holy Ghost, wilt comfort me
When darkest clouds around I see.
- 3 I bring Thee here, my God, anew,
Of all I am or have the whole;
Quicken my life, and make me true.

- Take full possession of my soul,
Let naught within me, naught I own,
Serve any will but Thine alone.
- 4 And never let me waver more,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Till at Thy will this life is o'er,
Still keep me in Thy faithful host,
So unto Thee I live and die,
And praise Thee evermore on high. *Amen.*

The Lord's Supper.

497

Many centuries have fled.

7.7.7.7.7.

"My glory and the lifter up of my head."

Spanish Hymn.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1836. *Abr.*

B. CASE, 1833.

FINE.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes. The score consists of two systems of music. The first system covers the first two lines of the hymn, and the second system covers the last two lines. The piano accompaniment is simple, using chords and single notes to support the vocal parts.

I. MA - NY cen - tu - ries have fled Since our Sav - iour broke the bread,
 D. C.—Those His bod - y who dis - cern, Thus shall meet till His re - turn.

And this sa - cred feast or - dained, Ev - er by His Church re - tained: D. C.

498

- 2 Thro the Churchs' long eclipse,
 When from priest or pastor's lips
 Truth divine was never heard,—
 'Mid the famine of the word,
 Still these symbols witness gave
 To His love who died to save.
- 3 All who bear the Saviour's name,
 Here their common faith proclaim;
 Tho diverse in tongue or rite,
 Here, One Body we unite;
 Breaking thus one mystic bread,
 Members of one common Head.
- 4 Come, the blessed emblems share,
 Which the Saviour's death declare.
 Come, on truth immortal feed;
 For His flesh is meat indeed.
 Saviour! witness with the sign,
 That our ransomed souls are Thine.

- 1 "TILL He come." Oh, let the words
 Linger on the trembling chords;
 Let the little while between
 In their golden light be seen;
 Let us think how Heaven and home
 Lie beyond that—'Till He come.'
- 2 Clouds and conflicts round us press:
 Would we have one sorrow less?
 All the sharpness of the Cross,
 All that tells the world its loss,
 Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
 Only whisper,—'Till He come.'
- 3 See, the feast of love is spread,
 Drink the wine, and break the bread;
 Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
 Call us round His heavenly board;
 Some from Earth, from glory some,
 Severed only—'Till He come.'

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1861. *Abr.*

The Lord's Supper.

499

He is gone! and we remain.

7.7.7.7.

"It is expedient for you that I go away."

Nuremberg.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, 1862.

JOHANN RUDOLPH AHLE, 1664.

(Use repeat with first hymn only.)

I. { He is gone! and we re - main In this world of sin and pain, }
 { In the void which He has left, On this Earth of Him be - reft: }

We have still His work to do, We can still His path pur - sue.

500

- 2 He is gone! we heard Him say,
 "Good that I should go away;"
 Gone is that dear form and face,
 But not gone His present grace;
 Tho Himself no more we see,
 Comfortless we cannot be.
- 3 He is gone! unto their goal
 World and Church must onward roll;
 Far behind we leave the past;
 Forward all our glances cast;
 Still His words before us range
 Thro the ages, as they change.
- 4 He is gone! but we once more
 Shall behold Him as before,
 In the Heaven of heavens the same
 As on Earth He went and came.
 In that world, unseen, unknown,
 He and we shall yet be one!
- 1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing,
 Praise to our victorious King,
 Who hath washed us in the tide,
 Flowing from His wounded side.
- 2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
 Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
 Israel's hosts triumphant go
 Thro the wave that drowns the foe.
- 3 Praise we Christ whose blood was shed,
 Paschal Victim, paschal Bread;
 With sincerity and love,
 Eat we manna from above.
- 4 Mighty Victim from the sky!
 Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
 Thou hast conquered in the fight,
 Thou hast brought us life and light.

Latin. Sixth Century.
 Tr. ROBERT CAMPBELL, 1850. Abr.

The Lord's Supper.

501

How sweet and awful is the place.

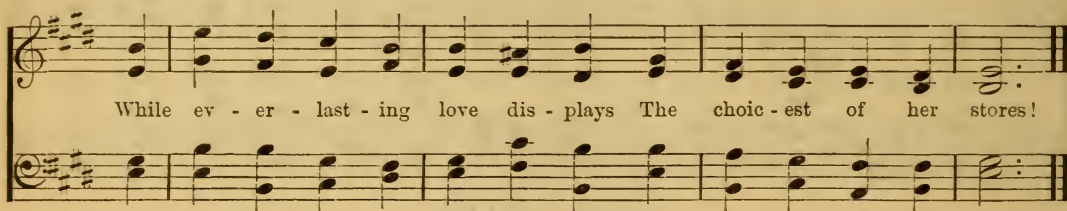
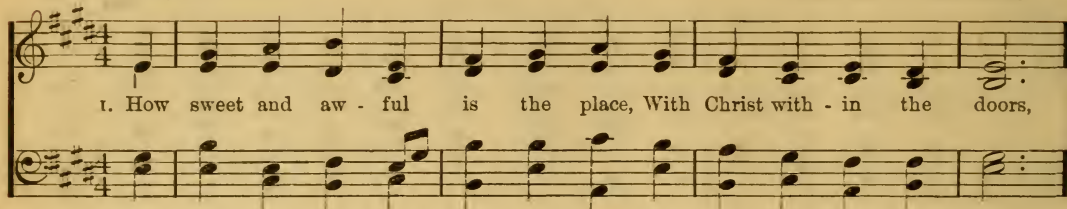
C. M.

"To Thy Name and to Thy memorial is the desire of our soul."

Dundee.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

ANDRO HART'S PSALTER, 1615.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast;
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,—
"Lord! why was I a guest?"</p> <p>3 "Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"</p> <p>4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
Compelled us sweetly in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.</p> <p>5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the Earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.</p> | <p>6 We long to see Thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing Thy redeeming grace.</p> |
|---|---|

502

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.</p> | <p>2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.</p> <p>3 We would not live by bread alone:
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding place.</p> |
|---|--|

The Lord's Supper.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread:
But do not then depart!
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

5 Lord, sup with us in love divine!
Thy body and Thy blood,—
That living bread, that heavenly wine,—
Be our immortal food!

*Stanzas 1, 2, 3, Moravian. ANON.
4, 5, JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1832.*

503

1 SING we the song of those who stand
About the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Time's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On Earth the pilgrims' throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church Triumphant's song.

4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"—
Cry the redeemed above,
"Blessing and honor to obtain
And everlasting love!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1846. Abr.

504 Bread of the world, in mercy broken.

9.8.9.8.

REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

"Is it not a communion of the blood of Christ?"

Grace Church.

IGNACE PLEYEL. *Arr.*

1. BREAD of the world, in mer - cy brok - en, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,

By whom the words of life were spok - en, And in whose death our sins are dead!

2 Look on the hearts by sorrow broken
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

The Lord's Supper.

505

According to Thy gracious word.

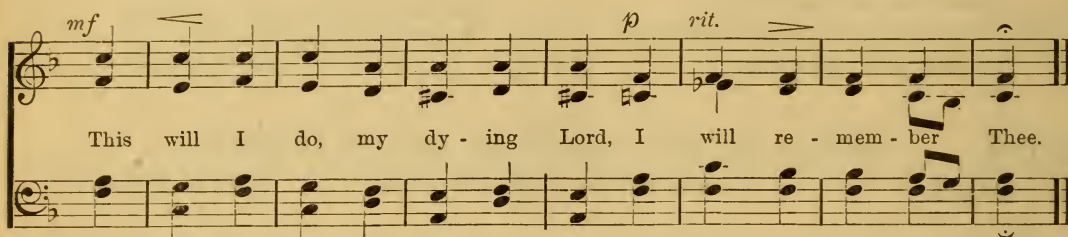
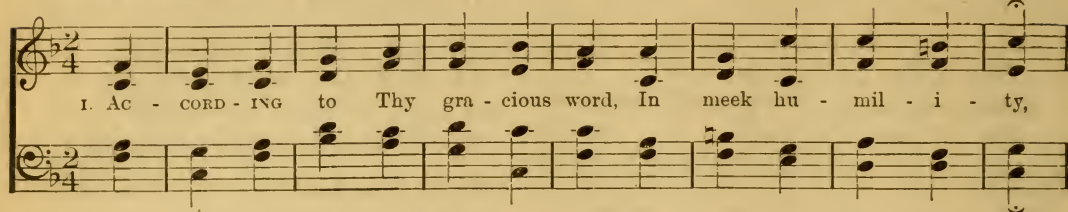
C. M.

"Thy comforts delight my soul."

St. John.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

JAMES TURLE, 1862.



2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from Heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee:—

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me!—
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me!

506

1 TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy Blesséd Self impart;
And let Thy holy flesh and blood
Feed each believing heart.

2 Let us from all our sins be washed
In Thine atoning blood;
And let Thy Spirit be the seal
That we are born of God.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love,
Prepare us for this feast;
Oh! let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon His breast.

JOHN CENNICK, 1741.

The Lord's Supper.

507

Jesus, we thus obey.

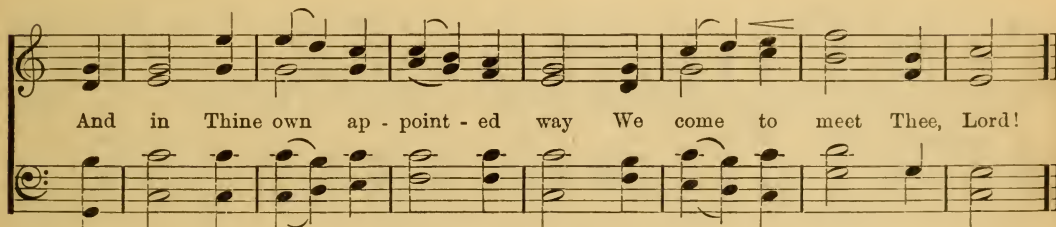
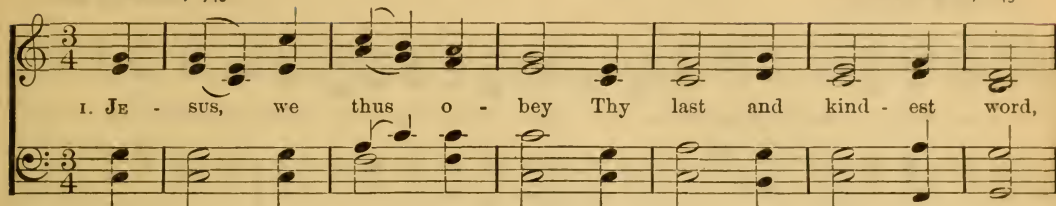
S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745.

"We, who are many, are one bread, one body."

Ferguson.

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1843.



- 2 Thus we remember Thee,
And take this bread and wine
As Thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.
- 3 Thy presence makes the feast;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be exprest,
The joy unspeakable!
- 4 With high and heavenly bliss
Thou dost our spirits cheer;
Thy house of banqueting is this,
And Thou hast brought us here.
- 5 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us Thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

508

- 1 A PARTING hymn we sing,
Around Thy table, Lord,
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.
- 2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here,
So may the savor of Thy grace
In word and life appear.
- 3 The purchase of Thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.
- 4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.

AARON R. WOLFE, 1858.

The Lord's Supper.

509

At Thy command, our dearest Lord!

L. M.

"The friendship of the world is enmity with God."

Rolland.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. *Abr.*

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844.

1. At Thy command, our dearest Lord! Here we at-tend Thy dy-ing feast; Thy blood, like wine, a -

dorns Thy board, And Thine own flesh feeds every guest,—And Thine own flesh feeds ev-ery guest.

510

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Our faith adores Thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.</p> <p>3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on Thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in His Cross,</p> <p>4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left His tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.</p> <p>5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see His day;
Come, Lord! nor let Thy promise fail,
Nor let Thy chariots long delay.</p> | <p>1 Now to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of His dying love,
Be humble honors paid below.
And strains of noble praise above.</p> <p>2 Jesus, Thou everlasting King!
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as Thy crown.</p> <p>3 Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord! to Thee;—
Like the dear hour, when, from above,
We first received Thy pledge of love.</p> <p>4 Each following moment as it flies,
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys;
Till we are raised to sing Thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.</p> |
|--|--|

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. *Abr.*

The Lord's Supper.

511

Great and glorious Father.

12.11.12.11.

"A propitiation, thro faith, by His blood, to shew His righteousness."

Oswestry.

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1874. Abr. Alt.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1869.

I. GREAT and glorious Fa - ther, hum-bly we a - dore Thee, Poor and weak and

help - less sin - ners in Thine eyes; Yet, in meek o - be - dience, low we fall be -

fore Thee, Trust-ing, plead-ing on - ly Je - sus' sac - ri - fice. A - men.

- 2 Bowed beneath Thy footstool, yet with boldness pleading,
Christ the only plea on which our hope relies,
Unto Thee, O Father, all Thy mercy needing,
Make we this memorial of His sacrifice.
- 3 In these sacred pledges we repeat the story,—
'Tis His broken body pictured to our eyes,—
Showing forth the passion, till He comes in glory,
Of the Lamb who died, who reigns above the skies. Amen.

The Lord's Supper.

512 Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs.

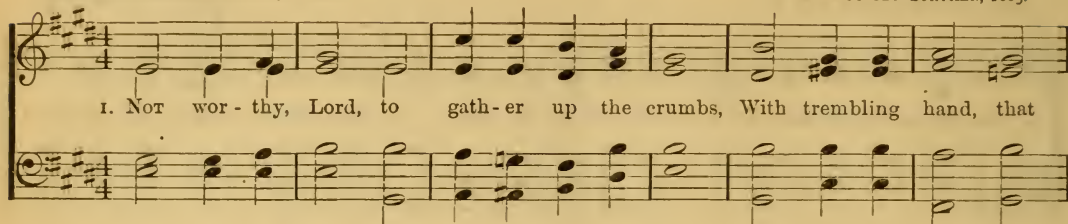
10.10.10.10.

"This Man receiveth sinners and eateth with them."

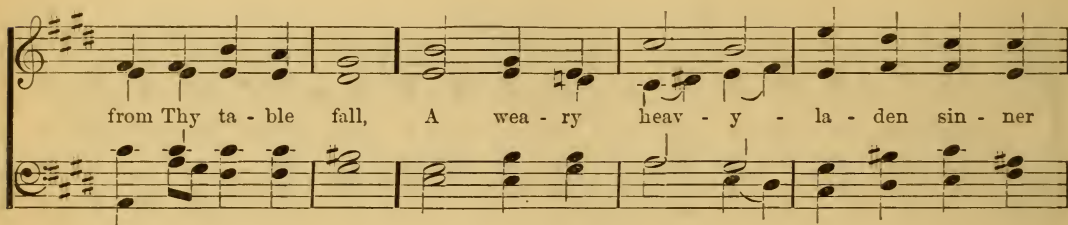
Meridian.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1870. *Abr.*

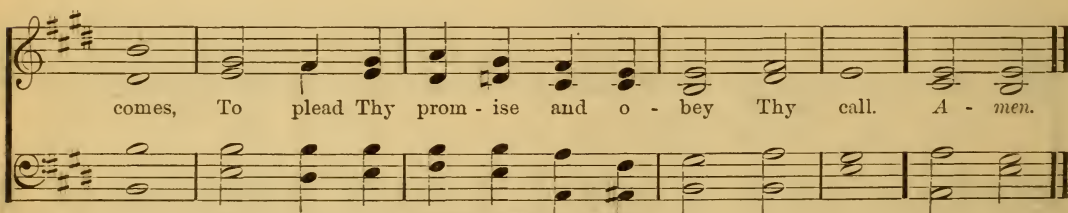
M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1885.



i. Not wor - thy, Lord, to gath - er up the crumbs, With trembling hand, that



from Thy ta - ble fall, A wea - ry heav - y - la - den sin - ner



comes, To plead Thy prom - ise and o - bey Thy call. A - men.

Copyright, 1886, by Biglow & Main

- 2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board.
Too long a wand'rer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.
- 3 I hear Thy voice ; Thou bid'st me come and rest ;
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercéed feet !
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest,
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat. *Amen.*

Childhood.

- 4 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
 My prayer can only lose itself in Thee,
 Dwell Thou forever in my heart, and there,
 Lord! let me sup with Thee,—sup Thou with me. *Amen.*

513

Now I lay me down to sleep.

7s & 8s.

"I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in."

Lambherd.

*First Stanza, ANON.
 2d & 3d Stanzas, M. W. S. 1884.*

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1883.

p

1. Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
 If I should die be - fore I wake, I pray Thee, Lord, my
mf
 soul to take, And this I ask for Je - sus' sake. *A - men.*

Copyright, 1883, by Biglow & Main.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Now the light begins to break,
 To Thee, O God, my prayer I make.
 Keep me this day from every ill,
 Help me to know and do Thy will,
 With Jesus' love my spirit fill. <i>Amen.</i></p> | <p>3 By and by, when, one by one,
 These days and nights of Earth are done,
 With those I love, redeemed from guile,
 May I awake beneath His smile,
 Whom I have prayed to all the while.
 <i>Amen.</i></p> |
|---|--|

Childhood.

514

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.

8.7.8.7.

"Come ye and let us walk in the light of the Lord"

Northminster.

MARY L. DUNCAN, 1839.

ANON.

I. JE - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;

Thro the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed
Listen to my evening prayer. [me,</p> | <p>3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me when I die to Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.</p> |
|--|---|

515

Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding.

8.7.8.7.

"He shall gather the lambs in His arm."

New Jersey.

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBURG, 1826.

WALTER B. GILBERT, 1870.

I. SAV - IOUR, who Thy flock art feed - ing With the Shep - herd's kind - est care,

Childhood.

All the fee - ble gent - ly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share.

- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secured from harm.
- 3 Never from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the Lion's prey;

Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

- 4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

516 Jesus, from Thy throne on high.

7.7.7.6.

"While he was yet young he began to seek after the God of his father."

Nazareth.

THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK, 1874. *Abr.*

KARL REINECKE.
Arr. BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1885.

1. JE - SUS, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky, Look on us with

lov - ing eye, Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.

- 2 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine.
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

- 3 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell;
Little hymns Thy praises swell.
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

- 4 Once Thyself a child, so fair,
Knowing want and toil and care,
All that we may have to bear,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

- 5 May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Shunning all that causes shame,
Hear us, Holy Jesus!

Childhood.

517

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.

8s & 7s, D.

"That we may be fellow workers with the truth."

Harmony.

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP, 1838. Arr.

GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1721. Arr.

I. SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us; Much we need Thy tender care,
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy fold prepare. We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,

Be the guardian of our way, Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a - stray.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful tho we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;

Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early help us do Thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour!
With Thy grace our bosoms fill.

518

Once, in royal David's city.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

"Like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest."

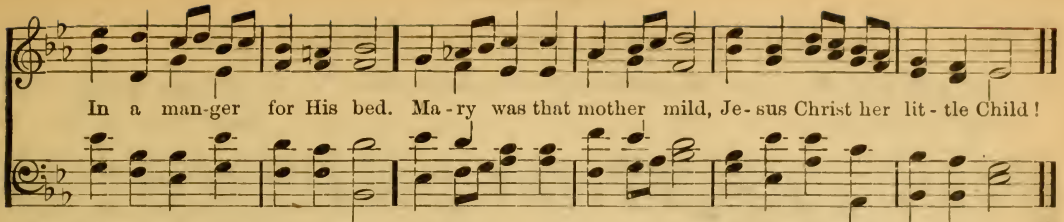
Annus Domini.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1848. Abr.

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD, 1872.

I. ONCE, in roy-al David's cit-y, Stood a low-ly cat-tle-shed, Where a mother laid her Ba-by.

Childhood.



2 And thro all His wondrous childhood
He would honor and obey,
Love and watch the lowly mother,
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

3 Oh, our eyes at last shall see Him!
Thro His own redeeming love;
For that child, so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in Heaven above,
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

519 Saviour! while our hearts are tender.

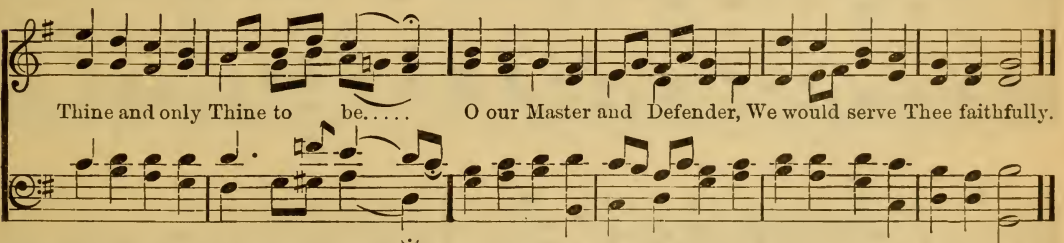
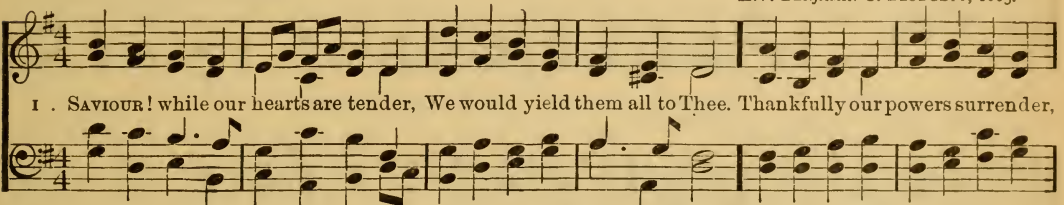
8.7.8.7.8.7.

"A child, girded with a linen ephod."

Smith College.

JOHN BURTON, 1806 (?). Alt. 1885.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, 1829.
Arr. BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1885.



2 Send us, Lord, where Thou wilt send us,
Only do Thou guide our way.
By Thy grace thro life attend us,
Gladly then shall we obey.
With Thy constant love befriend us
All, as children of the Day.

3 Write Thy Name upon our foreheads,
Write our names upon Thy hand.
Marching onward with hosannas,
In Thine holy pilgrim-band,
May we in that heavenly country,
With Thy ransomed armies stand.

Childhood.

520 Hosanna we sing, like the children dear.

108, 9 & 118, P.

"Can the children of the bride chamber fast?"

Zion's King.

GEORGE S. HODGES, 1874.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1874. *Alt.*

f > > >

I. Ho - SAN - NA we sing, like the chil - dren dear, In the old - en days when the

p

Lord lived here; He blest lit - tle children and smil'd on them, While they chanted His

ff

praise in Je - ru - sa - lem. Al - le - lu - ia we sing, like the chil - dren bright

p *m*

With their harps of gold and their rai - ment white, As they fol - low their Shepherd with

Childhood.



- 2 Hosanna! we sing, for He bends His ear,
 And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;
 We know that His heart will never wax cold
 To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.
Alleluia we sing in the Church we love,
Alleluia resounds in the Church above;
 To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given,
 That we lose not our part in the song of Heaven!

521

I want to be like Jesus.

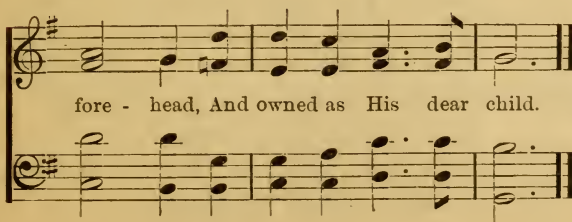
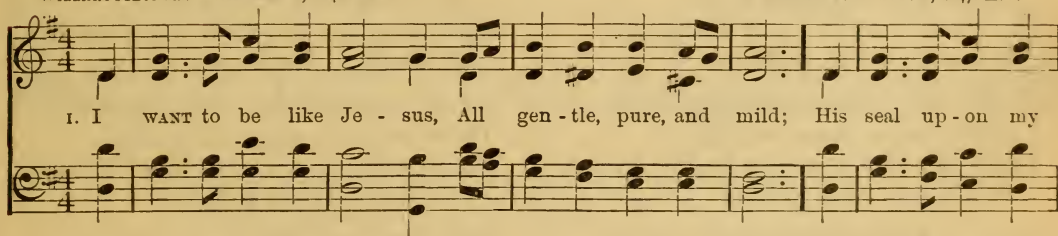
7.6.7.6.

"The incorruptible apparel of a meek and quiet spirit."

Benhanan.

WILLIAM MEYNELL WHITTEMORE, 1842. *Abr.*

FRIEDRICH VON FLOTOW, 1847. *Arr.*



- 2 I want to live like Jesus,
 Whose words with love were fraught;
 I want to find His favor,
 By Him be truly taught.
- 3 My heart so weak and sinful
 And changed by grace divine,
 And all my life to serve Him,
 And ever call Him mine.

Childhood.

522 O Lord, how good, how great art Thou.

C. M.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834.

"The promise is to you and to your children."

Nottingham.

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1846.

1. O LORD, how good, how great art Thou, In Heaven and Earth the same!

There an - gels at Thy foot - stool bow, Here babes Thy grace pro - claim.

523

- 2 When glorious in the nightly sky
Thy moon and stars I see,
Oh, what is man! I wondering cry,
To be so loved by Thee!
- 3 To him Thou hourly deign'st to give
New mercies from on high;
Didst quit Thy Throne with him to live,
For him in pain to die.
- 4 Close to Thine own bright seraphim
His favored path is trod;
And all beside are serving him,
That he may serve his God.
- 5 O Lord, how good, how great art Thou,
In Heaven and Earth the same!
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
Here babes Thy grace proclaim.
- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
Were all alike divine, [crowned,
- 4 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

REGINALD HEBER, 1827. *Abbr.*

524

Childhood.

1 THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Hath waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All thro the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

3 Oh make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

THOMAS O. SUMMERS, 1846.

525

My God, I thank Thee.

12.12.12.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER, 1858.

"A little child shall lead them."

Wentworth.

F. C. MAKER, 1876.

1. My God, I thank Thee, who hast made the Earth so bright, So full of splendor and of joy, beau-

ty and light; So ma - ny glo - rious things are here, no - ble and right. A - men.

2. I thank Thee too that Thou hast made joy to abound,
So many gentle thoughts and deeds circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of Earth some love is found.
- 3 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept the best in store;
I have enough, yet not too much to long for more,—
A yearning for a deeper peace not known before.
- 4 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls, tho amply blest,
Can never find, altho they seek, a perfect rest,
Nor ever shall, until they lean on Jesus' breast. Amen.

Childhood.

526

Father, while the shadows fall.

7s, 8s & 5s.

EMILY H. MILLER, 1868.

"Thou art ever with Me, and all that is Mine is thine."

Shadowlight.

WILLIAM H. MONK, 1881.

1. FA - THER, while the shadows fall, With the twi - light, o - ver all, Deign to hear my

eve-ning prayer, Make a lit - tle child Thy care. Take me in Thy ho - ly keep-ing

Till the morning break. Guard me thro the darkness sleep-ing, Bless me when I wake.

2 'Twas Thy hand that all the day
Scatted joys along my way,
Crowned my life with blessing sweet,
Kept from snares my careless feet.
*Take me in Thy holy keeping
Till the morning break.
Guard me thro the darkness sleeping,
Bless me when I wake.*

3 Like Thy patient love to me,
May my love to others be.
All the wrong my hands have done
Pardon Lord, thro Christ, Thy Son.
*Take me in Thy holy keeping
Till the morning break.
Guard me thro the darkness sleeping,
Bless me when I wake.*

Childhood.

527

Sing, every boy and maiden.

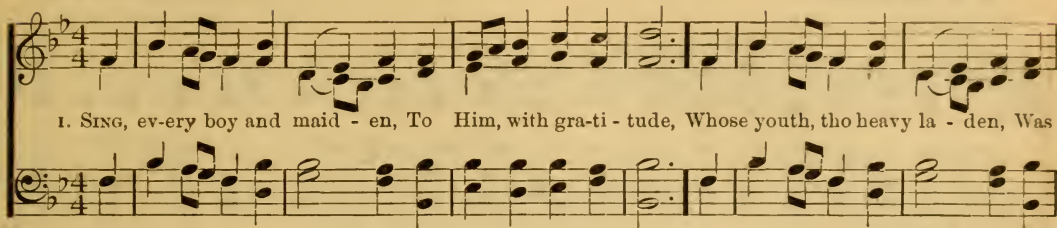
7s & 6s, D.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1885.

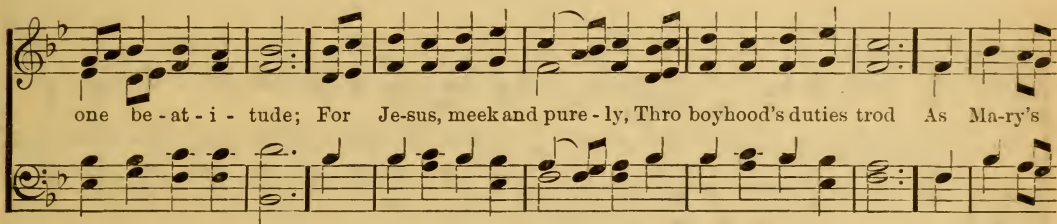
"He was subject."

Ellacombe.

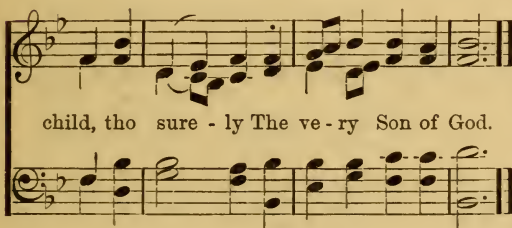
ST. GALL GESANGBUCH, 1851.



1. SING, ev-ery boy and maid - en, To Him, with gra-ti - tude, Whose youth, tho heavy la - den, Was



one be - at - i - tude; For Je-sus, meek and pure - ly, Thro boyhood's duties trod As Ma-ry's



child, tho sure - ly The ve - ry Son of God.

2 The helper of His mother,
A faithful Hebrew lad,
For sister and for brother
Christ wrought with spirit glad;
And made that cottage lowly,
That work-bench by the door,
A labor-lesson holy
To love forevermore.

3 All rev'rently obeying,
He bore His daily part
Toward her who kept each saying
Safe in her wond'ring heart.
Along the ways where nature
Spake low, by hill and glen,
He grew in wisdom, stature,
And grace with God and men.

4 Oh sing, ye tired and tearful,
What this sweet story saith;
For all that's brave and cheerful
Comes out of Nazareth!
Let serving hands fly faster—
New years new burdens bring,—
Enough! if like our Master,
The Carpenter and King!

Childhood.

528 There's a Friend for little Children.

8, 6, 7s & 6s.

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1860. *Abr.*

Shelter.

SAMUEL SMITH, 1871.

"Their angels do always behold the face of My Father."

I. THERE's a Friend for lit - tle chil-dren, A - bove the bright blue sky, A Friend that nev - er

mf
changeth, Whose love will nev - er die. Un - like our friends by nat - ure, Who change with

f
chang - ing years, This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre - cious name He bears.

2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour
And to their Father cry,—
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus,
Shall wear it by-and-by.
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He shall sure bestow
On all who love their Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

Childhood.

529

Ever would I fain be reading.

"Lo, these are but the outskirts of His ways, and how small a whisper do we hear of Him."

8.7.8.7.

Ger. LOUISE HENSEL, 1829.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1858. *Abr.*

Stockholm.

P. U. STENHAMMAR, d. 1884.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The lyrics are: "I. Ev - ER would I fain be read - ing, In the an - cient ho - ly Book, Of my Sav - iour's gen - tle plead - ing, Truth in ev - ery word and look." The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a gentle rise and fall.

530

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 How, when children came, He blest them,
Suffered no man to reprove,
Took them in His arms, and prest them
To His heart, with words of love.</p> <p>3 How, to all the sick and tearful,
Help was ever gladly shown;
How He sought the poor and fearful,
Called them brothers, and His own.</p> <p>4 Still I read the ancient story,
And my joy is ever new;
How for us He left His glory,
How He still is kind and true.</p> <p>5 Let me kneel, my Lord, before Thee,
Let my heart in tears o'erflow,
Melted by Thy love, adore Thee,
Blest in Thee mid joy or woe.</p> | <p>1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal lisp Thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme.</p> <p>2 Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded thro the wide creation—
Be Thy just and awful praise.</p> <p>3 For the grandeur of Thy nature,—
Grand, beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,—
Works with skill and kindness wrought;</p> <p>4 For Thy providence, that governs
Thro Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;—
Blesséd be Thy gentle reign.</p> |
|---|---|

ROBERT ROBINSON, 1774. *Abr.*

531

The Voice that breathed o'er Eden.

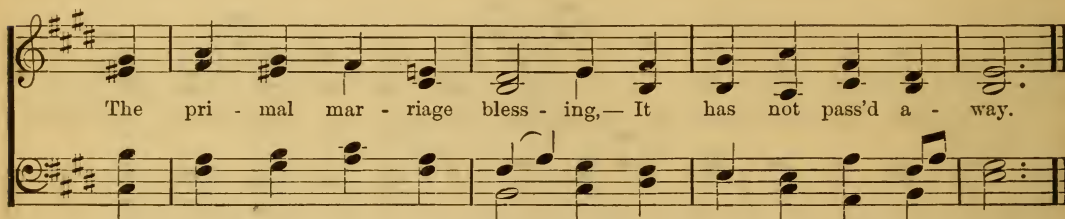
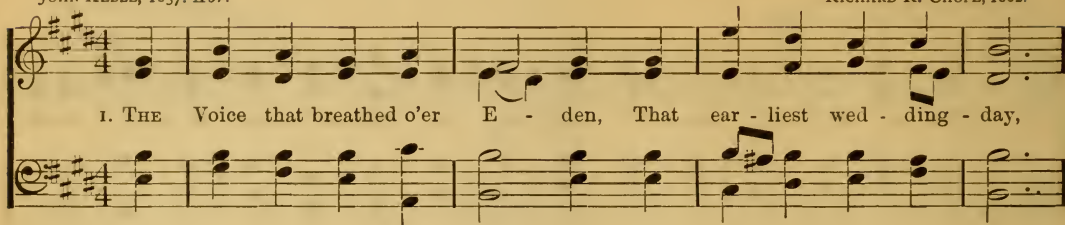
7.6.7.6.

"As being joint heirs of the grace of life."

St. Cecilia.

JOHN KEBLE, 1857. *Abr.*

RICHARD R. CHOPE, 1862.



- 2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.
- 3 Be present, Heav'nly Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierc'd side.
- 4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.
- 5 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

532

- 1 O LOVE, divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height,
To Thee the world beholden,
Looks up for life and light!
- 2 O Love, divine and tender,
That thro our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love!
- 3 God, bless these hands united,
God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted,
May they, thro life, go on,
- 4 Here, in Earth's home, preparing
For that bright Home above;
And there, for ever sharing
Its joy, where 'God is love.'

JOHN S. B. MONSELI, 1862. *Abr.*

Death.

533

Days and moments quickly flying.

8s, 7s, 4s, 8 & 9.

"He withdraweth not His eyes from the righteous."

St. Sylvester.

EDWARD CASWALL, 1849. Abr.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1860.

Lento.

Days and moments, quick-ly fly - ing, Speed us on - ward to the dead!

Soon shall we, who sing, be ly - ing Each with - in his nar - row bed!

Life pass - eth soon, Death draw-eth near. Keep us, good Lord, 'till Thou ap - pear;

With Thee to live, with Thee to die, With thee to reign thro E - ter - - - ni - ty!

Death.

534

I would not live alway.

"The Ark of the covenant of the Lord of all the Earth passeth over before you into Jordan."

II.II.II.II.

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBURG, 1823. *Abr.*

Frederick.

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1834.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "I. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter". The second system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid morn - ings, that". The third system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "dawn on us here, Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer." The score ends with a double bar line.

- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

Death.

535

When my tongue can sing no more.

"The Lord will deliver me from every evil work, and will save me unto His heavenly kingdom."

7s, D.

ELIAS ELKILDSEN NAUR, 1728.
Tr. GILBERT TAIT.

Blumenthal.

JACQUES BLUMENTHAL, 1849.
Har. by HUBERT P. MAIN, 1888.

1. WHEN my tongue can sing no more, When my lips have ceased to pray, Si - lent, may I
still a - dore,—Ea - ger, Sav - iour, seek Thy way! Hear, O Christ, my lat - est sigh;
O - pen wide the gates on high, For my soul, which an - gels bear Home to glo - ry, deathless, rare;—

Arr. Copyright, 1888, by Hubert P. Main.

536

2 Home, to Heaven's kingdom sweet;
Home, to join the chosen band,
Seraph, seraphim to meet;
Home, to courts where reigneth grand
Mercy's Monarch; home, to dwell
With the God who loves me well;
Home, to all my fathers dear;
Home, my Christ to serve and fear.

1 SAFELY, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin,
No more childish griefs or fears,
No more sadness, no more tears;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this young fresh life,
Which awaits us now above,
Resting in the Saviour's love.

HENRIETTA O. DOBREE, 1881. Abr.

Death.

537

Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled.

7.8.7.8.7.7.

"To give unto them a garland, for ashes."

Meinhold.

Ger. JOHANN W. MEINHOLD.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1858.

JOHANN SEB. BACH. ?

I. { GEN - TLE Shepherd, Thou hast still'd Now Thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep - ing; }
Ah, how peace-ful, pale, and mild, In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep - ing, }

And no sigh of an - guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Tho Thou take what most we love.

538

Let no tears to-day be shed.

7.7.4.

"Supposing Him to be the gardener."

St. Millicent.

Lat. Tr. RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE, 1869. Arr.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1873.

I. LET no tears to - day be shed, Ho - ly is this nar - row bed. AL - LE - LU - IA. A - men.

Death.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Not salvation hardly won,
Nor the meed of race well run; ALLELUIA.</p> <p>3 But the prize without the course,
Crown without the battle's force. ALLELUIA.</p> <p>4 Ne'er shall earthly cry of pain
Part these precious lips again. ALLELUIA.</p> | <p>5 Tender Shepherd, in Thy breast
One more tired lamb hath its rest. ALLELUIA.</p> <p>6 All our broken sobbings cease,
Thinking on that perfect peace. ALLELUIA.</p> <p>7 There our darling sees Thy face
Held forever in Thy grace. ALLELUIA.</p> |
|---|--|
- Amen.*

539 Tranquilly, slowly, solemnly, lowly.

5.5.9.5.5.9.

"That, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him."

Urijah.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1884. *Abr.*

CARL HEINRICH GRAUN, d. 1759. *Arr.*

Marche funebre.

I. TRANQUILLY, slow - ly, Sol-emn-ly, low - ly, Bring the precious earth that sleep hath kissed!

Soul to its Mak - er, Dust to God's a - cre, Qui - et bid - ing res - ur - rec - tion tryst.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 With eyes bedimmed,
Requiems hymning,
Smite we music from these broken chords;
Yet smile in grieving,
Calmly believing,
Tho we live or die, we are the Lord's.</p> <p>3 The form is buried,
But angels serried
Bear up safe the spirit homeward called.
High o'er these dirges
Heaven's anthem surges,
Praising God one more is disenthralled.</p> | <p>4 Glad transformation!
Perfect salvation,
Mortal shadows merged in glowing day;
Heart no more weary,
Answered each query.
All the former things are past away.</p> <p>5 Loosed Earth's last fetter!
Sure 'tis far better
To depart and be for aye with Christ.
So come, Lord Jesus,
Soon to release us,
Join us with the souls emparadised!</p> |
|---|--|

Oratio.

540

With silence only as their benediction.

Chant.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1845.

Piano.

"Behold I die: but God shall be with you."

Whittier.

Arr. M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883.

1. With silence only as their..... ben - e - diction, God's an - gels come,

rit.
Where, in the shadow of a..... great af - fliction, The soul sits dumb.

Copyright, 1885, by Biglow & Main.

2 Yet would we say, what every | heart ap- | proveth, |
Our | Father's | will, ||

Calling to Him the dear ones | whom He | loveth, |
Is | mercy | still! ||

3 Not upon us or ours, the | solemn | angel |
Hath | evil | wrought; ||

The funeral anthem is a | glad e- | vangeli; |
The | good die | not! ||

4 God calls our loved ones, but we | lose not | wholly |
What | He has | giv'n; ||

They live on Earth, in thought and | deed, as | truly |
As | in His | Heaven. ||

541

1 A VOICE is heard on Earth of | kinsfolk | weeping |
The loss of | one they | love; ||

But he is gone where the re- | deemed are | keeping |
Their | festival a- | bove. ||

Death.

- 2 The mourners throng the way, and | from the | steeple |
 The funeral | bell tolls | slow : ||
 But on the golden streets the | holy | people |
 Are passing | to and | fro, ||
- 3 And saying as they meet, 'Re- | joice! an- | other, |
 Long waited | for, is | come.' ||
 The Saviour's heart is glad; a | younger | brother |
 Hath reached the | Father's | home. ||

JAMES D. BURNS, 1854. *Abr.*

542

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!

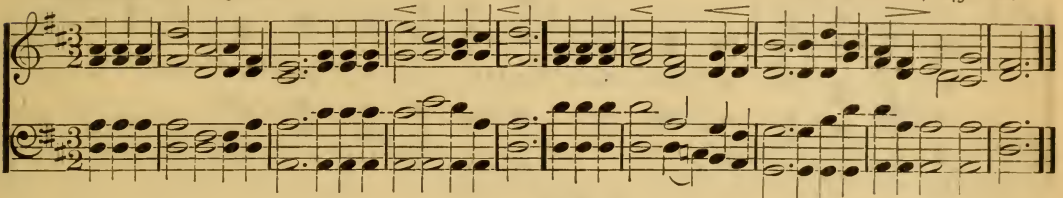
L. M.

MARGARET MACKAY, 1832. *Abr.*

"The Almighty shall be thy treasure."

Rest.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1843. *Har.*



543

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
 From which none ever wakes to weep!
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes!</p> <p>2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing
 That Death hath lost his venom'd sting!</p> <p>3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.</p> <p>4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be!
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 And wait the summons from on high.</p> | <p>1 WHAT sinners value I resign.
 Lord! 'tis enough that Thou art mine.
 I shall behold Thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.</p> <p>2 This life's a dream—an empty show:
 But that bright world, to which I go,
 Hath joys substantial and sincere;—
 When shall I wake, and find me there!</p> <p>3 Oh, glorious hour! Oh, blest abode!
 I shall be near and like my God;
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.</p> <p>4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
 Then burst the chains, with sweet sur-
 And in my Saviour's image rise! [prise,</p> |
|--|--|

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. *Abr.*

Death.

544

Now the laborer's task is o'er.

7.7.7.7.8.8.

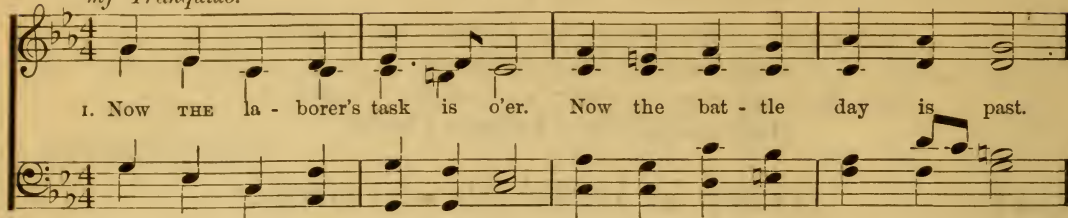
"We shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

Christlight.

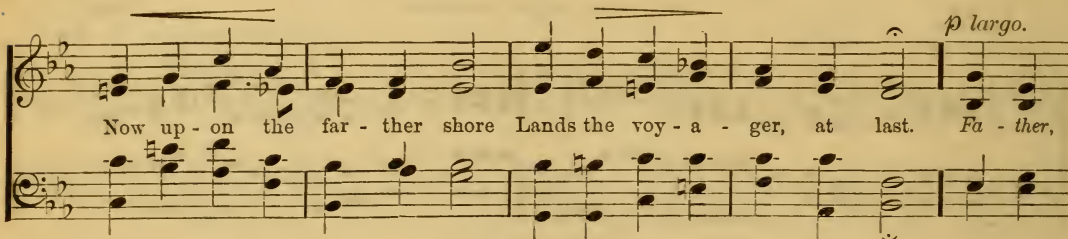
JOHN ELLERTON, 1871. Abr.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1874.

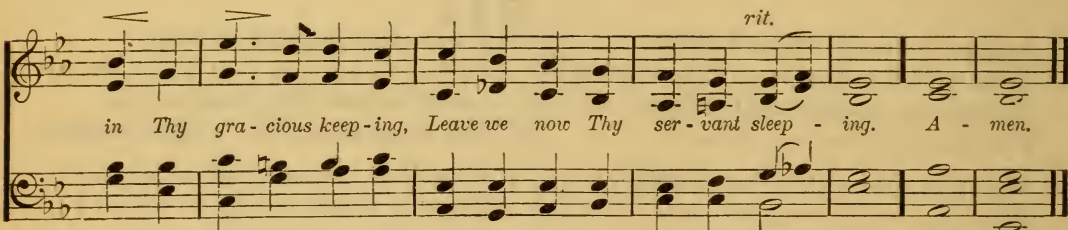
mf Tranquillo.



1. Now THE la - borer's task is o'er. Now the bat - tle day is past.



Now up - on the far - ther shore Lands the voy - a - ger, at last. Fa - ther,



in Thy gra - cious keep - ing, Leave we now Thy ser - vant sleep - ing. A - men.

2 There the tears of Earth are dried,
There its hidden things are clear,
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy, etc.

3 There the angels bear on high
Many a strayed and wounded lamb,
Peacefully at last to lie
In the breast of Abraham.
Father, in Thy, etc.

4 There the sinful souls that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy, etc.

5 "Earth to Earth and dust to dust!"
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait, in trust,
For the Resurrection day.
Father, in Thy, etc. Amen.

Death.

545

Sleep thy last sleep.

4s & 6s, D.

EDWARD A. DAYMAN, 1868.

"I thank my God upon all my remembrance of you."

Requiescat.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1868.

p *cres.*

1. SLEEP thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row. Rest, where none weep.

Till th'e - ter - nal mor - row. Tho dark waves roll O'er the si - lent

f *rall.* *Lento.* *p*

riv - er, Thy faint-ing soul Je - sus can de - liv - er. A - men.

2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness,
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness;
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Tho we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest!
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice,
All in Jesus sleeping. *Amen.*

Death.

546

It is not death to die.

S. M.

"Are the consolations of God too small for thee?"

Greenwood.

Tr. CÉSAR HENRI A. MALAN, 1841.
Tr. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, 1847.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER, 1848.

1. It is not death to die— To leave this wea - ry road, And, 'mid the broth - er - hood on

high, To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain,—to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.
4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.
5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

547

For me to live is Christ.

S. M.

"Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our confession."

Rialto.

ANON, 1859. Abr.

GEORGE F. ROOT, 1859.

1. For me to live is Christ, To die is endless gain; For Him I gladly bear the cross, And welcome grief and pain.

Death.

- 2 I fare with Christ my Lord;
 His path the path I choose;
 They joy who suffer most with Him—
 They win who with Him lose.
- 3 The dawn on distant hills
 Shines o'er the vales below.

- The shadows of this world are lost
 In light to which I go.
- 4 Faithful may I endure,
 And hear my Saviour say,
 Thrice welcome home, beloved child
 Inherit endless day!

548

Thou art gone to the grave.

13.II.13.II.

"Our friend is fallen asleep."

Conquest.

REGINALD HEBER, 1812. *Abr.*

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1867.

I. Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not de - plore thee, Tho sor - rows and
 dark - ness en - com - pass the tomb. The Sav - iour has past thro its
 por - tal be - fore thee, And the lamp of His love is thy guide thro the gloom.

- 2 Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee,
 Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian and Guide,
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

Death.

549

One sweetly solemn thought.

S. M.

"Now is salvation nearer to us than when we first believed."

Newland.

PHOEBE CARY, 1852. Abr. Alt.

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1857.

I. ONE sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, That I am near - er

home to day, Than e'er I've been be - fore!

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;

Nearer the great white judgment-throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound where life
May lay its burden down,
And leave its cross of heavy grief
To gain the starry crown.

4 Nearer that silent stream
Down winding thro the night,
Beyond whose swelling waters gleam
The coasts of perfect light!

550

Why do we mourn departing friends.

C. M.

"Perhaps he was therefore parted from thee for a season that thou shouldst have him forever."

China.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. Abr.

TIMOTHY SWAN, 1800.

I. WHY do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms?

Death.

'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to His arms.

2 The graves of all His saints He blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

3 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly,
At the great rising day!

551

Out of the depths I cry to Thee.

"I hope shortly to see thee, and we shall speak face to face."

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

Ger. MARTIN LUTHER, 1524.

Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1858. *Alt.*

“Aus tiefer Noth.”

MARTIN LUTHER, 1524. *Har.*

4/4

Soprano

Bass

I. { OVR of the depths I cry to Thee, Lord, hear me I im - plore Thee. }
 Bend down Thy gracious ear to me, Let my prayer come be - fore Thee. } If Thou re -

mem-b'rest each misdeed, If each should have its rightful meed, Lord, who could stand before Thee!

2 And tho it tarry till the night
And round till morning waken,
My heart shall ne'er misdoubt His might,
Nor count itself forsaken ;
Our God is merciful and just,
Here is my comfort and my trust,
His help I wait unshaken.

3 Tho great our sins and sore our woes,
His grace much more aboundeth.
His helping love no limit knows,
Our utmost need it soundeth.
Our kind and faithful Shepherd He,
Who shall at last set Israel free,
Tho bondage now surroundeth.

Seasons.

552 What sweetness on Thine Earth doth dwell!

"Lo! the winter is past, the rain is overgone; the flowers appear on the Earth; the time of the singing is come."

L. M.

"Old Ten Commandments."

THOMAS H. GILL, 1850. *Abr.*

THE GENEVAN PSALTER.
LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1549.

1. WHAT sweetness on Thine Earth doth dwell! How pre - cious, Lord, these gifts of Thine!

Yet sweet - er mes - sa - ges they tell, These earnest of de - lights di - vine.

553

- 2 Yes, glory out of glory breaks
More than the gift itself is given;
Each gift a glorious promise makes;
Thine Earth doth prophesy of Heaven.
- 3 These odors blest, these gracious flowers,
These carolings that round us rise,
Give tidings of the heavenly bowers,
Prelude th'angelic harmonies.
- 4 These vernal hours what news they
bring! [tell!
What tidings these bright summers
They fore-announce the eternal spring,—
Foreshow the light ineffable.
- 5 Oh, mercies kindly in complete!
Dear joys our hearts that may not fill!
Strange grace! that in Thy gifts most
We read of gifts diviner still. [sweet
- 1 OUR Helper, God, we bless Thy name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of Thy gracious care
Begin and crown and close the year.
- 2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by Thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far Thine arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make Thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in Thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

Seasons.

554

There is a book, who runs may read.

C. M.

JOHN KEBLE, 1857. *Abr.*

"The wise shall understand."

Cherith.

LOUIS SPOHR, 1840.

1. THERE is a book, who runs may read, Which heaven-ly truth im-parts,
And all the lore its schol-ars need, Pure eyes and Chris-tian hearts.

555

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to desery,
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

5 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

1 THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of Thine almighty power.

2 The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
Proclaim their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To Thee an anthem raise.

3 Shall I be mute, great God, alone
'Mid nature's loud acclaim?
Shall not my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth Thy holy name?

4 All nature's debt is small to mine;
Nature shall cease to be;
Thou gavest—proof of love divine—
Immortal life to me!

AMELIA OPIE, 1834

Seasons.

556

Great God, we sing that mighty hand.

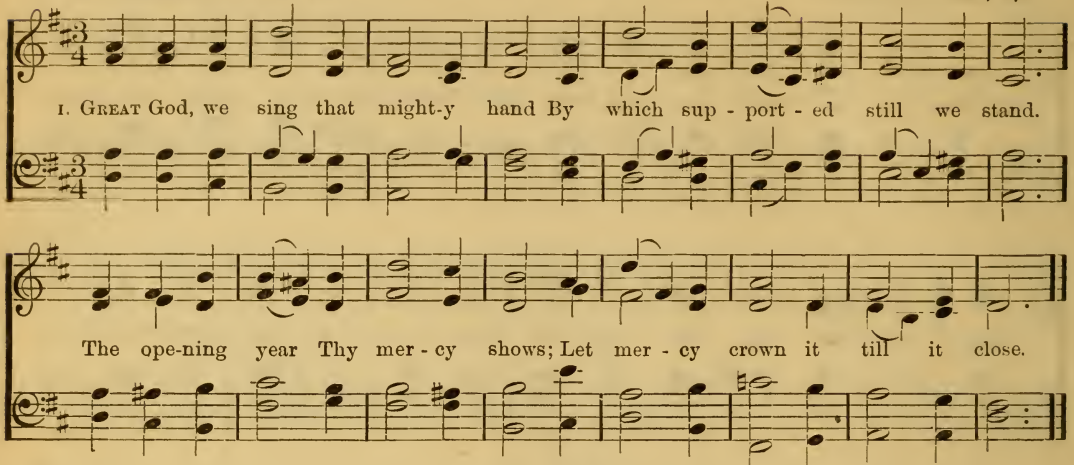
L. M.

"I will walk at liberty; for I have sought Thy precepts."

Satham.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755. *Abr. Alt.*

FRANCIS R. STATHAM, 1872.



I. GREAT God, we sing that might-y hand By which sup - port - ed still we stand.

The ope-ning year Thy mer - cy shows; Let mer - cy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guided by our God,
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With greatful hearts the past we own,
The future, all to us unknown,

We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or deprest,
Be Thou our joy and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored thro all our changing days.

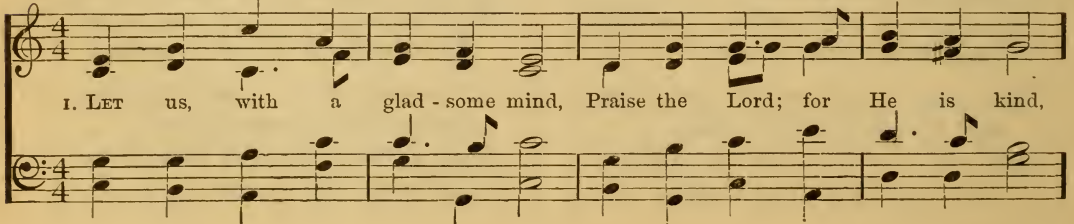
557

Let us, with a gladsome mind.

7.7.7.7. "He bindeth up the waters in His thick cloud, and the cloud is not rent under them." Innocents.

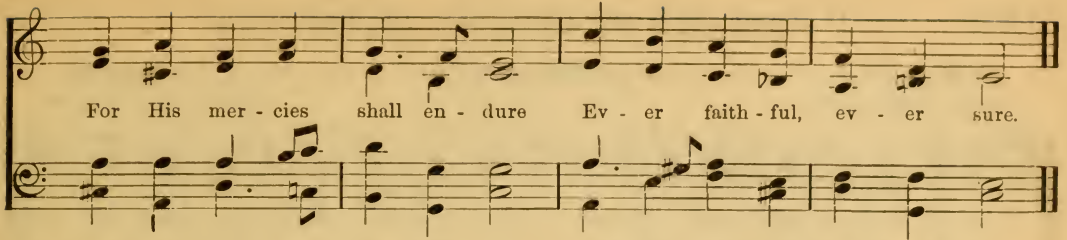
JOHN MILTON, 1623. *Abr.*

FREDERICK ARTHUR G. OUSELEY, 1867.



I. LET us, with a glad - some mind, Praise the Lord; for He is kind,

Seasons.



2 Let us sound His name abroad;
God of gods, He is the God
Who by wisdom did create,
Heaven's expanse and all its state.

3 All His creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

558

The God of harvest praise.

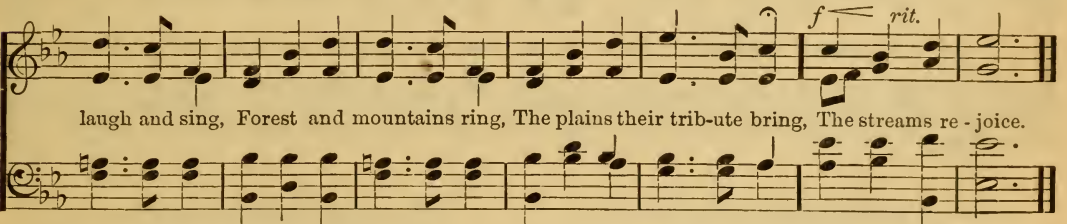
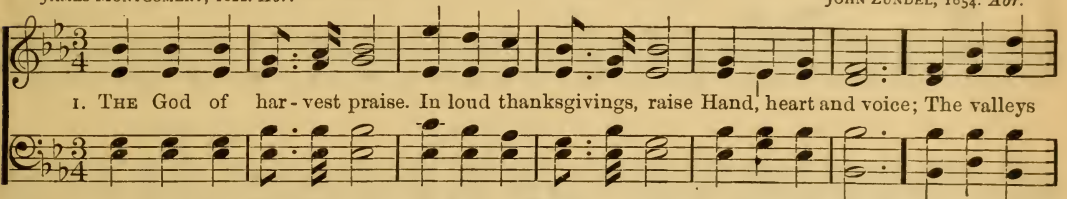
6s & 4s.

"With a tribute of a free-will offering."

Zundel.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. *Abr.*

JOHN ZUNDEL, 1854. *Abr.*



2 Yea, bless His holy Name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Thro all the Earth.
To glory in your lot
Is comely: but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise.
Hands, hearts and voices raise
With one accord.
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

Seasons.

559

Father, let me dedicate all this year.

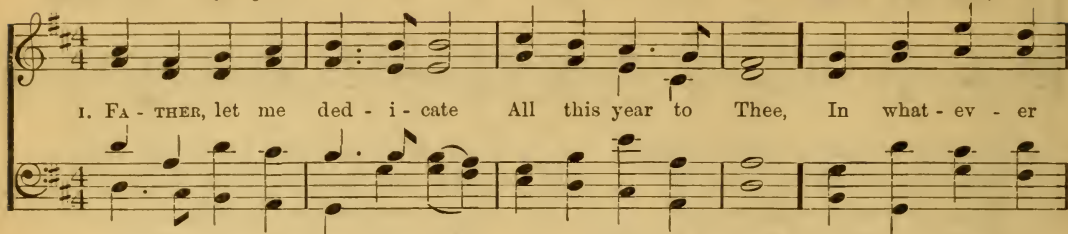
7s & 5s, D.

"In nothing be anxious."

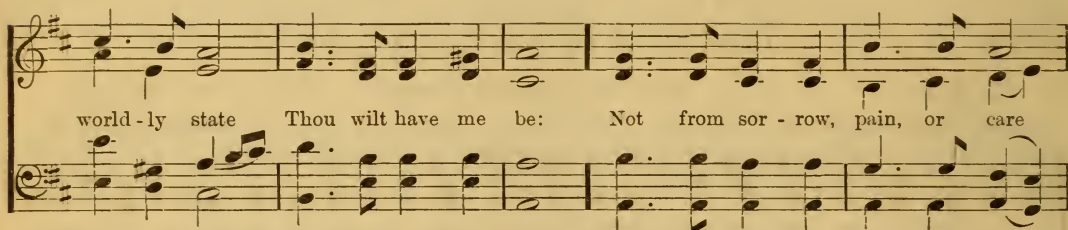
Salomè.

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, 1863.

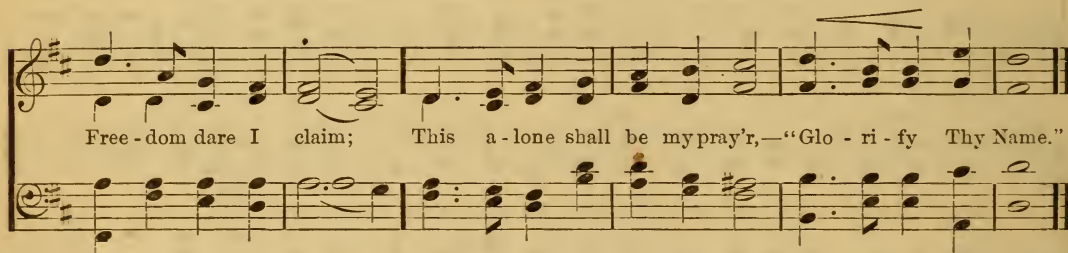
GEORGE A. MACFAEREN, 1881.



1. FA - THER, let me ded - i - cate All this year to Thee, In what - ev - er



world - ly state Thou wilt have me be: Not from sor - row, pain, or care



Free - dom dare I claim; This a - lone shall be my pray'r,—"Glo - ri - fy Thy Name."

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

Seasons.

560

Come, ye thankful people.

"Your threshing shall reach unto your vintage, and the vintage shall reach unto the sowing time, and ye shall eat your bread to the full."

7s, D.

St. George's.

HENRY ALFORD, 1844. *Abr.*

GEORGE JOB ELVEY, 1859.

I. COME, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-home: All is safe-ly

gath-er'd in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin. God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide

For our wants to be supplied Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of Harvest-home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear.
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home.
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide.
Come with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

Seasons.

561 While, with ceaseless course, the Sun.

7s, D.

"If the Lord will, we shall both live and do this or that."

Benevento.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1779.

Har. BENJAMIN C. BLODGETT, 1889.

1. WHILE, with ceaseless course, the Sun Hasted thro the form-er year, Many souls their race have run,
D.S.—We a lit-tle long-er wait:
Nev-er-more to meet us here. Fixt in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low.
But how lit-tle none can know.

Arrangement Copyright, 1889, by Biglow & Main.

562

- 2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream!
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew,
Teach us henceforth how to live
With Eternity in view.
Bless Thy word to young and old
Fill us with a Saviour's love,
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

- 1 For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant thro another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear.
In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength, be Thou our stay!
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.
- 2 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own.
Help, oh, help us to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

HENRY DOWNTON, 1843. *Ab. and alt.*

Seasons.

563

Sing to the Lord of harvest!

7s & 6s, D.

"It is He that giveth thee power to get wealth."

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1862. Abr.

St. Theodulph.

MELCHOIR TESCHNER, 1613.

1. { SING to the Lord of har-vest! Sing songs of love and praise! }
 { With joy-ful hearts and voic-es Your al-le-lu-ias raise. } By Him the roll-ing sea-sons In
 fruit-ful or-der move; Sing to the Lord of har-vest A song of hap-py love.

- 2 By Him the clouds drop fatness
 The deserts bloom and spring,
 The hills leap up in gladness,
 The valleys laugh and sing.
 He filleth with His fullness
 All things with large increase,
 He crowns the year with goodness,
 With plenty, and with peace.
- 3 Heap on His sacred altar
 The gifts His goodness gave,
 The golden sheaves of harvest,
 The souls He died to save.
 Your hearts lay down before Him
 When at His feet ye fall,
 And with your lives adore Him
 Who gave His life for all!

564

- 1 ANOTHER year is dawning.
 Dear Master, let it be,
 In working or in waiting
 Another year with Thee.
 Another year of mercies,
 Of faithfulness and grace,
 Another year of gladness
 Beneath Thy shining face.
- 2 Another year of progress,
 Another year of praise,
 Another year of proving
 Thy Presence all the days.
 Another year of service,
 Of witness for Thy love.
 Another year of training
 For holier work above.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Seasons.

565

The year is swiftly waning.

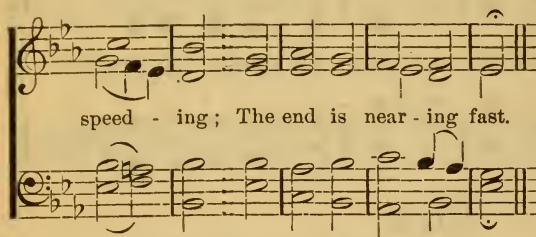
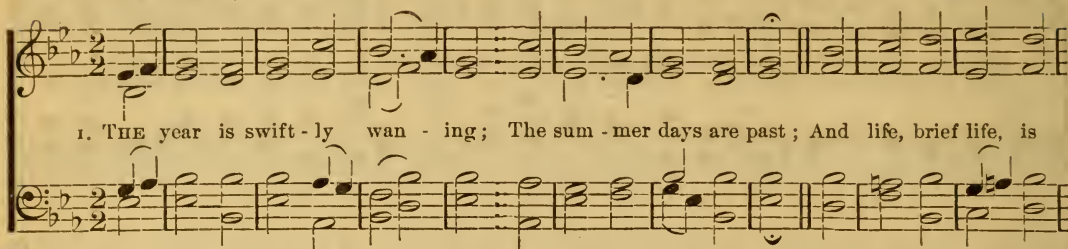
"Reaping their wheat harvest in the valley, they lifted up their eyes, and saw the ark and rejoiced."

7.6.7.6.

"Christus, mein Leben."

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1871. *Abr.*

MELCHOIR VULPIUS, 1609.



- 2 The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go :
But Thou, Eternal Father,
No time nor change canst know.

- 3 Behold the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned ;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.
- 4 Oh, by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,—
- 5 Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face.

566

Tune—ST. ANNE.

- 1 BREAK, new-born year, on glad eyes
Melodious voices move! [break!
On, rolling Time! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.
- 2 The parted year had wingèd feet:
The Saviour still doth stay.
The New Year comes; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.
- 3 Lord! from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight!
Oh make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright!
- 4 Then we may bless its precious things,
If earthly cheer should come;
Or gladsome mount on angel wings,
If Thou shouldst take us home.

THOMAS H. GILL, 1855.

The Church.

567

Spirit of power and might! behold.

C. M.

"We, thro the Spirit, wait for hope and righteousness."

St. Anne.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

WILLIAM CROFT, 1708.

I. SPIR - IT of power and might! be - hold A world by sin de - stroyed.

Cre - a - tor Spir - it! as of old, Move on the form - less void.

568

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Give Thou the word; that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And Earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.</p> <p>3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When Thou shalt all renew?</p> <p>4 And, if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom the Saviour came!</p> <p>5 So every kindred, tongue and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
The new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign Love alone.</p> | <p>1 OH! where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord! thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.</p> <p>2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong,
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.</p> <p>3 For, not like kingdoms of the world,
Thy holy Church, O God!
Tho earthquake shocks are threat'ning
And tempests are abroad. [her,</p> <p>4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the Earth,—
A house not made by hands.</p> |
|---|---|

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1839.

The Church.

569

O Unity of Threefold Light.

C. M.

"Live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

Evan.

Gk. of METROPHANES, cir. A.D., 910.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1862. Abr.

CELTIC MELODY.
Arr. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL, 1846.

1. O U - NI - TY of Three - fold Light, Send out Thy bright - est ray,

And scat - ter our trans-gres - sions' night, And turn it in - to day.

2 Make us those temples pure and fair
Thy glory loveth well,
The spotless tabernacles where
Thou may'st vouchsafe, to dwell.

3 But how can mortal accents frame
Due tribute to the KING?
Thou, only, while we praise Thy Name,
Forgive us as we sing.

570

Blessèd are the sons of God.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

"Who was I that I could withstand God?"

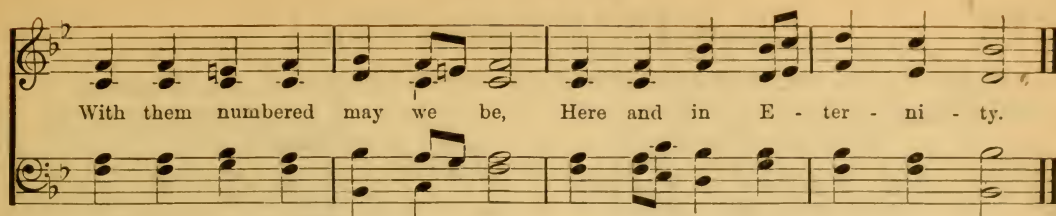
Rosefield.

JOSEPH HUMPHREYS, 1743.

CÆSER MALAN, 1830.

1. { BLESS - ÈD are the sons of God, They are bought with Je - sus' blood. }
{ They are ran - somed from the grave, Life e - ter - nal they shall have. }

The Church.



2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace.
All their sins are washed away,
They shall stand in God's great day.
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in Eternity.

3 They are lights upon the Earth,—
Children of a heavenly birth.
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
With them numbered may we be,
Here and in Eternity.

571

1 FOR the beauty of the Earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

2 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

3 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,

Flowers of Earth and buds of Heaven,
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

4 For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
One pure sacrifice of love,
Father, unto Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT, 1884. *Abr.*

572

1 God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face,
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine,
And Thy saving health extend
Unto Earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Let Thy love on all be poured.
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King.
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live,
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834.

The Church.

573

I love Thy kingdom, Lord!

S. M.

"The Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."

St. Thomas.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800. *Abr.*

In AARON WILLIAMS' COLL., 1762.
Arr. fr. GEORGE F. HANDEL, d. 1759.

1. I LOVE Thy king - dom, Lord! The House of Thine a - bode,
The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.

- 2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake
And every grief o'erflow.
- 4 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 5 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories Earth can yield
And brighter bliss of heaven.

574

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 From sorrow, toil and pain
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Thro all eternity.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1772. *Abr.*

The Church.

575

"Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 LORD of the harvest! hear
Thy needy servants cry:
Answer our faith's effectual prayer
And all our wants supply.</p> <p>2 On Thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in Thy view.
The harvest truly, Lord! is great;
The laborers are few.</p> <p>3 Convert and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad,
And let them speak Thy word of power,
As workers with their God.</p> | <p>4 Give the pure Gospel-word,
The word of general grace,
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.</p> <p>5 Oh, let them spread Thy name,
Their mission fully prove,
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love!</p> <p>6 On all mankind, forgiven,
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under Heaven,
That Thou hast died for all.</p> |
|---|---|

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

576 The Church, triumphant in Thy love.

C. M.

"Translated into the kingdom of the Son of His love."

St. Olave.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745. *Abr.*

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1861.

1. THE Church, tri - umph - ant in Thy love,—Their might - y joys we know;

They sing the Lamb in hymns a - bove, And we, in hymns be - low.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Thee, in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne;
We, in the kingdom of Thy grace;
The kingdoms are but one.</p> | <p>3 The holy to the holiest leads,
From thence our spirits rise,
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.</p> |
|---|--|

The Church.

577

From distant corners of our land.

L. M.

"Joying and beholding your order and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ."

Medway.

WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, 1845.

GIOVANNI B. PERGOLESÌ, 1730.

1. From dis - tant cor - ners of our land, Be - hold us, Lord, be - fore Thee stand,
Once more pre - pared to Thee to raise Our hum - ble prayer, our grate - ful praise.

578

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Blest be the hand whose guardian power
Has kept us to this present hour.
Blest be the grace that bids us meet
Thus round Thy throne in union sweet.</p> <p>3 We meet to seek, in faith and zeal,
Our brethren's good, Thy Church's weal;
Oh, whilst for Zion's cause we stand,
May Zion's King be near at hand!</p> <p>4 We meet, O God, that thro our land
The churches planted by Thy hand,
From error, weakness, discord, free,
May bloom like gardens, blest by Thee.</p> <p>5 Smile on us, Lord, and thro this place
Diffuse the glory of Thy face;
Here to our gathered tribes be given
A bright'ning antepast of Heaven.</p> | <p>1 COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.</p> <p>2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we Thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,—
Say to the weakest, Follow Me.</p> <p>3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth! and fill the place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.</p> <p>4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One True Eternal God confest;
Whom Thou hast joined none may divide;
None dare to curse whom Thou hast blest.</p> |
|--|---|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1816.

The Church.

579

"The Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it?"

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 AROUSE Thy Church, Almighty God,
To do the service of to-day!
Stretch forth again the budding rod,
Divide the depths! Disclose the way!</p> <p>2 Thou Captain of Jehovah's host,
With sword in hand, Thy purpose show!
Appoint our armies to their post,
As Thou did'st leaguer Jericho.</p> <p>3 Let the long trumpet peal resound!
With one great shout Thy people cry!
The stubborn barriers kiss the ground,
And the good cause have victory.</p> | <p>4 With Love's red Cross aloft unfurled,
Let every man before him straight
Go up, for Christ to storm the world,
And turn the battle to the gate.</p> <p>5 Let arms and arts and plans of men,
Disposed by Thee, the dawn begin;
And e'en their plots of wrath Thy ken
O'errule to bring the Kingdom in.</p> <p>6 Let sin's black shadow flee away,
Immanuel's presence shine again!
Thy promises in Him are Yea,
And all Thy people say Amen.</p> |
|--|--|

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1887.

580

O God! we praise Thee, and confess.

C. M.

The TE DEUM, 4th Century, A.D.
Arr. TATE and BRADY, 1703.

"Give praise to our God all ye His servants."

St. Cyprian.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1872.

1. O God! we praise Thee, and confess That Thou the on - ly Lord And ev - er - last - ing

Fa-ther art, By all the Earth a - dored!

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 To Thee, all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry,—</p> | <p>3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway!</p> <p>4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.</p> <p>5 The holy Church thro all the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou th' Eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.</p> |
|--|---|

The Church.

581

One sole baptismal sign.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

"Giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

Sutherland.

GEORGE ROBINSON, 1842.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844.

1. { ONE sole bap - tis - mal sign; One Lord, be - low, a - bove; }
 { One faith, one hope di - vine; One on - ly watchword—Love; } From dif - f'rent

tem - ples tho... it rise,... One song... as - cend - eth to the skies.

2 Our Sacrifice is one;
 One Priest before the throne;
 The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer, Lord alone! [spring,
 And sighs from contrite hearts that
 Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of Thy Church beneath,
 The catholic, the true,
 On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew!
 Then shall Thy perfect will be done
 When Christians love and live as one.

582

Lord, from whom all blessings flow.

7s, D.

"Where jealousy and faction are, there is confusion."

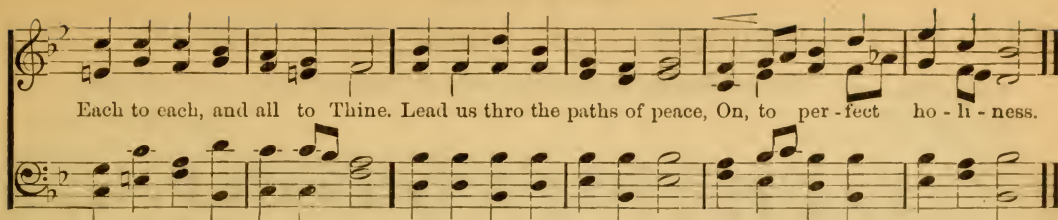
Weber's Choral.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740. 1749. Abr.

FRANZ WEBER, 1860.

1. { LORD, from whom all blessings flow, Per-fect-ing the Church below! }
 { Steadfast may we cleave to Thee, Love the mys-tic un-ion be. } Join our faithful spir-its, join

The Church.



Each to each, and all to Thine. Lead us thro the paths of peace, On, to per-fect ho-li-ness.

2 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy;
There is neither bond nor free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in Thee.
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void!
Names and sects and parties fall;
Thou, O Lord, art all in all!

3 Lord, subdue our selfish will;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By Thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.
Sweetly on our spirits move,
Gently touch the trembling strings,
Make the harmony of love
Music for the King of kings!

583 Mighty God, Thy Church recover.

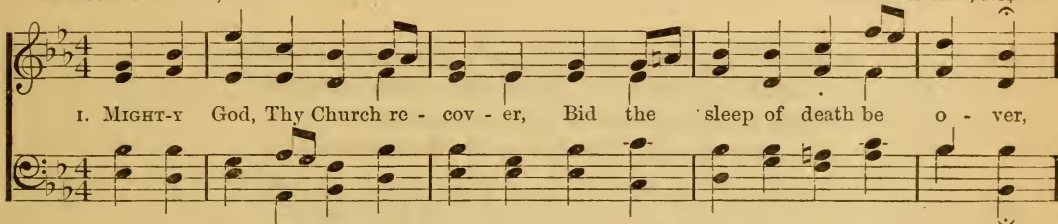
8.8.7.7

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1881.

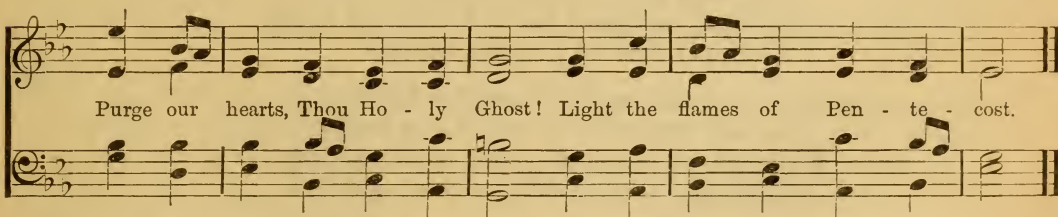
"Lord, Remember."

Wycliffe.

FRIEDRICH SILCHER, 1824.



1. MIGHT-Y God, Thy Church re-cov-er, Bid the sleep of death be o-ver,



Purge our hearts, Thou Ho-ly Ghost! Light the flames of Pen-te-cost.

2 By the Saviour's intercession,
Blot, in mercy, our transgression;
Thou, O God! wilt not despise
Broken-hearted sacrifice!

3 Turn Thy people's desolation
To the joy of Thy salvation!
So our tongues aloud shall sing
Of Thy righteousness, our King!

The Church.

584 O Thou Shepherd of Thine Israel, hear us!

10.9.10.9.

"The Lord of peace Himself give you peace at all times, in all ways."

Zuriel.

PSALM LXXX.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1869.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The first system of music corresponds to the first line of the lyrics. The second system of music corresponds to the second line of the lyrics. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as 'f' (forte) and 'ff' (fortissimo).

I. O Thou Shepherd of Thine Israel, hear us! Thou that Joseph like a flock dost lead,
From the cher-u - bim shine forth and cheer us, Stir Thy strength and come to help our need.

- 2 Wilt Thou hear Thy people's prayer with anger,
Measure them the bread and drink of tears,
Visit strife and scorn upon our languor,
Grant no more the grace of other years?
- 3 Shall the goodly vine that Thou didst cherish,
Once that grew and shaded all the hills,
Break and waste and fall and burn and perish,
While her ruin Thy rebuke fulfills?
- 4 Turn us, Lord, again! in mercy, hearken,
All our waywardness and shame forgive.
Leave us not unsought, while shadows darken:
Cause Thy face to shine, and we shall live.
- 5 Look from Heaven, O God, when sorrows thicken,
By Thy hand, once more, our strength maintain;
We will call Thy name, if Thou but quicken,
We will never leave Thy love again.

The Church.

585

Glorious things of thee are spoken.

"I the Lord do keep it. I will water it every moment. Lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

8s & 7s, D.

JOHN NEWTON 1779. *Abr.*

Ecclesia.

GERMAN, 1684.

1. { GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken, Zi-on, cit-y of our God; }
 { He whose word cannot be broken, Formed thee for His own a-bode. } On the Rock of A-ges founded,
 What can shake thy sure re-pose? With salvation's wall surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?—
 Grace which, like the Lord the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

2 'There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow;
 For the Lord, your faithful Warden,
 All His bounty shall bestow.
 Still in undisturbed possession
 Peace and righteousness shall reign,
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.'

586

1 Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken;
 'O My people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you.
 Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways;
 You shall name your walls Salvation,
 And your gates shall all be Praise.'

3 'Ye, no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons, no more shall see;
 But, your griefs forever ending,
 Find eternal noon in Me.
 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night;
 He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
 God your everlasting Light.'

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772.

The Church.

587 For all the saints, who from their labors rest.

"We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." "Considering the issue of their life imitate their fate."

10.10.10.8.

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1854. *Abr.*

mf Marcato.

Aurora.

MAX PIUTTI, 1879.

I. For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by
faith be - fore the world con - fest, Thy name, O Je - sus,
be for - ev - er blest, AL - LE - LU - IA! AL - LE - LU - IA!

Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main.

- 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear their one true Light. ALLELUIA!
- 3 For that Apostles' glorious company,
Who, bearing forth the Cross o'er land and sea,
Shook all the mighty world, we sing to Thee. ALLELUIA!
- 4 Oh may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold! ALLELUIA!

The Church.

- 5 Oh, blest Communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle,—they in glory shine!
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. ALLELUIA!
- 6 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again and arms are strong. ALLELUIA!
- 7 For lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way! ALLELUIA!
- 8 From Earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Thro' gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—ALLELUIA!

588 Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass.

C. M.

"O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years."

Byzantium.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1853. *Abr.*

THOMAS JACKSON, 1780.
Har. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1846.

I. LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of i - ron, yield,

And let the King of glo - ry pass; The Cross is in the field.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on their march, and guides from
His servants to the fight. [far</p> <p>3 Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,</p> | <p>Where hallowed footsteps never trod,
Take your appointed post.</p> <p>4 Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of glory pass:
The Cross hath won the field.</p> |
|--|--|

The Church.

589

Let our choirs new anthems raise!

7s & 6s, P.

"That they might obtain a better resurrection."

Laurel.

Gk. JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, 860.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1863.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1868.

1. LET our choirs new an - thems raise! Wake the song of glad - ness! God Him-self to

joy and praise Turns the mar-tyr's sad - ness. Bright the day that won their crown,

Opened Heaven's bright portal, As they laid the mortal down, To put on th'im-mor - tal.

2 Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture, never,
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavor;
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3 Up and follow, Christian men,
Press thro' toil and sorrow!
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Who will first begin it?
Who will seize the land of life?
Warriors, up and win it!

The Church.

590

Come, let us join our friends above.

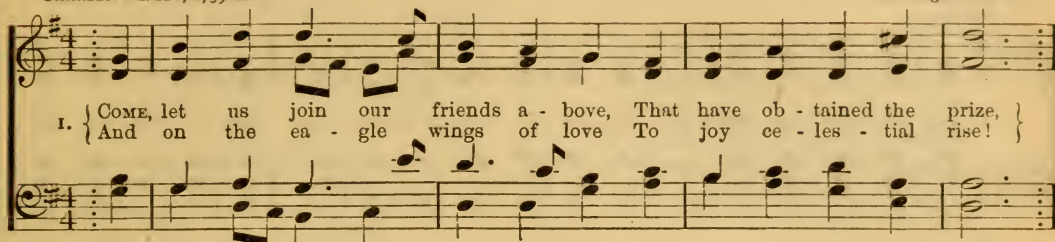
C. M. D.

"The General Assembly and Church of the first-born."

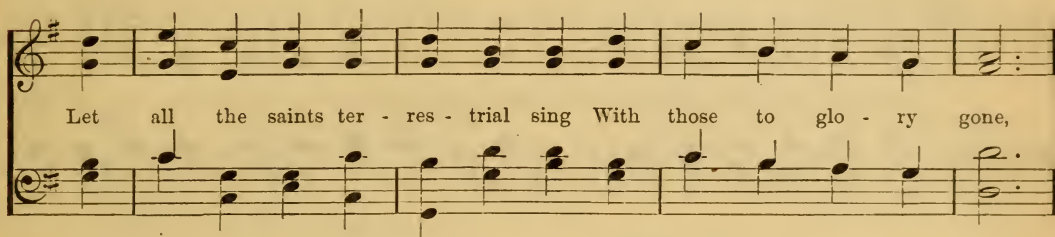
Anglia.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1759. *Abr.*

An English Carol.



I. { COME, let us join our friends a - bove, That have ob - tained the prize, }
 { And on the ea - gle wings of love To joy ce - les - tial rise! }



Let all the saints ter - res - trial sing With those to glo - ry gone,



For all the serv - ants of our King, In Earth and Heaven, are one.

2 One family, we dwell in Him,
 One Church, above, beneath,
 Tho now divided by the stream,—
 The narrow stream, of death.
 One army of the living God,
 To His command we bow;
 Part of His host hath cross'd the flood,
 And part is crossing now.

3 His militant, embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach that heavenly land.
 Oh that we now might grasp our Guide!
 Oh that the word were given!
 Come, Lord of Hosts, the wave divide,
 And land us all in Heaven!

The Church.

591

The Church's one Foundation.

7s & 6s, D.

SAMUEL J. STONE, 1865.

Energico.

"Here is the patience of the saints."

Petros.

THE LAUSANNE PSALTER.

I. THE Church's one Foun-da - tion, Is Je - sus Christ her Lord. She is His new cre -

a - tion, By wa - ter and the word. From Heav'n He came and sought her, To be His

ho - ly Bride. With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - men.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the Earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 The Church shall never perish!
The dear Lord to defend,
To guide, sustain and cherish,
Is with her to the end.
Tho there be those who hate her,
And false sons in her pale,
Against or foe or traitor
She ever shall prevail.

The Church.

4 Tho with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent far asunder,
By heresies distress:
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song!

5 Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore,
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest;

6 With all her sons and daughters,
Who, by the Master's hand,
Led thro the deathly waters,
Repose in Eden land,
Yet she on Earth hath union
With God the Three in One;
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.

7 Oh, happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee!
There, past the border-mountains,
Where in sweet vales the Bride
With Thee by living fountains
Forever shall abide. *Amen.*

592

1 A SONG, a song of gladness!
A song of thanks and praise!
The horn of our salvation
Hath God vouchsafed to raise:

And the one faith, the true faith,
Goes forth from east to west,
With its enfolding beauty
The whole great Earth t' invest!

2 Uprise the sleepless watchmen
On Sion's steadfast wall,
With yearning supplication
On God, the Lord they call.
And He, tho long time silent,
Bows down a gracious ear,
His people's earnest crying
And long complaint to hear.

3 Thou, who hast fixt unshaken
Thy Church's mighty frame,
That so Hell-gates shall never
Prevail against the same,
Bestow on all Thy people
Thy peace, that we may bring
One voice, one hymn, one spirit,
To glorify our King! *Amen.*

*Gk. of the Ninth Century, A.D.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1862. Abr. Alt.*

593

1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your head.
O happy if ye labor
As Jesus did for men.
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

2 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure.
What are they, but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to Heaven on Earth? *Amen.*

*Gk. JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, d. 833.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE 1862 Abr*

The Church.

594

Thank and praise Jehovah's Name.

7.7.7.7.

"No purpose of Thine can be restrained."

Battishill.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. *Abr.*

JONATHAN BATTISHILL, 1774.
Arr. EDWIN GEORGE MONK, 1870.

1. THANK and praise Je - ho - vah's Name; For His mer - cies, firm and sure

From e - ter - ni - ty, the same To e - ter - ni - ty en - dure.

595

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of His choice,
Plucked from the Destroyer's hand.</p> <p>3 To a pleasant land He brings,
Where the vine and olive grown,
Where, from flowery hills, the springs
Thro luxuriant valleys flow.</p> <p>4 Praise Him, ye who know His love,
Praise Him from the depths beneath,
Praise Him in the heights above,
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.</p> <p>5 For His truth and mercy stand,
Past and present and to be,
Like the years of His right hand,
Like His own eternity.</p> | <p>1 FOUNT of everlasting love!
Rich Thy streams of mercy are.
Flowing purely from above,
Beauty marks their course afar.</p> <p>2 Lo! Thy Church, athirst and faint,
Drinks the full, refreshing tide;
Thou hast heard her sad complaint,
Floods of grace are sweeping wide!</p> <p>3 God of mercy, to Thy throne
Now our fervent thanks we bring;
Thine the glory, Thine alone,
Joyous praise to Thee we sing.</p> <p>4 While we lift our grateful song,
Let Thy Spirit still descend.
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end!</p> |
|--|---|

RAY PALMER, 1831.

National.

596

Now thank we all our God.

"He hath not dealt with us after our sins."

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

"Nun Danket alle Gott."

Ger. MARTIN RINKART, 1644, *stan. 1.*
JOHANN FRANK, 1653, *stan. 2, 3.*
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1858, 1862. *Arr.*

JOHANN CRUGER, 1648.

I. { Now THANK we all our God, With hearts and hands and voice - es, }
{ Who wond-rous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joice - es. }

Who from our moth-er's arms Hath blest us on our way

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

2 Lord God, we worship Thee.
Thou didst indeed chastise us:
Yet still Thy goodness spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us.
Once more our Father's hand
Has bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land;
Lord God, we worship Thee.

3 Lord God, we worship Thee,
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us.
We praise Thy love and power
In loud and happy chorus.
To Heaven our song shall soar,
For ever shall it be
Resounding o'er and o'er.
Lord God, we worship Thee.

National.

597 God the All-terrible King, who ordainest.

"When Thy judgments are in the Earth, the inhabitants of the world learn righteousness."

11.10.11.9.

HENRY F. CHORLEY, 1854. *Abt.*

Russian Hymn.

ALEXIS LVOFF, 1833. *Har.*

1. God the All - ter - ri - ble King, who or - dain - est Great winds Thy

cla - rions, the lightnings Thy sword, Show forth Thy pit - y on

high where Thou reign - est! Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God the Omnipotent, mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
Doom us not now in the hour of our danger:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the All-merciful! Earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken!
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

National.

- 4 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
 Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
 Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
 Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- 5 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
 Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored.
 Thro the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
 Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord!

598

My Country, 'tis of thee.

6s & 4s.

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1832.

"A nation and a company of nations shall be of thee."

America.

Adapta. of HENRY CAREY, 1740.

1. MY COUNTRY! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 fathers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev - ery mountain side Let freedom ring!

- 2 My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble, free,
 Thy name I love.
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills,
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song.

- Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing!
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

National.

599

Thank God it hath resounded.

"He maketh wars to cease."

7s, 8s, 7s & 6s, P.

"Nun lob' mein Seel den Herren."

Ger. PAUL GERHARDT, 1648.

Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1862. *Abr.*

JOHANN KUGELMANN, *cir.* 1540.

1. { THANK God it hath re - sound - ed, — The bless - ed voice of joy and peace! }
 { And sor - row's reign is bound - ed, And spear and sword at last may cease. } Bright hope is

breaking o'er us; A - rise, my land, once more, And sing in full-toned cho - - rus,

The hap - py songs of yore. Oh raise thy heart to God and say, Thy cov'nants,

Lord, en - dure, Thy mercies do not pass a - way, Thy prom-i - ses..... are sure!

National.

2 O man, with bitter mourning,
Remember now the by-gone years,
When thou hast met God's warning
With careless scoff, not contrite tears;
Yet, like a loving Father
He lays aside His wrath,
And seeks with kindness rather
To lure thee to His path.
He tries if love may yet constrain
The heart that hath withstood
His rod,—oh, let Him, not in vain,
Now strive with thee for good!

3 Thou careless world, awaken!
Awake, awake, all ye that sleep,
Ere yet ye be o'ertaken
With ruin sudden, swift, and deep!
But he who knows Christ liveth,
May hope and fear no ill,
The peace, that now He giveth,
Hath deeper meaning still;
For He will surely teach us this,—
"The end is nigh at hand,
When ye, in perfect rest and peace,
Before your God shall stand!"

600

To Thee, our God, we fly.

6.6.6.6.8.8. "That thou mayest fear this glorious and fearful name, *THE LORD THY GOD*." **Dudley.**

WILLIAM W. HOW, 1871. *Abr.*

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, 1867.

I. To THEE, our God, we fly, For mer-cy and for grace. Oh hear our low-ly cry, And hide not

Thou Thy face. *f* O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand, *ff* And guard and bless our Fath-er-land.

2 Arise, O Lord of Hosts!
Be jealous for Thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy, etc.

3 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless,
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy, etc.

National.

601

God of our fathers.

9.9.9.9.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1889.

Maestoso.

"The bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain."

Ithaca.

WILLIAM PIUTTI, 1884.

1. GOD of our fa - thers, our God to - day, Deep are Thy coun - sels, high is Thy hand!

Still for Thy guidance humb - ly we pray; Spare Thou the peo - ple, save Thou the land!

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- 2 Far have we wandered, stout in our pride,
Dark bode our dangers, muttering alarm:
God! in compassion come to our side,
Riding in glory, baring Thine arm.
- 3 Lift Thou Thy banner! Cleave Thou the way!
Why doth Thy chariot tarry so long?
Baffle the midnight, summon the day;
Then shall deliverance break into song.
- 4 Healer of nations! Life-giving God!
Purify, chasten, keep by Thy grace,
Show us Thy pardons, shatter Thy rod,
Gather and hold us in Thine embrace.
- 5 Stand Thou above us, Sun, Lord, and Shield!
March Thou before us, Pillar of Flame!
Earth then her increase gladly shall yield,
Yea, all her peoples shout to Thy name.

National.

602 Four hundred years their course have sped.

"How long will they not believe in Me, for all the signs which I have wrought among them."

C. M.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1888.

St. David.

RAVENS CROFT'S PSALTER, 1621.
Har. HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1846.

I. FOUR hun - dred years their course have sped Since first San Sal - va - dor
A - bove the waste of wa - ters dread Re - vealed its un - known shore.

603

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 The slow-paced ages startling heard
The wide new world proclaimed.
Hope clarioned forth the bounteous word,
Till Time's cold pulses flamed.</p> <p>3 Thro bitter days of doubt and strife
Thou madest us to dwell
Between Thy shoulders. Lord, our life,
Thou hast done all things well!</p> <p>4 Wrought by Thy wise and wondrous
This great effectual door, [hand,
Of liberty with law, doth stand
Set wide for evermore.</p> <p>5 From outward threat and inward throe,
By want and wealth and rod,
As Thou hast led, lead on! We know
Thou art Columbia's God.</p> | <p>1 GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at our feet we fall,
And humbly with united cry
To Thee for mercy call.</p> <p>2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own:
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.</p> <p>3 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.</p> <p>4 With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer.
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare.</p> |
|---|--|

JOHN H. GURNEY, 1838. *Abr.*

Rational.

604

O God, beneath Thy guiding hand.

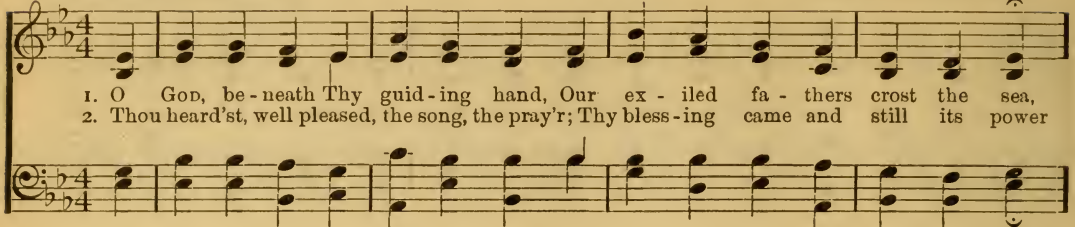
L. M.

"The Lord our God be with us as He was with our fathers."

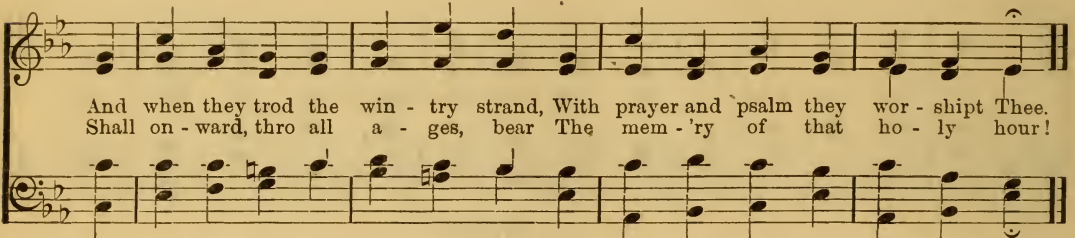
Riegate.

LEONARD BACON, 1838. 1844.

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1846.



1. O God, be - neath Thy guid - ing hand, Our ex - iled fa - thers crost the sea,
2. Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the pray'r; Thy bless - ing came and still its power



And when they trod the win - try strand, With prayer and psalm they wor - shipt Thee.
Shall on - ward, thro all a - ges, bear The mem - 'ry of that ho - ly hour!

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Laws, freedom, truth and faith in God,
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.</p> | <p>4 And here Thy name, O God of love!
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the Earth no more.</p> |
|--|---|

605

O God, Thy judgments give the King.

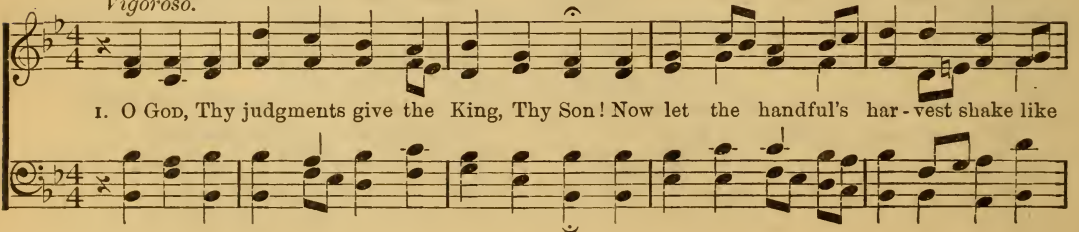
10.12.10.4.

"He shall set up an Ensign for the nations." "Der Herr ist gut!"

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1883.

CONRAD KOCHER, 1844.

Vigoroso.



1. O God, Thy judgments give the King, Thy Son! Now let the handful's har - vest shake like

Missions.

Le - ban - on. Lead forth Thy scattered flock, and make them one. Thy Word a - bide.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. A fermata is placed over the final note of the first phrase. The tempo and dynamics markings 'ff' and 'lento.' are placed above the staff at the beginning of the second phrase.

- 2 Uplift that Cross where Love did sin atone;
THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS,—none other name be known!
Salvation's anthem swell from every zone,
One joyful tide!
- 3 To Him the gathering of the people be,
From height and valley, wilderness and utmost sea,
All nations bow before His sovereignty,—
For man Who died.
- 4 Thy years, Thou King of Ages, shall not fail!
The Lion of the tribe of Judah shall prevail,
And they that pierce His love shall see and wail
The Crucified!
- 5 Thou art a King! Oh, let Thy Kingdom come!
Before Thy sceptre all Thine enemies be dumb!
Throw wide the gates of Thy Millennium,
And claim Thy Bride!
- 6 Rebuke for us the foe that would devour!
Reveal the radiant hidings in Thine hand of power;
Robe the King's daughter with her glorious dower,
At Thy dear side.
- 7 Ye forests, sing! Ye oceans, clap your hands!
Like mountains round Jerusalem her Saviour stands.
Amen, and Amen! Triumph, all ye lands,
Afar and wide!

A - - - - - MEN.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. A fermata is placed over the final note of the first phrase. The tempo and dynamics markings 'ff' and 'lento.' are placed above the staff at the beginning of the second phrase.

Missions.

606

Lo! hills and mountains.

C. M. D.

"Let the whole Earth be filled with His glory; Amen, and Amen."

Noel.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM LXXII.
TATE AND BRADY, 1696. *Abr.*

ENGLISH TRADITIONAL AIR.
Arr. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1874.

I. Lo! HILLS and mountains shall bring forth The hap-py fruit of peace, Which all the land shall

own to be The work of right-eous-ness. In ev - ery heart Thine aw - ful fear Shall

then be root-ed fast, As long as Sun and Moon en - dure, Or time it - self shall last.

2 To Him shall every king on Earth
His humble homage pay,
And differing nations gladly join
To own His righteous sway.
For He shall set the needy free,
When they for succor cry,
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.

3 Then blest be God, the mighty Lord,
The God Whom Israel fears,
Who only wondrous in His works,
Beyond compare, appears.
Let Earth be with His glory filled!
For ever bless His name!
Whilst to His praise the listening worlds
Their glad assent proclaim.

Missions.

607

Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

7s & 6s, D.

"The isles shall wait for His law."

Webb.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. *Abr.*

GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1830.

1. HAIL to the Lord's Anointed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time ap-pointed, His
D.S.—To take a-way transgression, And

reign on Earth be - gun! He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,
rule in e - qui - ty.

- 2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong,
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

- 4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is—Love.

608

- 3 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful Earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

- 1 THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD FOR JESUS!
Once more before we part,
Ring out the joyful watchword
From every grateful heart.
The whole wide world for Jesus!
We'll wing the song with prayer,
And link the prayer with labor,
Till Christ His crown shall wear.

KATHARINE H. JOHNSON, 1872. *Abr.*

Missions.

609

God of the nations! bow Thine ear.

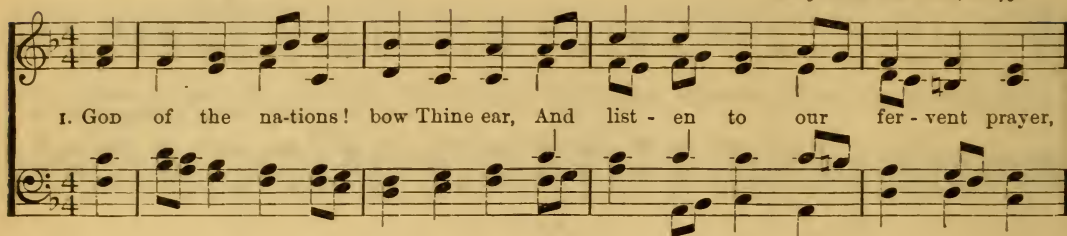
"Having hope that as your faith groweth we shall be magnified in you, so as to preach the gospel even unto the parts beyond you."

8.8.6.8.8.6.

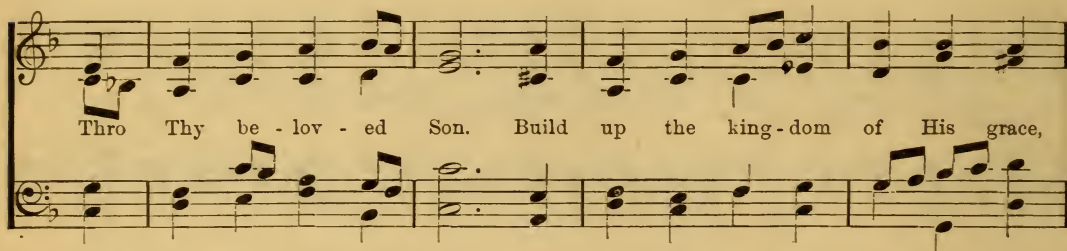
THOMAS HASTINGS, 1834. *Abr.*

Aithlone.

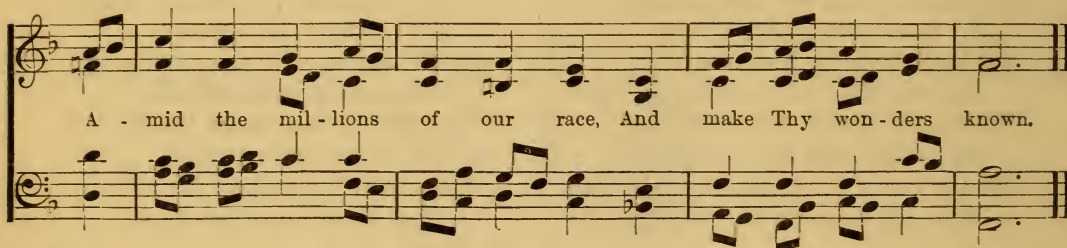
HEINRICH ISAAC, 1490.
Har. JOHANN SEB. BACH, d. 1750.



I. God of the na-tions! bow Thine ear, And list - en to our fer - vent prayer,



Thro Thy be - lov - ed Son. Build up the king - dom of His grace,



A - mid the mil - lions of our race, And make Thy won - ders known.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Send forth Thy heralds in His name!
Bid them a Saviour's love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
Till distant lands shall hear the sound,
And send the joyful echoes round,
Amid the shades of death.</p> <p>3 Oh! let the nations rise, and bring
Their offerings to th' almighty King,
And trust in Him alone,</p> | <p>Renounce their idols, and adore
The God of gods for evermore,
Upon His lofty throne.</p> <p>4 The dying millions thus shall prove
The matchless power of bleeding love
And feel their sins forgiven!
Shall join salvation's joyful throng,
And raise on high redemption's song,
Along the path to Heaven.</p> |
|--|--|

Missions.

610

Christ for the world, we sing.

"The Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations."

6s & 4s.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT, 1869. *Abr.*

New Haven.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1832.

1. CHRIST for the world, we sing. The world to Christ we bring, With lov-ing zeal, The poor and

them that mourn, The faint and o - ver-borne, Sin - sick and sor - row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

- 2 Christ for the world, we sing.
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

611

- 1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!
- 2 Thou! who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,

Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh! now to all mankind
Let there be light!

- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in Earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!

- 4 Blesséd and holy Three,
All-glorious Trinity,—
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Thro the world, far and wide,—
Let there be light!

JOHN MARRIOTT, 1813.

Missions.

612

From Greenland's icy mountains.

"Giving them the Holy Ghost even as He did unto us"

7s & 6s, D.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819.

Missionary Hymn.

LOWELL MASON, 1823.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Afric's sun-ny

fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand,— From many an an - cient riv - er, From

many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

2 What tho the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Tho every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh! salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Hath learned Messiah's name.

Missions.

"Whom thou wilt do well to set forward on their journey worthily of God."

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds! His story,
And ye, ye waters! roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole,
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

613

- 1 THE morning light is breaking!
The darkness disappears.
The sons of Earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above,
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way.
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy riches stay.
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home.
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, 1831. *Abr.*

614

- 1 OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;

Day-gleams are o'er it bright'ning,
And promise clothes the soil,
Wide fields, for harvest whit'ning,
Invite the reaper's toil.

- 2 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, His Cross beholding,
In Him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey!

MARIA FRANCES ANDERSON, 1848. *Abr.*

615

- 1 LORD of the living harvest,
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,
Accept these hands to labor,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.
- 2 As laborers in Thy vineyard,
Forth send us, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee,
Content to ask no wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.
- 3 Be with us, God the Father,
Be with us, God the Son,
Be with us, God the Spirit,
And seal us for Thine own.
Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now and for evermore.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1862. *Abr.*

Missions.

616 Sovereign of worlds, display Thy power!

L. M.

"For the sake of the Name they went forth."

Missionary Chant.

BOURNE HALL DRAPER, 1803.

HEINRICH C. ZEUNER, 1832.

I. SOVEREIGN of worlds, dis - play Thy power! Be this Thy Zi - on's fa - vored hour.

Bid the bright Morn - ing Star a - rise, And point the na - tions to the skies.

2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown,
And make the nations all Thine own.

3 Speak, and the world shall hear Thy
voice!

Speak, and the desert shall rejoice!
Scatter the shades of pagan night,
Let worthless idols flee Thy Light.

4 Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name!
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

5 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Big raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

6 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

617

1 SOON may the last glad song arise
Thro all the millions of the skies,
That song of triumph which records
That all the Earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee!
And, over land and stream and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign!

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

MRS. VOKE, 1797.

Missions.

618

Fling out the banner! Let it float.

L. M. "Instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle * * * an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." Truro.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, 1824. Abr.

CHARLES BURNEY, 1769.

1. FLING out the ban - ner! Let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide,
The sun, that lights its shin - ing folds, The Cross, on which the Sav - iour died.

619

- 2 Fling out the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love divine.
- 3 Fling out the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.
- 4 Fling out the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the Cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.
- 5 Fling out the banner! Wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine,
Nor skill nor might nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign!
- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the Sun
Doth his successive journeys run,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more!
- 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head.
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er He reigns.
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains.
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King.
Angels descend with songs again,
And Earth repeat the loud Amen!

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. Abr.

Missions.

620

On the mountain's top appearing.

8s, 7s & 4.

"In all the world bearing fruit and increasing."

THOMAS KELLY, 1806. *Abr.*

Zion.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.
Har. HUBERT P. MAIN, 1886.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes a first ending bracketed section and a second ending marked with a forte (sf) dynamic.

I. { On the mountain's top ap - pear-ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands, }
Welcome news to Zi - on bear-ing—Zi - on, long in hos - tile lands; } Mourning cap - tive!

God Him - self shall loose thy bands; Mourning cap - tive! God Him - self shall loose thy bands.

621

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and Earth at last remove:
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.</p> <p>3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright:
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight.
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.</p> <p>4 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.</p> | <p>1 Yes, we trust, the day is breaking!
Joyful times are near at hand.
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By His word in every land.
Mark His progress!
Darkness flies at His command.</p> <p>2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread His truth abroad.
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.</p> <p>3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let Thy people see Thy hand!
Let the gospel be victorious,
Thro the world, in every land.
Let the idols
Perish, Lord! at Thy command.</p> |
|--|--|

THOMAS KELLY, 1809.

Missions.

622

From thy broad Atlantic harbors.

"Thou doest a faithful work in whatsoever thou doest to them that are brethren and strangers withal."

8.7.8.7.

Ovio.

ANON.

Arr. LOWELL MASON, 1858.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 3/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, with the Bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

1. From thy broad At - lan - tic har - bors Where the throng - ing thousands wait,
To the West, whose sun - set glo - ries, Flood Pa - cif - ic's "Gold - en Gate,"

2 O'er our blooming plains and prairies,
O'er these mountain summits grand,
Every breeze the message carries,—
"This shall be Immanuel's land!"

3 In Thy heritage rejoicing,
Guard, O Land, thy sacred trust.
Faithful to thy glorious mission,
Win the blessings of the just;

4 Thro thy spreading towns and hamlets,
Shed the light of truth divine.
Over forest-glade and bayou,
Let its kindling radiance shine.

5 God of Nations! our Defender
In the paths of peril trod,
Thro the centuries our Leader,
Guide us still, our father's God!

6 Lead the nation, Holy Spirit,
Down the ages, strong and free!
Lead, till Shiloh lift His banner,
And to Him the gathering be!

623

1 O THOU Sun of glorious splendor,
Shine with healing in Thy wing!
Chase away these shades of darkness,
Holy light and comfort bring.

2 Let the heralds of salvation
Round the world with joy proclaim,
Death and hell are spoiled and vanquish'd
Thro the great Immanuel's name.

3 Take Thy power, Almighty Saviour!
Claim the nations for Thine own.
Reign, Thou Lord of life and glory,
Till each heart becomes Thy throne.

ANON. URWICK'S COLL., 1829. Abr.

Missions.

624 The Lord will come and not be slow.

C. M.

"He walketh on the vault of Heaven."

Blackburn.

JOHN MILTON, 1648. *Abr.*

HENRY SMART, 1872.

1. THE Lord will come and not be slow, His foot - steps can - not err;
Be - fore Him righteous - ness shall go, His roy - al har - bin - ger.

625

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Truth from the Earth, a beauteous flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.</p> <p>3 Rise, Lord, judge Thou the Earth in might,
This longing Earth redress;
For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.</p> <p>4 The nations all whom Thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before Thee, Lord,
And glorify Thy name.</p> <p>5 For great Thou art, and wonders great
By Thy strong hand are done;
Thou, in Thine everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.</p> | <p>1 LORD, we adore Thy boundless grace,
The heights and depths unknown,
Of pardon, life and joy and peace,
In Thy beloved Son.</p> <p>2 Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
The Saviour's bounty taste;
Behold a never-failing store
For every willing guest.</p> <p>3 Here shall your numerous wants receive
A free, a full supply;
He has unmeasured bliss to give,
And joys that never die.</p> <p>4 Lord, bring unwilling souls to Thee
With sweet, resistless power!
Thy boundless grace let rebels see,
And at Thy feet adore.</p> |
|---|---|

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

Missions.

626

"God is not ashamed of them to be called their God."

- 1 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.
- 2 Come, blessed Lord! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.
- 3 Bid the whole Earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,

Break forth in sweetest strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.

- 4 Jesus! Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.
- 5 Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

EDWARD DENNY, 1848.

627

God be merciful unto us, and bless us.

"Every man shall give as he is able according to the blessings of the Lord."

Double Chant.

Bonn.

PSALM LXVII.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.



- 1 God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us, || And cause His | face to | shine up- |
on us. ||
- 2 That Thy way may be | known upon | Earth, || Thy saving | health a- | mong
all | nations. ||
- 3 Let the peoples praise | Thee, O | God; || Let | all the | peoples | praise Thee. ||
- 4 Oh let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy; || For Thou shalt judge the peo-
ples with equity, and lead the | nations | upon | Earth. ||
- 5 Let the peoples praise | Thee, O | God; || Let | all the | peoples | praise Thee. ||
- 6 The Earth hath yielded her increase: God, even our own | God, shall | bless
us. || God shall bless us, And all the ends of the | Earth shall | fear |
Him. ||

Missions.

628

O Spirit of the living God!

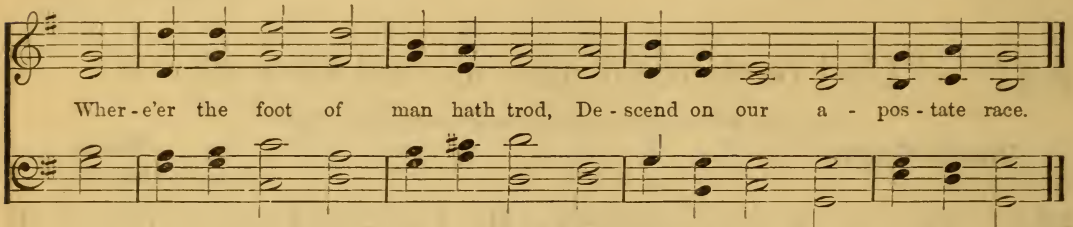
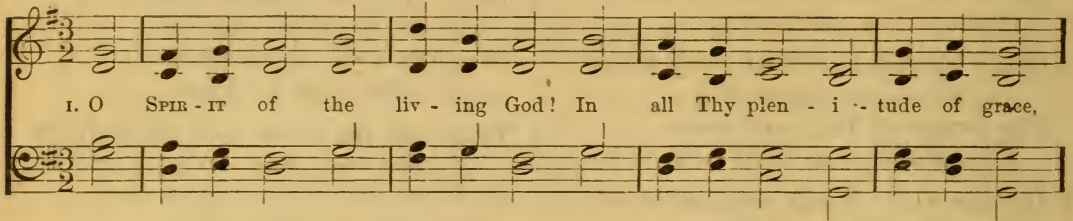
L. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

"When they had prayed the place was shaken."

Rockingham.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling Word.
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light!
Confusion—order, in Thy path.
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round Earth her God to meet!
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations, far and nigh,
The triumphs of the Cross record.
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

6 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's suff'rings crowned thro
[Thee.]

629

1 GO, LABOR on. Spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain.
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not:
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Missions.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray,
 Be wise the erring soul to win.
 Go forth into the world's highway,
 Compel the wanderer to come in.</p> | <p>5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
 For toil comes rest, for exile home.
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
 The midnight peal: "<i>Behold I come!</i>"
 <small>HORATIUS BONAR, 1857. Abr.</small></p> |
|---|---|

630

Father, let Thy kingdom come!

7.7.7.7.

"The day I bid you shout, then shall ye shout."

Posen.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS, 1877.

GEORG CHRISTOPH STRATTNER, 1691.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The piano accompaniment has a bass clef and the same key signature. The time signature is 4/4. The lyrics for the first system are: "1. FA - THER, let Thy king-dom come! Let it come with liv - ing power." The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues the melody, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The lyrics for the second system are: "Speak at length the fi - nal word, Ush - er in the tri - umph hour."

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 As it came in days of old,
 In the deepest hearts of men,
 When Thy martyrs died for Thee,
 Let it come, O God, again.</p> <p>3 Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,
 Let them from their place be hurled.
 Enter on Thy better reign,—
 Wear the crown of this poor world.</p> <p>4 Oh, what long, sad years have gone,
 Since Thy Church was taught this
 prayer!</p> | <p>Oh, what eyes have watched and wept
 For the dawning everywhere!</p> <p>5 Break, triumphant day of God!
 Break at last, our hearts to cheer;
 Throbbing souls and holy songs
 Wait to hail Thy dawning here.</p> <p>6 Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones,—
 May they all for God be won!
 And, in every human heart,
 Father, let Thy will be done.</p> |
|--|---|

Missions.

631

Eternal Father! Thou hast said.

L. M.

"Now therefore be wise, O ye kings! Be instructed ye judges of the Earth."

Park Street.

RAY PALMER, 1860.

FREDERICO MARC A. VENUA, 1810.

Moto.

I. E - TER-NAL Fa - ther! Thou hast said, That Christ all glo - ry shall ob - tain, That He who
once a sufferer bled, Shall o'er the world, a conq'ror, reign, Shall o'er the world a conq'ror, reign.

632

- 2 We wait Thy triumph, Saviour King!
Long ages have prepared Thy way;
Now all abroad Thy banner fling,
Set Time's great battle in array.
- 3 On mountain-tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen
stand.
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts, from land to land.
- 4 Oh, fill Thy Church with faith and power!
Bid her long night of weeping cease.
To groaning nations haste the hour,
Of life and freedom, light and peace.
- 5 Come, Spirit, make Thy wonders known!
Fulfil the Father's high decree;
Then Earth, the might of Hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee!

- 1 JESUS! Thy Church, with longing eyes,
For Thine expected coming waits.
When will the promised Light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?
- 2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wint'ry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with gladness we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.
- 3 Yes, Thou wilt speedily appear!
The smitten Earth already reels,
And not far off we seem to hear
The thunder of Thy chariot wheels.
- 4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour,
And fit us, by Thy grace, to share
The triumphs of Thy conquering
power.

WILLIAM H. B. BATHURST, 1829. *Abr.*

Missions.

633

Saviour! sprinkle many nations.

*"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world for a testimony unto all the nations ;
and then shall the end come."*

8s & 7s, D.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1851.

The Austrian Hymn.

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, 1797.

I. { SAVIOUR! sprinkle many nations, Fruitful let Thy sorrows be. }
 { By Thy pains and conso-la-tions, Draw the Gentiles unto Thee. } Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
 Be it to the na-tions told, Let them see Thee in Thy glory And Thy mer-cy man-i - fold.

634

- 2 Far and wide, tho all unknowing,
 Pants for Thee each mortal breast.
 Human tears for Thee are flowing,
 Human hearts in Thee would rest.
 Thirsting, as for dews of even,
 As the new-mown grass for rain,
 Thee they seek, as God of Heaven,
 Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.
- 3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
 Stretched the hand, and strained the
 For Thy Spirit, new creating, [sight,
 Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.
 Give the word, and of the preacher
 Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
 Till on Earth, by every creature,
 Glory to the Lamb be sung!

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and by Thy love's revealing
 Dissipate the clouds beneath.
 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
 Life and joy Thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor, benighted heart.
- 2 Come, and manifest the favor
 God hath for our ransomed race;
 Come, of life to life the savor,
 Come, and bring Thy gospel-grace.
 By Thine all-restoring merit,
 Every burdened soul release,
 Every weary, wandering spirit
 Guide into Thy perfect peace.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745. Abr.

The Second Coming.

635

Come, quickly come, dread Judge.

L. M. D.

"That which is becoming old and waxeth aged is nigh unto vanishing away."

Orion.

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, 1868. Abr.

JOHN ZUNDEL, 1852.

1. COME, quickly come, dread Judge of all, For, aw-ful tho Thine advent be, All shadows from the

truth will fall, And falsehood die, in sight of Thee. Come, quickly come; for doubt and fear Like clouds dis-

solve when Thou art near. Come, quickly come; for Thou alone Canst make Thy scattered people one.

2 Come, quickly come, true Life of all;
The curse of Death is on the ground.
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found.
Come, quickly come, great King of all,
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Reign all around us and within,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin.

3 Come, quickly come, sure Light of all;
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And fainting souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day.
Come, quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.
Come, quickly come; for round Thy
No eye is blind, no night is known. [throne

The Second Coming.

636 Thy kingdom come! O everlasting Lord!

10.10.7.10.

"Grace! Grace unto it!"

Elisabeth.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1880. *Abr.*

HENRY SMART, 1872.

1. Thy king-dom come! O ev-er-last-ing Lord! Ful-fil-ing all the promise of Thy word. Cov-er with Thy maj-es-ty The Earth, as wa-ter floods o'erspread the sea!

- 2 The winds Thy sandals and the tides Thy path,
Smite down oppressions with Thy rod of wrath.
Everlasting righteousness
Bring in, Thou Prince, the waiting years to bless.
- 3 Thine unseen sceptre hath Thy reign begun,
Amid the candles walks the Living One:—
Oh, reveal Thy wondrous way,
Still brighter, brighter, to Thy perfect day!
- 4 Thy Bride hath waited, watched and mourned apart:
But now is set a seal upon Thy heart,
Joyful reads the way she trod,
Submissive to the righteousness of God!
- 5 Ah! cloudless morn, when Christ, our Sun, shall rise,
And Heaven's great daybreak fill th' unfolding skies!
None shall say, 'Lo! here!'—or 'there!'
For lo! the shining dawn is everywhere.

The Second Coming.

637

Behold the Bridegroom cometh.

I4.I4.I4.I4.

GERARD MOULTRIE, 1867, Abr.

"They that were ready went in with Him."

Midnight Cry.

GEORGE A. MACFARREN, 1872.

I. BE - HOLD the Bridegroom com-eth in the mid - dle of the night, And blest is he whose

loins are girt, whose lamp is burn-ing bright; But woe to that dull serv - ant whom his

Mas - ter shall sur - prise With lamp untrimmed, un - burning, and with slumber in his eyes!

- 2 That day, the day of fear, shall come ; my soul slack not thy toil :
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil ;
Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,
"Behold the Bridegroom comes. Arise! Go forth to meet the Bride."
- 3 Beware, my soul, take thou good heed, lest thou in slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock, and vainly cry :
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light, the glory of the Son!

The Second Coming.

Rejoice, all ye believers!

"I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no one taketh from you."

7s & 6s, D.

Ger. LAURENTIUS LAURENTI, 1690.
Tr. JANE BORTHWICK, 1853, *Abr.*

Lancashire.

HENRY SMART, 1836.

f I. RE - JOICE, all ye be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear; The eve - ning is ad -
mf vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near. The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon He
f draw-eth nigh; Up! pray, and watch and wres - tle,—At mid-night comes the cry!

2 The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near.
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up! up! ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

3 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord! to see
The day of Earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee!

The Second Coming.

639

Watchman, tell us of the night.

7s, D.

"He shall declare unto you the things that are to come."

Owasco.

JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1882.

I. WATCHMAN, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are? Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height

See that glo - ry - beaming star. Watchman, does its beauteous ray, Aught of hope or

joy fore - tell? Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the Earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night;
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

The Second Coming.

640

Hark! the song of Jubilee.

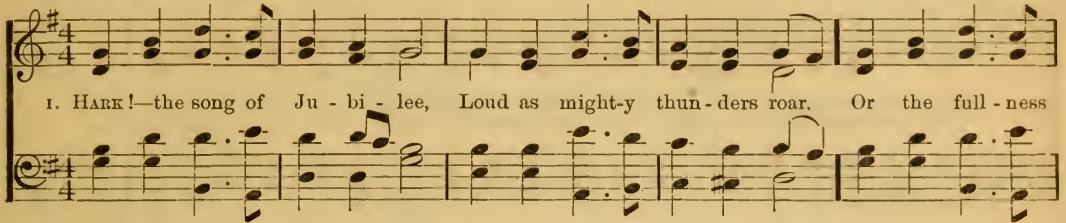
"Seeing that ye look for these things, give diligence that ye may be found in peace."

7s, D.

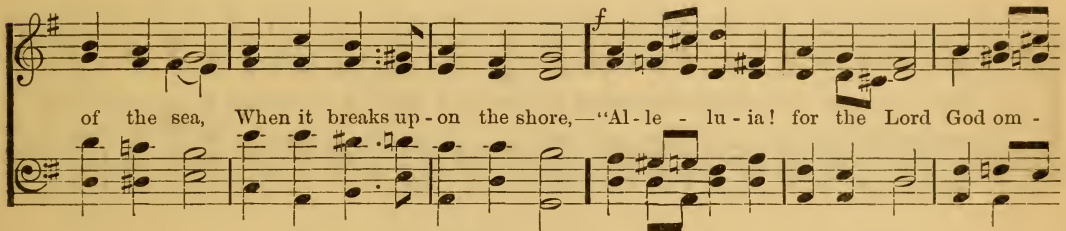
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819, 1825.

Parousia.

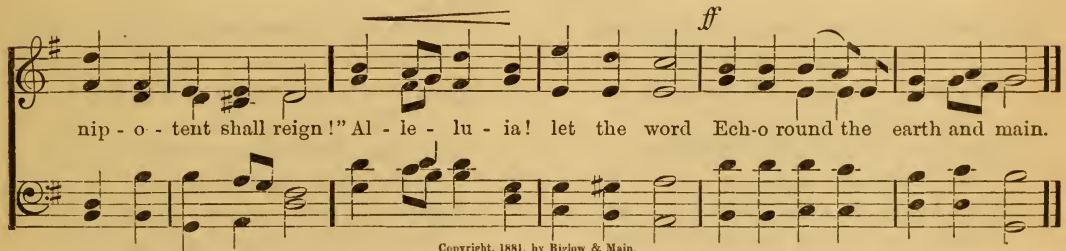
MAX PIUTTI, 1881.



1. HARK!—the song of Ju - bi - lee, Loud as might-y thun - ders roar. Or the full - ness



of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore,—“Al - le - lu - ia! for the Lord God om -



nip - o - tent shall reign!” Al - le - lu - ia! let the word Ech-o round the earth and main.

Copyright, 1881, by Biglow & Main.

2 “Alleluia!” Hark! The sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation’s harmonies!
See Jehovah’s banners furled!
Sheathed His sword! He speaks—’tis
And the kingdoms of this world [done,
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway.
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away,
Then the end. Beneath His rod,
Man’s last enemy shall fall.
Alleluia!—Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All.

The Second Coming.

641

Awake, awake, O Zion!

7s & 6s, D.

BENJAMIN GOUGH, 1865. *Abr.*

"That we may have boldness, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming."

Gottland.

Swedish. LINDEMAN'S KORAL-BOK.

1. { A-WAKE,—a-wake, O Zi - on! Put on thy strength divine. } { Thy garments bright in beauty, Thy bridal dress be thine. } Je - ru - sa - lem the ho - ly,

To pu - ri - ty re - stored, Meek Bride, all fair and low - ly, Go forth to meet thy Lord.

- 2 Break forth in hymns of gladness,
O waste Jerusalem!
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim!
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear His rightful crown.
- 3 Go forth, confessors, martyrs,
With zeal and love unpriced,
And preach the blood of sprinkling,
And live, or die, for Christ.
For Christ claim every nation,
Your banner wide unfurled.
Go forth and preach salvation,—
Salvation for the world!

642

- 1 How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt Thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
At Thy so long delay.
Thy very Bride her portion
And calling hath forgot,
And seeks for ease and glory
Where Thou, her Lord, art not.
- 2 Oh! wake Thy slumbering virgins,
Send forth the solemn cry,
Let all Thy saints repeat it—
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well-girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy Thy face to see!

JAMES GEORGE DECK, 1837. *Abr.*

The Second Coming.

643

The blessed saints about Thee.

7s & 6s, D.

"... Christ, who is our life, shall be manifested."

Upsala.

HERVEY D. GANSE, 1887.

SWEDISH KORAL, 1560.

1. { THE blessed saints about Thee, O Christ, are pure and strong: }
 { We languish here without Thee, How long, O Lord, how long? } When shall the heavens be bending

Beneath th'un-numbered wings, In radiant pomp at - tending The coming King of kings?

Words Copyright, 1889, by Biglow & Main.

644

- 2 No cross is now before Thee.
 There is no cross but one!
 The blood-stained wood that bore Thee
 Outblazons now the Sun.
 Such deathless splendors lighten
 Thy path in sorrow trod!—
 What burst of Heaven shall brighten
 The coming of our God!
- 3 No earthly veil shall hide Thee,
 The Heavens no more withhold,
 All glories pale beside Thee,
 Whom ranks of light infold.
 Break thro the skies, and greet us
 From our eternal home!
 Make haste, our Life, and meet us!
 Oh come, Lord Jesus, come!

- 1 HE comes in blood-stained garments,
 Upon His brow a crown.
 The gates of brass fly open,
 The iron bands drop down.
 From off the fettered captive
 The chains of Satan fall,
 While angels shout triumphant,
 That Christ is Lord of all.
- 2 Oh, Christ! His love is mighty,
 Long-suffering is His grace,
 And glorious is the lustre
 That beameth from His face.
 Our hearts up-leap in gladness
 When we behold that love,
 As we go singing onward
 To dwell with Him above.

CHARITIE LEES BANCROFT, 1860. Abr.

The Second Coming.

645 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending.

"I am persuaded that He is able to guard that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

8s, 7s & 4.

JOHN CENNICK, 1752, and CHARLES WESLEY, 1758.
Arr. MARTIN MADAN, 1760. *Abr.*

Archangel.

MAX PIUTTI, 1880.

Maestoso.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Maestoso'. The score consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with the lyrics '1. Lo! He comes with clouds de - scend - ing, Once for fa - vored sin - ners slain.' The second system continues with 'Thousand thousand saints at - tend - ing, Swell the tri - umph of His train.' The third system begins with a dynamic marking of 'f' and a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking, followed by 'AL - LE - LU - IA! Je - sus comes, and comes to reign!'. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some melodic lines in the right hand.

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- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty.
Those who set at naught and sold
Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the Tree,
ALLELUIA!
Shall the true Messiah see!
- 3 Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, of men rejected,

Now shall meet Him in the air.

ALLELUIA!

See the day of God appear!

646

- 1 CHRIST is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease.
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase,
Christ is coming!
Come, Thou blessed Prince of peace!

The Second Coming.

647

- 2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain:
She shall yet behold Thy glory
When Thou comest back to reign.
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.
- 3 With that blessed hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung.
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue.
Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

JOHN ROSS MACDUFF, 1851. *Abr.*

- 1 O'ER the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise and sing and watch and pray;
'Tis thy Saviour!
On His bright returning way.
- 2 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand.
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour!
In Thy bright and promised land.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1863. *Abr.*

648

O Thou whom we adore!

S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1782. *Abr.*

"Foreordained to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the First-born among many brethren."

Potsdam.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, d. 1750.

I. O THOU whom we a - dore! To bless our Earth a - gain,
As - sume Thine own al - might - y power, And o'er the na - tions reign.

- 2 The world's Desire and Hope,
All power to Thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven!
- 3 A gracious Saviour, Thou
Wilt all Thy creatures bless,

- And every knee to Thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.
- 4 According to Thy word,
Now be Thy grace revealed,
And with the knowledge of the Lord,
Let all the Earth be filled.

The Second Coming.

649 Watch, brethren, watch! The year is dying.

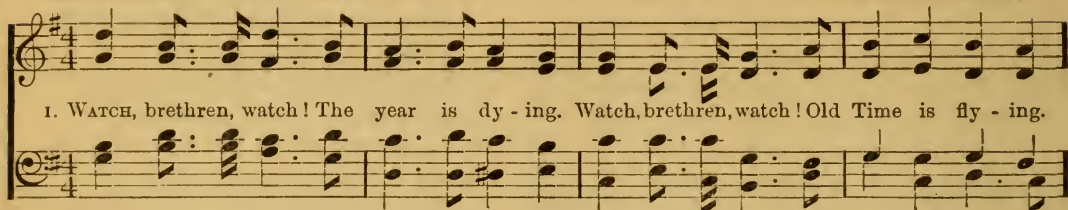
9.9.8.8.8.8.

"The night is far spent."

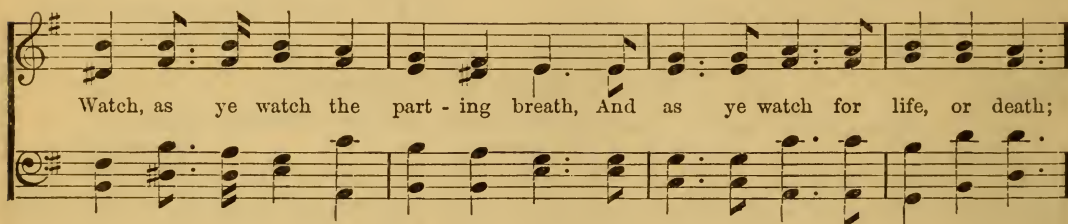
Tryst.

HORATIUS BONAR.

ROBERT LOWRY, 1884.

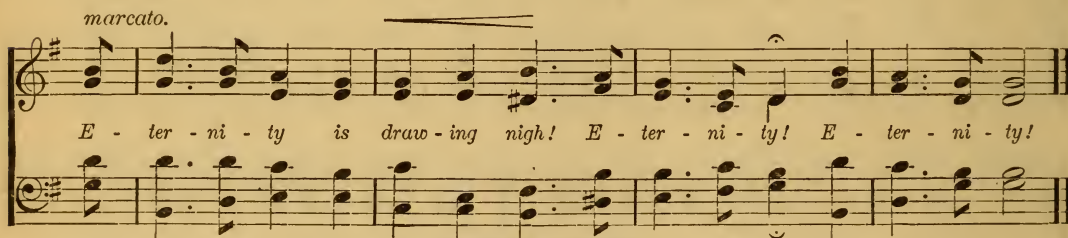


1. WATCH, brethren, watch! The year is dy - ing. Watch, brethren, watch! Old Time is fly - ing.



Watch, as ye watch the part - ing breath, And as ye watch for life, or death;

marcato.



E - ter - ni - ty is draw - ing nigh! E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!

Copyright, 1884, by Biglow & Main

- 2 Pray, brethren, pray! The sands are falling.
Pray, brethren, pray! God's voice is calling.
Yon turret strikes the dying chime.
We kneel upon the edge of time. *Eternity is, etc.*
- 3 Praise, brethren, praise! The skies are rending.
Praise, brethren, praise! The fight is ending.
Oh see, the glory cometh near!
The King Himself will soon be here! *Eternity is, etc.*

The Second Coming.

650

Wake! awake; for night is flying!

8s, 9s, 6s & 4s, P.

"The day is at hand."

"Wachet auf!"

Ger. PHILLIP NICOLAI, 1597.

Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1862. Alt.

PHILLIP NICOLAI, 1599.

Arr. BENJ. C. BLODGETT, 1885.

sf *Maestoso*.

I. { WAKE! a-wake; for night is fly - ing! The watchmen on the heights are cry - ing!
 { Midnight's sol - emn hour is toll - ing! His cha - riot-wheels are near - er roll - ing!

A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem at last! } A - rise! with will-ing feet Go forth, the Bridegroom meet.
 Come forth, ye vir-gins, night is past! }

f AL - LE - LU - IA! Bear thro the night your ready light, Speed forth to join the marriage rite.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
 Her heart with sudden joy is springing,
 She wakes,—she stands in glad array!
 Lo! her Lord draws near all-glorious,—
 The strong in grace, in truth victorious,—
 Her Star is ris'n, her night is day!
 All hail, Thou Joy and Crown!
 God's Son, from Heaven come down!
 ALLELUIA!

We answer, all, Thy blessèd call,
 And follow to the banquet hall.

3 Hear Thy praise, O Lord, ascending
 From tongues of men and angels, blending
 With harp and lute and cymbal's tone.
 By Thy pearly gates in wonder
 We stand and swell the voice of thunder,
 In choral bursts about Thy Throne.
 What vision never brought,
 What ear hath never caught,—
 ALLELUIA!—

Is ours! with song we join the throng
 To praise Thee ages all along.

The Judgment.

651 Eternity! Eternity! How long art thou.

8s. Chant.

"The things which are not seen are Eternal."

Eternity.

Ger. DANIEL WÜLFER, 1648.

Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1855. *Abr.*

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER, 1871.

Grave.

I. E - TER - NI - TY! E - ter - ni - ty! How long art thou, E - ter - ni - ty!

{ And yet to thee time hastes away, } { Or swift as couriers homeward go, }
{ Like as the war-horse..... } to the fray, { Or ships to port, or..... }

shaft from bow; Pon - der, O man, E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!

2 Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
As long as God is God, so long
Endure the pains of Hell and wrong,
So long the joys of Heaven remain;
Oh, lasting joy! oh, lasting pain!
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

3 Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
O man, full oft thy thoughts should
dwell

Upon the pains of sin and Hell,
And on the glories of the pure,
That do beyond all time endure;
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

4 Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Who ponders oft on thee is wise;
All fleshly lusts shall he despise.
The world engrosses him no more,
The love of vain delights is o'er.
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

The Judgment.

652 That great day of the Lord draws nigh.

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

"Every morning doth He bring His judgment to light."

Luther's Hymn.

Chiefly based upon the DIES IRÆ, 1250.
M. WOOLSEY SRYKER, 1884.

JOSEPH KLUG'S GESANGBUCH, 1535.

1. { THAT GREAT DAY OF THE LORD draws nigh, With wrath and des-o - la - tion: }
 { When swift shall break the bit - ter cry, Thro all Earth's hab-i - ta - tion. } A day of trouble,
 cloud, and gloom, Of trumpet blast and rend-ing tomb—The judgment of Cre - a - tion!

- 2 The world-wide millions, quick and dead,
 Now meet the last arraigning.
 The open volume wide is spread,
 All things of time containing.
 Before that Holy Magistrate
 Stand manifested small and great,
 Naught unadjudged remaining.
- 3 Ah! what shall I, a wretch, reply—
 Whom sue for mediation—
 While e'en the just for mercy cry,
 And all is lamentation?
 O King of boundless majesty,
 Heed, pity, rescue, pardon me,
 Thou Fountain of Salvation!
- 4 Remember all Thy mortal woe,
 Thou Judge of just decision—
 The cross that Thou didst undergo,
 O Christ, to give remission;

- For I that holy ransom claim;
 Absolve my sins by Thy great name,
 And pluck me from perdition!
- 5 Unworthy is my very prayer—
 A criminal appealing;
 But, Thou Good One, benignly spare
 A guilty suppliant kneeling!
 Thou Mary's grief didst well regard,
 Nor didst the robber's cry discard—
 My contrite soul give healing!
- 6 So lift we up our hearts, O Lord—
 Redemption's day is nearing;
 We hide in Thee, we trust Thy
 word,
 We wait for Thine appearing;
 With boldness face Eternity,
 Because as Thou art, so are we—
 Thy love hath cast out fearing!

The Judgment.

653

O Son of God, in glory crowned.

"That we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as He is, even so are we in this world."

L. M.

St. Jerome.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1853. *Abr.*

KARL HEINRICH GRAUN, 1720.

1. O Son of God, in glo - ry crowned, Thou Judge or - dained of quick and dead!

O Son of Man, so pity - ing found For all the tears Thy peo - ple shed!

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Lord, ere the last dread trump be heard,
And ere before Thy face we stand,
Look Thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with Thy bleeding hand!</p> | <p>3 And by the love that brought Thee here,
And by The Cross, and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the day of judgment save!</p> |
|--|---|

654

O God, mine inmost soul convert.

C. P. M.

"Before they call I will answer."

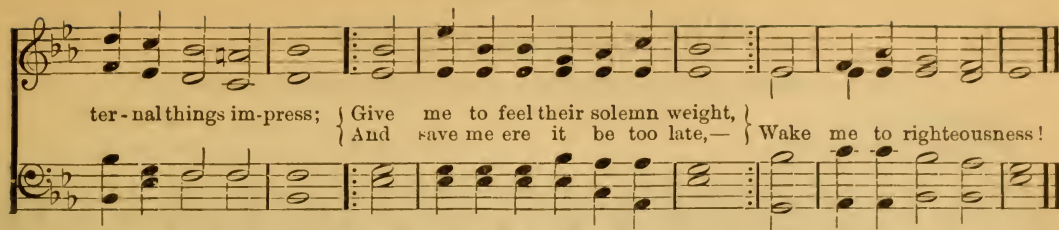
Meribah.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749. *Abr.*

LOWELL MASON, 1839.

1. O God, mine in - most soul con - vert, And deep - ly on my thoughtful heart E -

The Judgment.



ter-nal things im-press; { Give me to feel their solemn weight, }
 And save me ere it be too late,— { Wake me to righteousness!

2 Before me place, in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When Thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at Thy bar;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom?

3 Oh Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale to live,
 And reign with Thee above,
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full, supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

655 That day of wrath, that dreadful day.

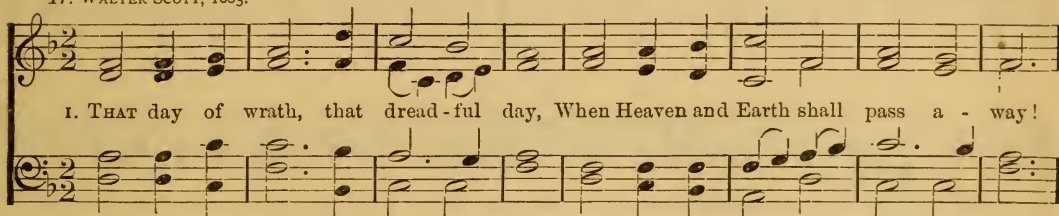
L. M.

"In the morning the Lord will show who are His."

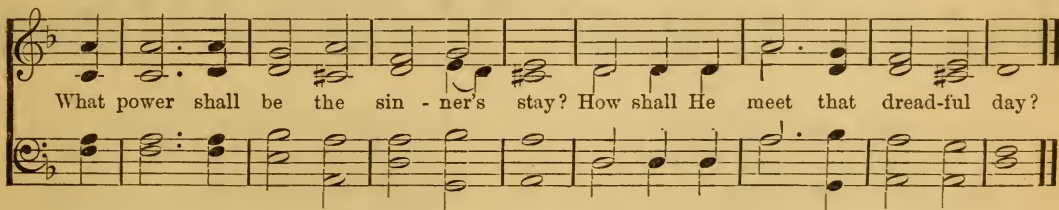
St. Cross.

Lat. THOMAS OF CELANO, 1250. Abr.
 Tr. WALTER SCOTT, 1805.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



1. THAT day of wrath, that dread-ful day, When Heaven and Earth shall pass a-way!



What power shall be the sin-ner's stay? How shall He meet that dread-ful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll,
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay!
 Tho Heaven and Earth shall pass away.

The Judgment.

656

The world is very evil.

"Looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ."

7s & 6s, D.

*Lat. BERNARD OF MORLAIX, 1150.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1851. Abr.*

Pearsall.

ST. GALL, KATHOLISCHE GESANGBUCH, 1851.

1. THE world is ver - y e - vil, The times are wax-ing late; Be so - ber and keep

vig - il; The Judge is at the gate. The Judge that comes in mer - cy, The

Judge that comes with might, To ter - min - ate the e - vil, To di - a-dem the right.

2 Arise, arise good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed,
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead—
To light that has no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 And now we fight the battle:
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown,
And He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

Heaven.

657

The roseate hues of early dawn.

"When that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away."

C. M. D.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1853.

All Hallows.

ROBERT P. STEWART, 1873.

I. THE ro-seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The brightness of the day, The crimson of the

Heav'n! Oh,....
sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way! Oh,.... for the pear - ly gates of Heav'n! Oh,
way! Oh! Heav'n!

for the gold - en floor! Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness, That set-teth ne-ver more!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord!
Oh, by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Heaven.

658

A pilgrim and a stranger.

7s & 6s, D.

"Whither the tribes go up."

St. Hilda.

Ger. PAUL GERHARDT, 1667.
Tr. JANE BORTHWICK, 1862, *Abr.*

* JUSTIN H. KNECHT, 1792. = * ANON, 1872.
* † * EDWARD HUSBAND, 1871.

The musical score is written for a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score is divided into three systems, each with a double bar line at the end. The first system has a '*' above the first measure. The second system has '*' and '†' above the third measure. The third system has two '*' above the first measure. The lyrics are in German and English.

I. A PIL - GRIM and a stranger, I jour - ney here be - low; Far dis - tant is my
coun - try, The home to which I go. Here I must turn and tra - vail, Oft
wea - ry and op - prest: But there my God shall lead me To ev - er - last - ing rest.

2 It is a well-worn pathway;
Many have gone before,—
The holy saints and prophets,
The patriarchs of yore.
They trod the toilsome journey
In patience and in faith,
And them I fain would follow,
Like them in life and death.

3 With them my thoughts are dwelling,
'Tis there I long to be;
Come, Lord! and call Thy servant
To blessedness with Thee!
Come, bid my toils be ended,
Let all my wanderings cease.
Call from the wayside lodging
To the sweet home of peace!

Heaven.

659

The sands of time are wasting.

7s & 6s, D.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty."

Rutherford.

ANNIE R. COUSIN, 1857. Abr.

CHRISTIAN URBAN, d. 1845.
Har. EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, 1845.

1. THE sands of time are wast - ing. The dawn of Heav-en breaks. The sum - mer

morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes. Oh, dark hath been the mid - night:

But day-spring is at hand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell-eth In Im-man-uel's land.

2 With mercy and with judgment,
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered with His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

3 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace,—
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His piercèd hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

Heaven.

660

Hark! hark! my soul! angelic songs.

IIS, IOS & 9.

"He shall give His angels charge over thee."

Carmen Cœli.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1840. *Abr.*

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1863.

Andante.

1. HARK! hark! my soul! an - gel-ic songs are swelling O'er Earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore!

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

An - gels of Je - sus! An - gels of light! Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night.

- 2 Onward we go; for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,"
 And thro the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

Heaven.

661

Rest comes at length.

IIS, IOS & 9.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"

Pilgrims.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1840. Abr.

HENRY SMART, 1868.

1. REST comes at length, tho life be long and drea-ry; The day must dawn, and darksome night be past.

All journeys end in welcomes to the wea-ry, And Heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last!

An-gels of Je-sus! An-gels of light! Sing-ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night.

- 2 Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeam's softly glisten
 Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea,
 And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
 To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

- 3 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping,
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love!
Angels of Jesus, &c.

Heaven.

662 O Paradise! Who doth not crave for rest?

8s & 6s, P.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1854. *Abr.*

"Where is the way to the dwelling of light?"

Paradise.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.

1. O PAR - A-DISE! O Par-a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the hap - py

land Where they that lov'd are blest? Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the
Where loy - al hearts.... and true

light, All rapt-ure thro and thro In God's most ho - - ly sight? A - men.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay?
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of one eternal day;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

Heaven.

663

O Paradise! I want to sin no more.

8s & 6s, P.

"I will that where I am they also may be with Me."

Faber.

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1854. *Abr.*

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1866.

I. O PAR - A - DISE! O Par - a - dise! I want to sin no more, I want to be as

pure on Earth As on Thy spot-less shore. Where loy - al hearts and true Stand

ev - er in the light, All rapture thro and thro In God's most ho - ly sight? A - - - men.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!

I greatly long to see

The special place my dearest Lord

Is destining for me;

Where loyal hearts and true Stand ever in the light, etc.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!

I feel 'twill not be long;

Patience! I almost think I hear

Faint fragment of thy song;

Where loyal hearts and true Stand ever in the light, etc.

Heaven.

664

There is a land mine eye hath seen.

L. M.

"A copy and shadow of the heavenly things."

Starlight.

GURDON ROBINS, 1843.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1858.

I. THERE is a land mine eye hath seen, In vis - ions of en - rapt - ured thought,

So bright that all which spreads be - tween, Is with its ra - diant glo - ry fraught.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.</p> <p>3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.</p> <p>4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.</p> | <p>2 No sun there climbs the morning sky,
There never falls the shade of night,
God and the Lamb, for ever nigh,
O'er all shed everlasting light.</p> <p>3 The bow of mercy spans the Throne,—
Emblem of love and goodness there;
While notes, to mortals all unknown,
Float on the calm celestial air.</p> <p>4 There, Lord! Thy way-worn saints shall find
The bliss for which they longed before,
And holiest sympathies shall bind
Thine own to Thee for evermore.</p> |
|--|--|

665

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>I LORD! Thou wilt bring the joyful day,
Beyond Earth's weariness and pains;
Thou hast a mansion far away,
Where, for Thine own, a rest remains.</p> | <p>5 O Jesus! bring us to that rest,
Where all the ransomed shall be found,
In Thine eternal fullness blest,
While ages roll their cycles round.</p> |
|--|--|

RAY PALMER, 1858. *Abbr.*

Heaven.

666

- 1 "We've no abiding city here."
Then let us live as pilgrims do.
Let not the world our rest appear:
But let us haste from all below.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here."
We seek a city out of sight,
Zion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

- 3 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd flee to thee and be at rest.
- 4 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best.
While here to do His will be mine,
And His to fix my time of rest.

THOMAS KELLY, 1812, 1853. *Abr.*

667

Joyfully, joyfully onward I move.

IO. IO. IO. IO. "We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you." **Forelight.**

WILLIAM HUNTER, 1843, *Abr.*

EDWARD HENRY THORNE, 1872.

Ardito.

I. JOY-FUL-LY, joy - ful - ly on - ward I move, Bound to the land of bright spir - its a - bove.

An - gel - ic chor - is - ters sing as I come, "Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home!"

- 2 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear,
Harps of the blesséd, your voices I hear.
Rings with the harmony Heaven's high dome,—
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."
- 3 Bright will the morn of Eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home!

Heaven.

668

There is a land of pure delight.

C. M. D.

"I will give it unto thy seed."

"Old 132d."

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

JOHN DAVE'S PSALTER, 1562.

I. THERE is a land of pure de-light Where saints immor-tal reign. In - fin-ite day ex -

cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides And

nev - er-withering flowers. Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides That heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between:
But timorous mortals stand and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes!
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

669

Heaven.

- 1 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor sense, nor reason known,
 What joys the Father has prepared,
 For those that love the Son:
 But the good Spirit of the Lord
 Reveals the Heaven to come;
 The beams of glory, in His word,
 Allure and guide us home.
- 2 Pure are the joys above the sky,
 And all the region peace.
 No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
 Can see or taste the bliss.
 Those holy gates for ever bar
 Pollution, sin, and shame.
 None can obtain admittance there
 But foll'wers of the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

670

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.

C. M. D.

"He hath known thy walking thro this great wilderness."

Jordan.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1735. *Abr.*WILLIAM BILLINGS, 1786. *Alt.**Marcato.*

1st.

2nd.

1. { On Jordan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye }
 To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, [Omit] { Where my pos-ses-sions lie.

Oh the trans-port-ing, rapturous scene, That ris-es to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in

liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light.

- 2 O'er all those wide extended plains
 Shines one eternal day.
 There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blest!
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in His bosom rest!

Heaven.

671 The morn, O Christian, breaketh o'er thee.

9.8.9.8, D.

"The sailors surmised that they were drawing near to some country."

Patmos.

JOSEPH RUSLING, 1832. Alt.

JUSTIN H. KNECHT, 1793.

Con spirito.

I. { THE morn, O Christian, breaketh o'er thee. The midnight's lone-ly shad-ows flee. }
 { The flush-ing skies in - crease be - fore thee With splendors of E - ter - ni - ty. }

A - rise! A - rise! the Sun is wak - ing! The doors of day re - veal the throne!

f Homeward thy ra - diant way be tak - ing, Where thy Re - deem - er reigns a - lone.
rit. marcato.

- 2 Tossed on Time's rude relentless surges,
 Calmly composed and dauntless stand;
 For lo! beyond the wave emerges
 The height that bounds the promised land.
 Land ho! Land ho! The coasts are nearing
 Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er.
 Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering!
 See, in what throngs they range the shore!

Heaven.

672

Safe home, safe home in port!

6.6.6.6.8.8.

"They all escaped safe to the land."

Anchorage.

Gk. JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, 850.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1862, *Abr.*

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.

1. SAFE home, safe home in port! Rent cord-age, shattered deck, Torn sails, pro - vi - sions

short, And on - ly not a wreck :— But, O! the joy up - on the shore To

rit.
tell our voy - age per - ils o'er!

- 2 The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell,
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!
- 3 No more the foe can harm!
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,

And need of ready lamp;
And yet how nearly had he failed,—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

- 4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned,
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end:
But one came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.
- 5 The exile is at home!
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now grief's darkest day?
God's hand hath wiped all tears away!

Heaven.

673

O mother dear, Jerusalem!

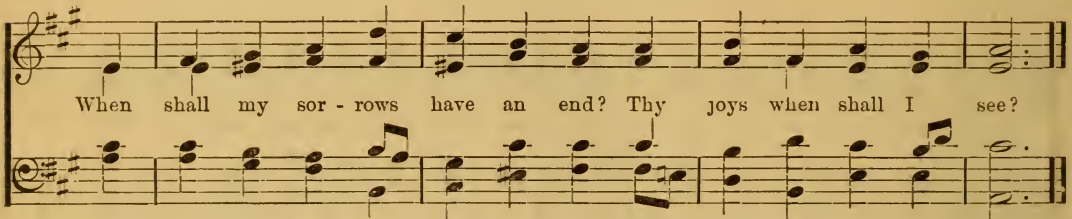
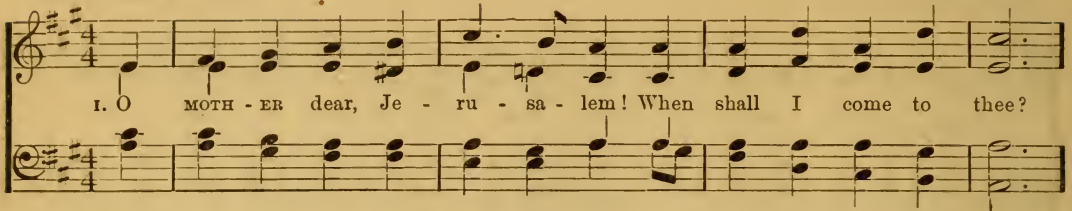
C. M.

"Why sayest thou? My way is hid from the Lord!"

Bernard.

DAVID DICKSON, 1612.

BERTHOLD TOURS, 1866. *Alt.*



2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant toil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

3 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl;—
O God! if I were there!

4 Oh! passing happy were my state,
Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and King,
His praises there to sound.

2 No resting place we seek on Earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us by Thee.

3 But, dearest Lord, however bright
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?

4 What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with Thee?

674

1 HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away.

5 This joy e'en now on Earth is ours:
But only, Lord, above,
Our hearts, without a pang, shall know
The fullness of Thy love.

EDWARD DENNY, 1839. *Abt.*

Heaven.

675

I'm but a stranger here.

"We will go along the King's highway; we will not turn aside to the right hand nor to the left."

6s & 4s.

THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR, 1835.

Saint's Rest.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.

1. I'M but a stran - ger here, Heaven is my home. Earth is a

des - ert drear, Heaven is my home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on

ev - ery hand; Heaven is my fa - ther - land, Heaven is my home.

2 What, tho the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home.
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's wild and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last;
Heaven is my home

3 There, at my Saviour's side,—
Heaven is my home!
I shall be glorified;—
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
There too I soon shall rest;
Heaven is my home.

Heaven.

676

Jerusalem, the golden.

"The voice of joy, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the Bridegroom, and the voice of the Bride, the voice of them that shall say, Praise the Lord of hosts; for the Lord is good; for His mercy endureth forever."

7s & 6s, D.

Ewing.

Lat. BERNARD OF MORLAIX, 1150.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1851. Abr.

ALEXANDER EWING, 1853.

I. JE - RU - SA - LEM, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Be - neath thy contem-

pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, oh, I know not What

so - cial joys are there! What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light beyond com - pare!

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David!
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white!

Heaven.

677

For thee, O dear, dear Country.

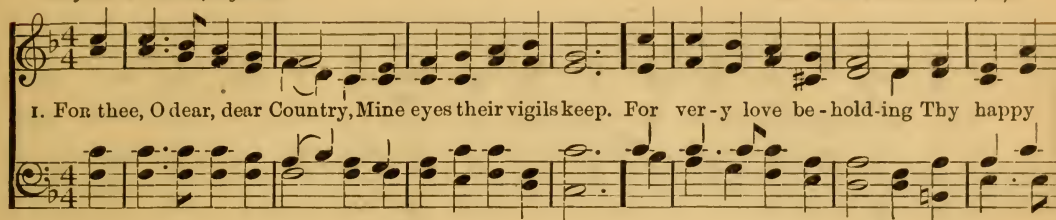
7s & 6s, D.

"With Me shalt thou be in safeguard."

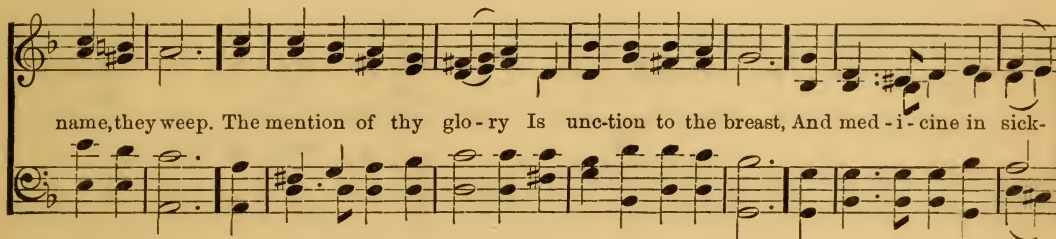
Revelation.

Lat. BERNARD OF MORLAIX, 1150.
Tr. JOHN M. NEALE, 1851. *Abr.*

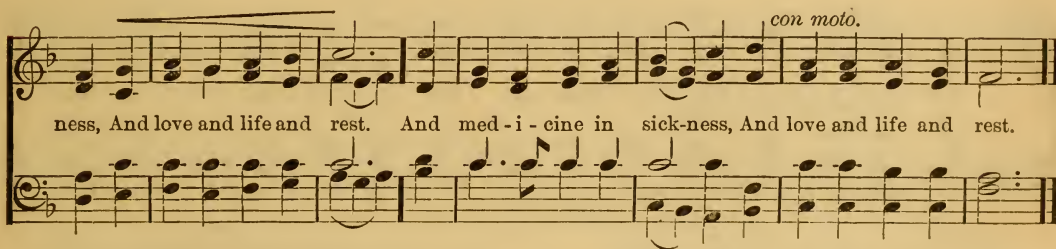
GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1741.
Har. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1872.



I. For thee, O dear, dear Country, Mine eyes their vigils keep. For ver-y love be-hold-ing Thy happy



name, they weep. The mention of thy glo-ry Is unc-tion to the breast, And med-i-cine in sick-



ness, And love and life and rest. And med-i-cine in sick-ness, And love and life and rest.

2 There grief is turned to pleasure ;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm and joy and light.

3 The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified, thy praise ;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.
Exult, O dust and ashes !
The Lord shall be thy part ;
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be and thou art !

Heaven.

678 Upward where the stars are burning.

8.8.7.8.8.7.

"Thou art my Lord. I have no good beyond Thee."

Civitas Dei.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1866.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1872.
Arr. HUBERT P. MAIN, 1880.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 4/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is primarily in the Soprano and Alto parts, with the Tenor and Bass parts providing harmonic support. The lyrics are as follows:

1. UP - WARD where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent in their turn - ing,
Round the nev - er - chang - ing pole; Up - ward where the sky is bright - est,
Up - ward where the blue is light - est, Lift I now my long - ing soul.

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- 2 Far beyond that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there!
- 3 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

- Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him.
With His Name the palace rings.
- 4 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessed feet.
Poor the praise that now we render:
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

Heaven.

679

Forever with the Lord.

S. M.

"It was but a little that I past from them, but I found Him whom my soul loveth."

Gorton.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835. *Abr.*

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

I. FOR - EV - ER with the Lord! A - men,—so let it be! Life from the dead is

in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty. A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam :
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies ;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 5 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace!

- 6 Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallow'd ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.
- 7 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of Heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.
- 8 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father! if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Ev'n here to me fulfill.
- 9 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain. *Amen.*

Heaven.

680

Ten thousand times ten thousand.

7.6.8.6, D.

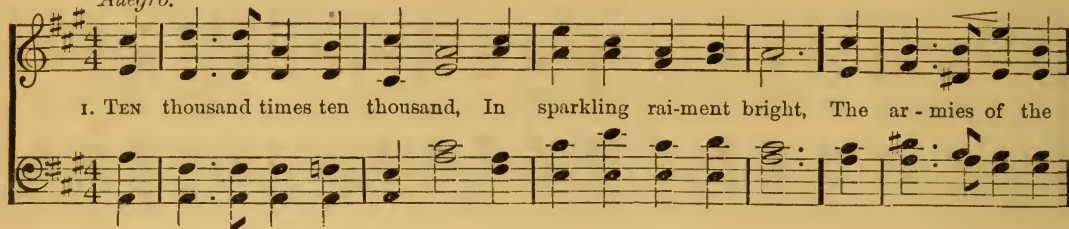
HENRY ALFORD, 1866.

"None enter within the King's gate clothed with sackcloth."

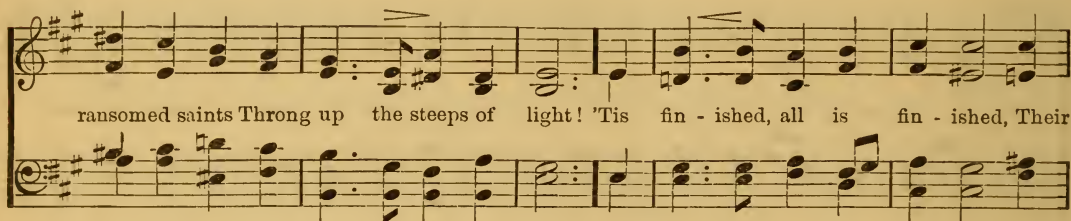
Alford.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1875.

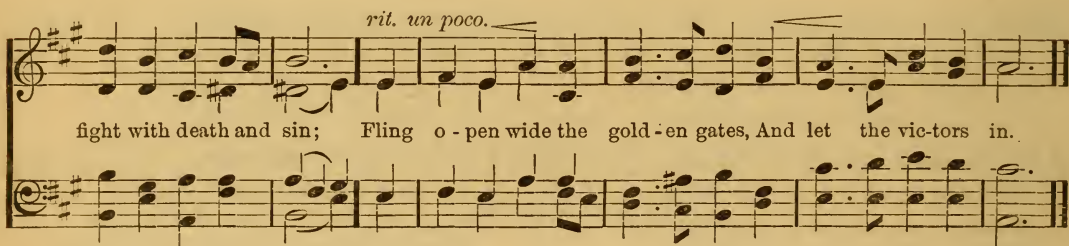
Allegro.



1. TEN thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling rai-ment bright, The ar-mies of the



ransomed saints Throng up the steepes of light! 'Tis fin-ished, all is fin-ished, Their



fight with death and sin; Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in.

2 What rush of Alleluias
Fills all the Earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Oh, day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
Oh, joy for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,—
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Heaven.

- 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain.
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 Then take Thy power and reign.
 Appear, Desire of nations!
 Thine exiles long for home.
 Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

681

There is a happy land.

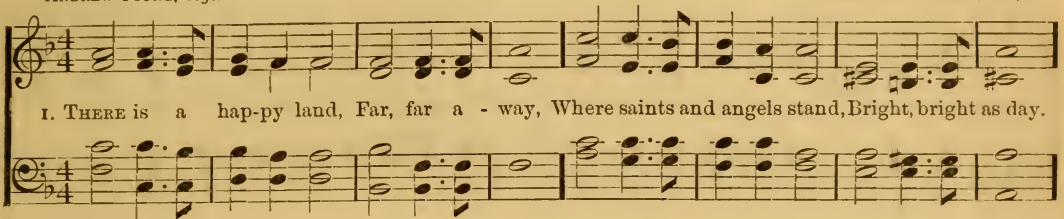
6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.

ANDREW YOUNG, 1838.

"A joyous town."

Eden.

SAMUEL SEB. WESLEY, 1864.



- 2 Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand?
 Why still delay?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free!
 Lord, we shall live with Thee!
 Blest, blest for aye.

- 3 Bright in that happy land
 Beams every eye,
 Kept by a Father's hand
 Love cannot die.
 Oh then to glory run,
 Be a crown and kingdom won,
 And bright above the sun
 We'll reign for aye.

Heaven.

682

Hark! the sound of holy voices.

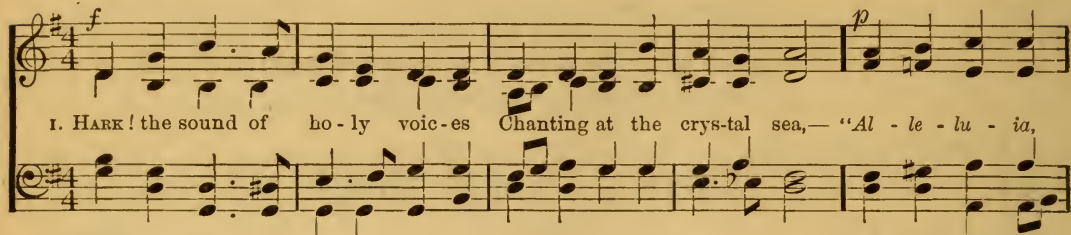
"They came unto the iron gate that leadeth into the city; which opened to them of its own accord; and they went out and passed on."

8s & 7s, D.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862. Abr.

Sanctuary.

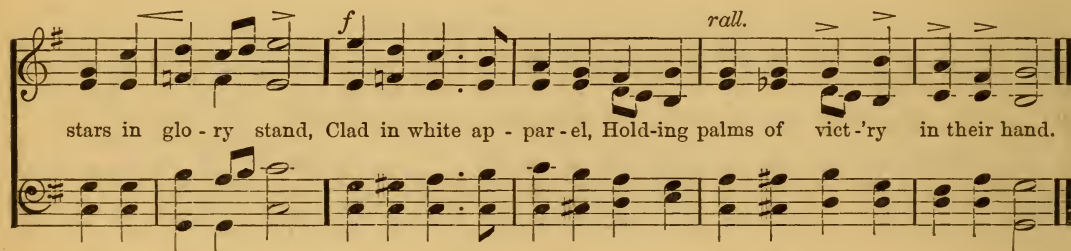
JOHN B. DYKES, 1867.



I. HARK! the sound of ho-ly voic-es Chanting at the crys-tal sea,—“Al-le-lu-ia,



Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Lord to Thee!’ Multitudes which none can num-ber, Like the



stars in glo-ry stand, Clad in white ap-par-el, Hold-ing palms of vict-ry in their hand.

2 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus.
Tried they were and firm they stood.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered,
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

3 God of God, the One-Begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In whose body joined together
All the saints forever dwell;
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Saviour,
God the Holy Ghost adore.

Heaven.

683

What are these in bright array.

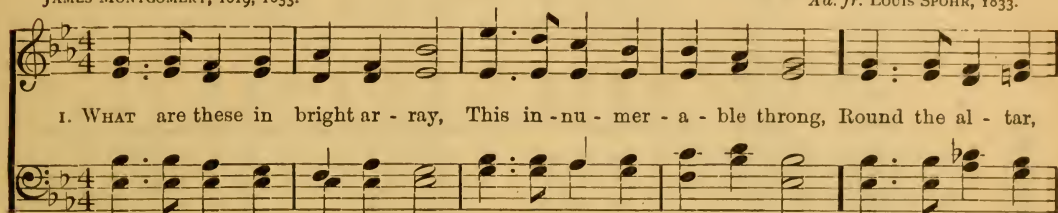
"We believe that we shall be saved thro the grace of the Lord Jesus in like manner as they."

7s, D.

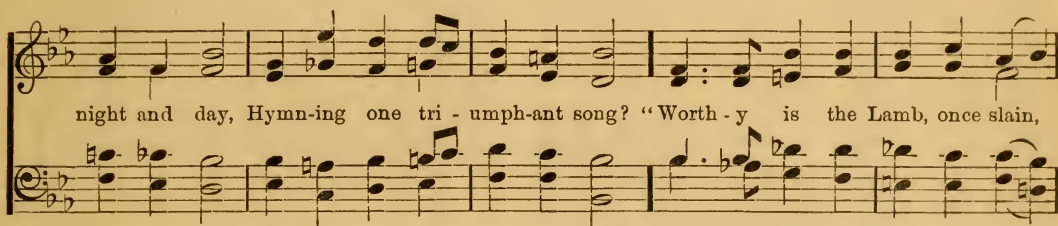
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819, 1853.

Leyden.

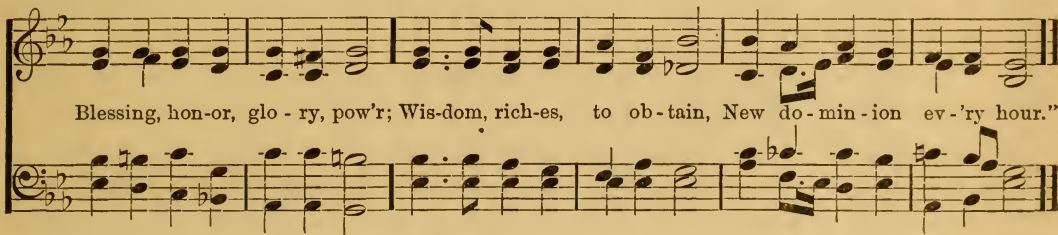
Ad. fr. LOUIS SPOHR, 1833.



I. WHAT are these in bright ar - ray, This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng, Round the al - tar,



night and day, Hymn-ing one tri - umph-ant song? "Worth - y is the Lamb, once slain,



Blessing, hon-or, glo - ry, pow'r; Wis-dom, rich-es, to ob-tain, New do-min-ion ev-ry hour."

2 These thro fiery trials trod,
 These from great afflictions came;
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Sealed with His almighty Name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Thro their dear Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed.
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead.
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels all fear,
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tear.

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS.

"Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing."

- ADAMS, Sarah (Flower) (1805-1848), *Hymn* 476.
 ADCOCK, James (1778-1860), *Tune* 372.
 ADDISON, Joseph (1672-1719), *Hymns* 93, 108, 111.
 ADOLPHUS, Gustavus (1594-1632), *Hymn* 331.
 AHLE, Johann Rudolph (1625-1673), *Tune* 499.
 ALEXANDER, Cecil Frances (1823-—), *Hymns* 188, 278, 447, 518, 653, 657.
 ALEXANDER, James Waddell (1804-1859), *Hymn* 167.
 ALEXANDER, William Lindsay (1808-1884), *Hymns* 205, 577.
 ALFORD, Henry (1810-1871), *Hymns* 320, 385, 457, 560, 680.
 ALLEN, Oswald (1816-—), *Hymn* 262.
 ALPERS, William (1817-1845), *Tune* 359.
 AMBROSE of Milan (340-397), *Hymn* 5.
 ANATOLIUS (—-458), *Hymns* 13, 154.
 ANDERSON, Maria Frances (1819-—), *Hymn* 614.
 ANDREW of Crete (660-732), *Hymn* 335.
 ANDRO HART'S Scotch Psalter (1615), *Tunes* 318, 360, 501.
 ANSTICE, Joseph (1808-1836), *Hymn* 7.
 ARNE, Thomas Augustine (1710-1778), *Tune* 305.
 AUBER, Harriet (1773-1862), *Hymn* 196.
 AUSTIN, John (1613-1699), *Hymn* 458.
 BACH, John Sebastian (1685-1750), *Tunes and arr.* 167, 179, 227, 324, 408, 537, 609, 648.
 BACON, Leonard (1802-1881), *Hymn* 604.
 BAKER, Henry Williams (1821-1877), *Hymn tr.* 42, *Tune* 264.
 BAKEWELL, John (1721-1819), *Hymn* 227.
 BANCROFT, Charitie Lees (1841-—), *Hymn* 644.
 BARBAULD, Anna Lætitia (1743-1825), *Hymn* 39.
 BARING-GOULD, Sabine (1834-—), *Hymns and tr.* 10, 315, 455.
 BARLOW, Joel (1755-1812), *Hymn* 38.
 BARNBY, Joseph (1838-—), *Tunes* 1, 10, 19, 26, 28, 30, 64, 185, 195, 221, 263, 289, 292, 354, 365, 398, 544, 545, 548, 576, 584, 589, 660, 663.
 BARRETT, William Alexander (1836-—), *Tune* 149.
 BATHURST, William Hiley (Bragge) (1796-1877), *Hymns* 294, 632.
 BATTISHILL, Jonathan (1738-1801), *Tune* 594.
 BAXTER, Richard (1615-1691), *Hymn* 295.
 BEDDOME, Benjamin (1717-1795), *Hymn* 241.
 BEETHOVEN, Ludwig van (1770-1827), *Tunes* 147, 151, 328, 394, 627, 679.
 BEHEMB, Martin (1557-1622), *Hymn* 399.
 BERNARD, S. of Clairvaux (1091-1153), *Hymns* 216, 228, 243.
 BERNARD, S. of Morlaix (1120?-—?), *Hymns* 656, 676, 677.
 BETHUNE, George Washington (1805-1862), *Hymn* 546.
 BIBLE, 63, 119, 164, 411, 584, 606, 627.
 BICKERSTETH, Edward Henry (1825-—), *Hymns* 114, 244, 272, 498, 512.
 BILLINGS, William (1746-1800), *Tune* 670.
 BLANCKS, Edward (1554?-—), *Tune* 252.
 BLODGETT, Benjamin Coleman (1838-—), *Tunes and arr.* 94, 190, 293, 303, 359, 493, 516, 519, 561, 650.
 BLOW, John (1648-1708), *Chant* 164.
 BLUMENTHAL, Jacques (1829-—), *Tune* 535.
 BODE, John Ernest (1816-1874), *Hymn* 462.
 BOLZE, G. G. (1788), *Tune* 84.
 BONAR, Horatius (1808-1889), *Hymns* 249, 282, 366, 426, 469, 472, 475, 629, 649, 678.
 BORTHWICK, Jane (1825-—), *Hymns tr.* 274, 427, 638, 658.
 BORTNIANSKI, Dimitry (1751-1825), *Tunes* 7, 40.
 BOURGEOIS, Louis (16th century), *Tunes* 89, 99, 150, 552.
 BOWRING, John (1792-1872), *Hymns* 83, 215, 246, 281, 372, 639.
 BRADBURY, William Batchelder (1816-1868), *Tunes* 163, 205, 249, 270, 271, 286, 304, 382, 509, 542, 581.
 BRIDGES, Matthew (1800-—), *Hymns* 190, 238, 474.
 BRIGGS, George Ware (—-—), *Hymn* 486.
 BROWN, Phœbe Hinsdale (1783-1861), *Hymn* 382.
 BRYANT, William Cullen (1794-1878), *Hymns* 71, 138.
 BULFINCH, Stephen Greenleaf (1800-1870), *Hymn* 54.
 BURDER, George (1752-1832), *Tune* 11.
 BURNAP, Uzziah Christopher (1834-—), *Tunes* 194, 413, 426.

- BURNEY, Charles (1726-1814), *Tune* 618.
 BURNS, James Drummond (1823-1864), *Hymns* 363, 414, 440, 541.
 BURTON, John (1773-1822), *Hymn* 519.
 BURROWES, John Freckelton (1787-1852), *Tune* 76.
 CALDBECK, G—— T—— (———), *Tune* 244.
 CALKIN, John Baptist (1827-——), *Tunes* 580, 678.
 CAMIDGE, John (1790-1859), *Chant* 131.
 CAMPBELL, Robert (1814-1868), *Hymn* 500.
 CAMPBELL, Thomas (1777-1844), *Hymn* 140.
 CAREY, Henry (1693-1743), *Tune ad.* 598.
 CARLYLE, James Dacre (1759-1804), *Hymn* 381.
 CARTER, Edmund Sardinson (1845-——), *Tune* 447.
 CARY, Phoebe (1825-1871), *Hymn* 549.
 CASE, B—— (———), *Tune* 497.
 CASWALL, Edward (1814-1878), *Hymns tr.* 6, 221, 228, 235, 243, 533.
 CAWOOD, John (1775-1852), *Hymn* 147.
 CENNICK, John (1718-1755), *Hymns* 434, 460, 506, 645.
 CHANDLER, John (1806-1876), *Hymns tr.* 5, 69.
 CHARLES, Elizabeth (Rundle) (1828-——), *Hymn* 365.
 CHERUBINI, Maria Luigi Carlo Zenobia Salvatore (1760-1842), *Tune* 492.
 CHETHAM, John (1685?-1760), *Tune* 37.
 CHOPE, Richard Robert (1830-——), *Tune* 531.
 CHORLEY, Henry Fothergill (1808-1872), *Tune* 597.
 CLARKE, James Freeman (1810-1888), *Hymn* 258.
 CLAUDE's, Joseph, "*Psalmody*," (1630), *Tune* 399.
 CODNER, Elizabeth (1835-——), *Hymn* 270.
 COLE, John (1774?-1855), *Tune* 111.
 COLLINS, Henry (1833?-——), *Hymn* 354.
 COLLYER, William Bengo (1782-1854), *Hymn* 40.
 CONDER, Josiah (1789-1855), *Hymns* 81, 123, 153, 299, 371, 432, 497.
 CONKEY, Ithamar (1815-1867), *Tune* 246.
 COOPER, Alexander Samuel (1835-——), *Tune* 347.
 COOPER, Edward (John?) (1770-1833), *Hymn* 124.
 COUSIN, Annie Ross (1820-——), *Hymn* 659.
 CORNELL, John Henry (1828-——), *Tunes* 21, 123, 260.
 COWPER, William (1731-1800), *Hymns* 91, 209, 265, 288, 345, 378, 384, 388, 402, 450, 586.
 COX, Frances Elizabeth (1818?-——), *Hymns* 186, 344.
 COXE, Arthur Cleveland (1818-——), *Hymns* 152, 568, 633.
 CROFT, William (1678-1727), *Tune* 567.
 CRUGER, Johann (1598-1662), *Tunes* 127, 171, 596.
 DARWALL, John (1731-1789), *Tune* 245.
 DAVIES, Samuel (1724-1761), *Hymn* 452.
 DAYE's, John, *Psalter*, (1562), *Tunes* 115, 193, 197, 668.
 DAYMAN, Edward Arthur (1807-——), *Hymn* 545.
 DECIUS, Nicolaus (——-1529), *Tunes and Hymns* 116, 166.
 DECK, James George (1802-——), *Hymns* 225, 642.
 DENNY, Edward (1796-——), *Hymns* 155, 626, 674.
 DESZLER, Wolfgang Christoph (1660-1722), *Hymn* 362.
 DICKSON, David (1583-1663), *Hymn* 673.
 DIX, William Chatterton (1837-——), *Hymn* 144.
 DOANE, George Washington (1799-1859), *Hymns* 19, 236, 618.
 DOBREE, Henrietta Octavia (1831-——), *Hymn* 536.
 DODDRIDGE, Philip (1702-1751), *Hymns* 34, 96, 104, 136, 267, 329, 445, 451, 459, 485, 491, 553, 556.
 DOUDNEY, Sarah (———), *Hymn* 22.
 DOWNES, Lewis Thomas (1827-——), *Tune* 269.
 DOWNTON, Henry (1818-——), *Hymn* 562.
 DRAPER, Bourne Hall (1775-1843), *Hymn* 616.
 DRYDEN, John (1631-1700), *Hymn tr.* 194.
 DUFFIELD, George (1818-1888), *Hymn* 463.
 DUNCAN, Mary Lundie (1814-1840), *Hymn* 514.
 DWIGHT, Timothy (1752-1817), *Hymn* 573.
 DYKES, John Bacchus (1823-1876), *Tunes and arr.* 9, 13, 33, 68, 97, 143, 160, 162, 168, 196, 198, 218, 237, 282, 335, 357, 367, 373, 380, 396, 397, 407, 442, 489, 511, 520, 533, 655, 662, 664, 680, 682.
 EASTBURN, James Wallis (1798-1819), *Hymn* 125.
 EDMESTON, James (1791-1867), *Hymn* 41.
 ELLERTON, John (1826-——), *Hymns* 48, 53, 55, 448, 544.
 ELLIOTT, Charlotte (1789-1871), *Hymns* 33, 271, 286, 353, 373, 428, 493.
 ELLIOTT, Julia Anne (Marshall) (1810?-1841), *Hymns* 30, 110.
 ELVEN, Cornelius (1797-1871), *Hymn* 275.
 ELVEY, George Job (1816-——), *Tune* 560.
 ESLING, Catharine Harbison (Waterman), (1812-——), *Hymn* 441.
 EVANS, James Harrington (1785-1849), *Hymn* 326.
 EWING, Alexander (1830-——), *Tune* 676.
 FABER, Frederick William (1814-1863), *Hymns* 59, 85, 470, 660, 661, 662, 663.
 FAWCETT, John (1739-1817), *Hymns* 47, 204, 574.
 FESCA, Alexander Ernst (1820-1849), *Tune* 429.
 FLEMING, Friedrich Ferdinand (1778-1813), *Tune* 23.
 FLINT, James (1822-1882?), *Tune* 154.
 FLOTOW, Frederick Ferdinand Adolph von (1812-1883), *Tune* 521.
 FORTUNATUS, Venantius Honorius Clement (530-609), *Hymn* 161.
 FOSTER, John (1852), *Tune* 393.
 FRANCIS, Benjamin (1734-1799), *Hymn* 350.
 FRANCK, Salomon (1659-1725), *Hymn* 408.
 FRANK, Johann (1618-1677), *Hymn* 596.
 FRECH, Johann Georg (1790-1864), *Tune* 235.
 FREYLINGHAUSEN, Johann Anastasius (1670-1739), *Tunes* 212, 273.
 FURNESS, William Henry (1802-——), *Hymn* 60.

- GANSE, Hervey Doddridge (1822—), *Hymns* 126, 343, 494, 643.
- GASKELL, William (1805—), *Hymn* 439.
- GAUNTLETT, Henry John (1805-1876), *Tunes and arr.* 88, 186, 342, 368, 379, 473, 522, 549, 588, 602, 604.
- GELLERT, Christian Fürchtegott (1715-1769), *Hymn* 186.
- Genevan Psalter, *The* (1551, 1562), *Tunes* 89, 99, 150, 552.
- GERHARDT, Paul (1606-1676), *Hymns* 84, 167, 206, 321, 430, 599, 658.
- GIARDINI, Felice (1716-1796), *Tune* 129.
- GIBBONS, Orlando (1583-1625), *Tunes* 34, 339.
- GILBERT, Walter Bond (1829—), *Tunes* 42, 348, 515.
- GILL, Thomas Hornblower (1819—), *Hymns* 197, 552, 566.
- GLADDEN, Washington (1836—), *Hymn* 425.
- GLASER, Carl Gotthelf (1784-1829), *Tune* 471.
- GODESCALCUS, (—-950?), *Hymn* 684.
- GOETHE, Johann Wolfgang von (1749-1832), *Hymn* 488.
- Goss, John (1800-1880), *Tunes* 122, 336.
- GOTTSCALK, Louis Moreau (1829-1869), *Tune* 432.
- GOUGH, Benjamin (1805-1883), *Hymn* 641.
- GOULD, John Edgar (1822-1875), *Tunes* 254, 281, 297.
- GOUNOD, Charles Francois (1818—), *Tunes* 134, 518.
- GRANT, Robert (1785-1838), *Hymns* 79, 88, 290, 340, 393.
- GRAUN, Carl Heinrich (1701-1759), *Tunes* 539, 653.
- GREATOREX, Henry Wellington (1811-1858), *Tunes and arr.* 53, 104, 108, 277.
- GREGORY I. (550-604), *Hymn* 174.
- GRIGG, Joseph (1723?-1768), *Hymns* 254, 350.
- GURNEY, Archer Thompson (1820—), *Hymn* 187.
- GURNEY, John Hampden (1802-1862), *Hymns* 296, 603.
- GUYON, Jeannie Marie Bouvierie de la Mothe (1648-1717), *Hymn* 113.
- HAMILTON, James (1819—), *Hymn* 117.
- HAMMOND, William (1719-1783), *Hymns* 43, 239.
- HANDEL, George Frederic (1685-1759), *Tunes and adap.* 135, 233, 248, 458, 485, 517, 573, 677.
- HARRIS, John (1802-1856), *Hymn* 70.
- HASLER, Johann Leonard (1564-1612), *Tunes* 4, 167.
- HASTINGS, Thomas (1784-1872), *Tunes and arr.* 180, 223, 231, 314, 374, 375, 610, 620. *Hymns* 180, 284, 468, 609.
- HATTON, John (—-1793), *Tune* 2.
- HATTON, John Liptrot (1809-1886), *Tune* 393.
- HAVERGAL, Frances Ridley (1836-1879), *Hymns* 453, 477, 564.
- HAVERGAL, William Henry (1793-1870), *Tunes* 477, 569. *Hymn* 157.
- HAWES, Thomas (1732-1820), *Hymns* 207, 243.
- HAYDN, Francis Joseph (1732-1809), *Tunes adapted* 93, 126, 222, 277, 340, 457, 633.
- HAYES, William (1707-1777), *Tunes* 331, 684.
- HEATH, George (—-1822), *Hymn* 333.
- HEBER, Reginald (1783-1826), *Hymns* 9, 20, 149, 237, 456, 504, 523, 548, 612.
- HEERMANN, Johann (1585-1647), *Hymn* 400.
- HELD, Heinrich (1664), *Hymn* 198.
- HENSEL, Luise (1798-1876), *Hymn* 529.
- HEWLETT, Thomas, (1845—), *Tune* 285.
- HEWS, George (1806-1873), *Tune* 60.
- HEYWOOD, John (1841—), *Tune* 446.
- HILES, Henry (1826—), *Tune* 25.
- HILLHOUSE, Abraham Lucas (1792-1859), *Hymn* 255.
- HODGES, Edward (1796-1857), *Tune* 240.
- HODGES, George Samuel (—-—), *Hymn* 520.
- HOLBROOK, Joseph Perry (1822-1888), *Tune* 298.
- HOLDEN, Oliver (1765-1844), *Tune* 219.
- HOLMES, Oliver Wendell (1809—), *Hymns* 95, 422.
- HOPKINS, Edward John (1818—), *Tunes* 20, 29, 45, 55, 77, 110, 349, 488.
- HOPKINS, John Henry (1820—), *Tune* 165.
- HOPPER, Edward (1818-1888), *Hymn* 297.
- HOPPS, John Page (—-—), *Hymn* 630.
- HORNBLOWER, Jane E. (Roscoe) (1793-1853), *Hymn* 421.
- HORSLEY, William (1774-1858), *Tunes* 155, 188.
- How, William Walsham (1823—), *Hymns* 75, 175, 261, 298, 466, 511, 565, 587, 600.
- HOWARD, Samuel (1710-1782), *Tunes* 136, 213, 251.
- HUMPHREYS, Joseph (1720-1770?), *Hymn* 570.
- HUNTER, William (1811-1887), *Hymn* 667.
- HUSBAND, Edward (1843—), *Tune* 658.
- HYDE, Abby (Bradley) (1799-1872), *Hymn* 492.
- INGEMANN, Bernhard Severino (1789-1862), *Hymn* 315.
- ISAAC, Heinrich (1440?-1528), *Tune* 609.
- JACKSON, Thomas (1715?-1781), *Tune* 588.
- JOHN, S. of Damascus (—-760?), *Hymns* 181, 183.
- JOHNSON, Katherine Hardenburgh (1838—), *Hymn* 608.
- JOHNSON, Samuel (1822-1882), *Hymn* 424.
- JONES, Darius Eliot (1815-1881), *Tune* 468.
- JONES, William (1726-1800), *Tune* 202.
- JOSEPH, S. of the Studium (—-833), *Hymns* 589, 593, 672.
- KEARNS, William Henry (1794-1847), *Tune* 329.
- KEBLE, John (1792-1866), *Hymns* 3, 16, 531, 554.
- KEENE, R. (—-—), *Hymn* 314.
- KELLY, Thomas (1769-1855), *Hymns* 21, 46, 172, 192, 219, 620, 621, 666.
- KEN, Thomas (1637-1711), *Hymns* 2, 14.
- KENT, James (1700-1776), *Tune* 329.
- KETHE, William (1510-1580), *Hymn* 100.
- KINGSLEY, George (1811-1884), *Tunes and arr.* 275, 438, 459, 507, 534.
- KLUG, Joseph (Gesangbuch, 1535), *Tune* 652.
- KNAPP, William (1698-1768), *Tune* 95.

- KNECHT, Justin Heinrich (1752-1817), *Tunes* 44, 658, 671.
- KOCHER, Conrad (1786-1872), *Tunes* 144, 323, 605.
- KOSCHAT, Thomas (1845- —), *Tune* 293.
- KRUMMACHER, Friedrich Adolph (1767-1845), *Hymn* 323.
- KUGELMAN, Johann (1540), *Tune* 599.
- KYNASTON, Herbert (1809-1878), *Hymn* 285.
- LANGRAN, James (1835- —), *Tunes* 191, 259.
- LATHBURY, Mary A— (1841- —), *Hymn* 24.
- LAURENTI, Laurentius (1660-1722), *Hymn* 638.
- Lausanne Psalter, The* (1851), *Tune* 591.
- LAVATER, Johann Caspar (1741-1801), *Hymn* 386.
- LEESON, Jane E— (1815? —), *Hymn* 339.
- LITLEDALE, Richard Frederick (1833- —), *Hymn tr.* 538.
- LOYD, William Freeman (1791-1853), *Hymn* 433.
- LÖHR, George Augustus (1821- —), *Tune* 319.
- LONGFELLOW, Samuel (1819- —), *Hymn* 6.
- LOWRY, Robert (1826- —), *Tunes* 90, 649.
- LUTHER, Martin (1483-1546), *Hymns* 316, 551.
Tunes 139, 267, 316, 551.
- LVOFF, Alexis Feodorovitch (1799-1870), *Tune* 597.
- LYNCH, Thomas Toke (1818-1871), *Hymns* 226, 364.
- LYTE, Henry Francis (1793-1847), *Hymns* 18, 80, 106, 260, 266, 269, 300, 301, 311, 322, 348, 389, 419, 444, 454, 522, 572.
- MACDONALD, Archibald (— — —), *Tune* 456.
- MACDONALD, George (1824- —), *Hymns* 109, 362, 363.
- MACDUFF, John Ross (1818- —), *Hymn* 646.
- MACFARREN, George Alexander (1813-1887), *Tunes* 559, 637.
- MACKAY, Margaret (1801- —), *Hymn* 542.
- MACKELLAR, Thomas (1812- —), *Hymns* 76, 429.
- MADAN, Martin (1726-1790), *Hymns* 239, 645.
- MAIN, Hubert Platt (1839- —), *Tunes* 32, 225, 300, 302, 338, 410, 441, 513. *Arr. and Har.* 108, 135, 264, 270, 316, 374, 432, 535, 542, 597, 620, 645, 678.
- MAKER, F— C— (1844- —), *Tune* 525.
- MALAN, Cæsar Henri Abraham (1787-1864), *Hymn tr.* 546. *Tune* 570.
- MANT, Richard (1776-1848), *Hymns* 15, 82.
- MARBECKE, John (Book 1550), *Tune* 473.
- MARKANT, John (1562), *Hymn* 252.
- MARTIN, George William (1825-1881), *Tune* 465.
- MARRIOTT, John (1780-1825), *Hymn* 611.
- MASON, John (— -1694), *Hymns* 49, 199, 220.
- MASON, Lowell (1792-1872), *Tunes and arr.* 48, 72, 172, 173, 283, 291, 308, 332, 334, 406, 451, 471, 476, 612, 622, 628, 654.
- MASON, Mary Jane (1822- —), *Hymn* 443.
- MASSEY, Gerald (1828- —), *Hymn* 325.
- MASSIE, Richard (1800- —), *Hymn* 303.
- MATHER, William (1756-1808), *Tune* 169.
- MATTHESIUS, Johann (1503-1565), *Hymn* 4.
- MAUDE, Mary Fawler (— - —), *Hymn* 436.
- MAURICE, Peter (1804-1878), *Tune* 431.
- MAURUS, Rabanus (— -856), *Hymn* 194.
- MCHEYNE, Robert Murray (1813-1843), *Hymn* 347.
- MEDLEY, Samuel (1738-1799), *Hymns* 223, 313, 352.
- MEINHOLD, Johann Wilhelm (1797-1851), *Hymn* 537.
- MENDELSSOHN, Bartholdy Felix Jakob Ludwig (1809-1847), *Tunes and Har.* 82, 116.
- METROPHANES (910), *Hymn* 569.
- MIDLANE, Albert (1825- —), *Hymn* 528.
- MILLER, Emily Huntington (1833- —), *Hymn* 526.
- MILLS, Henry (1786-1867), *Hymn tr.* 4.
- MILMAN, Henry Hart (1791-1868), *Hymns* 160, 165.
- MILTON, John (1608-1674), *Hymns* 557, 624.
Mitchison's Harmony (1849), *Tune* 157.
- MONK, Edwin George (1819- —), *Tunes* 5, 594.
- MONK, William Henry (1823-1889), *Tunes* 18, 467, 526.
- MONSELL, John Samuel Bewley (1811-1875), *Hymns* 74, 97, 532, 563, 615, 647.
- MONTGOMERY, James (1771-1854), *Hymns* 44, 61, 77, 78, 102, 116, 148, 177, 251, 280, 293, 327, 369, 374, 380, 396, 410, 418, 449, 502, 503, 505, 558, 567, 578, 588, 594, 607, 628, 640, 679, 683.
- MOORE, Thomas (1779-1852), *Hymns* 437, 438.
- MORLEY, Thomas (1845- —), *Tune* 404.
- MOULTRIE, Gerard (1839-1885), *Hymns* 178, 637.
- MOULTRIE, John (1799-1874), *Hymn* 176.
- MUHLENBERG, William Augustus (1796-1877), *Hymns* 94, 250, 515, 534.
- NÄGELI, Johann Georg (1768-1836), *Tune* 445.
- NARES, James (1715-1783), *Tune* 481.
- NAUR, Elias Elkindsen (— - —), *Hymn* 535.
- NEALE, John Mason (1818-1866), *Hymns and tr.* 13, 27, 134, 137, 154, 159, 161, 181, 183, 184, 264, 335, 368, 413, 569, 589, 592, 593, 656, 672, 676, 677, 684.
- NEANDER, Joachim (1610-1680), *Tunes* 62, 87. *Hymn* 87.
- NEUMARK, George Christian (1621-1681), *Hymn* 324.
Tune 324.
- NEWMAN, John Henry (1801- —), *Hymn* 397.
- NEWTON, John (1725-1807), *Hymns* 31, 240, 276, 277, 279, 307, 370, 387, 415, 435, 561, 585.
- NICOLAI, Philipp (1556-1608), *Hymns* 224, 650. *Tunes* 224, 650.
- OAKELEY, Frederick (1802-1880), *Hymn tr.* 142.
- OLIVER, Henry Kemble (1800-1885), *Tune* 350.
- OLIVERS, Thomas (1725-1790), *Hymn* 120.
- OPIE, Amelia (1769-1853), *Hymn* 555.
- OUSELEY, Frederick Arthur Gore (1825-1889), *Tune* 557.
- "PALESTRINA," Giovanni Pietro Aloysius Sante (1524-1594), *Tune* 184.

- PALMER, Ray (1808-1887), *Hymns and tr.* 170, 174, 216, 283, 342, 377, 401, 420, 595, 631, 665.
- PEARCE, Joseph (— — —), *Tune Har.* 132.
- PERGOLES, Giovanni Battista (1710-1736), *Tune* 577.
- PERRONET, Edward (1721-1792), *Hymn* 218.
- PETERS, Mary (Bowly) (1813-1856), *Hymn* 292.
- PIERACCINI, Emilio (1828- —), *Tune* 388.
- PIERPOINT, Polliott Sandford (1835- —), *Hymn* 571.
- PIERPONT, John (1785-1866), *Hymn* 72.
- PIUTTI, Max (1852-1885), *Tunes* 189, 587, 640, 645.
- PIUTTI, William (1856- —), *Tune* 601.
- PLAYFORDS, John (Psalter, 1671), *Tune* 318. [504.]
- PLEYEL, Ignaz Joseph (1757-1831), *Tunes adap.* 460, 479.
- PLUMTRE, Edward Hayes (1821- —), *Hymn* 155.
- POLLOCK, Thomas Benson (1836- —), *Hymn* 516.
- "PORTOGALLO," Marco Antonio Simao (1762-1830), *Tune* 142.
- POTT, Francis (1832- —), *Hymn tr.* 185. [142.]
- POTTER, Thomas Joseph (1827-1873), *Hymn* 336.
- PRATT, Waldo Selden (1857- —), *Tune* 24.
- PRENTISS, Elizabeth (Payson) (1818-1878), *Hymn* 367.
- PROCTER, Adelaide Anne (1825-1864), *Hymns* 25, 407.
- PURCELL, Henry (1658-1695), *Tunes* 201, 265. [525.]
- RAMBACH, Johann Jakob (1693-1735), *Hymn* 496.
- Ravenscroft's Psalter* (1621), *Tune* 602.
- RAWSON, George (1807- —), *Hymn* 379.
- READ, Daniel (1757-1836), *Tune* 268.
- REDHEAD, Richard (1820- —), *Tunes* 178, 257.
- REED, Andrew (1787-1862), *Hymns* 202, 212.
- REINAGLE, Alexander Robert (1799-1877), *Tune* 228.
- REINECKE, Carl (1824- —), *Tune* 516.
- RIMBAULT, Edward Francis (1816-1876), *Tunes* 461, 600.
- RINKART, Martin (1586-1649), *Hymn* 596. [659.]
- RITTER, Peter (1760-1846), *Tune* 16.
- ROBBINS, Chandler (1810- —), *Hymn* 32.
- ROBBINS, Samuel Dowse (1812- —), *Hymn* 318.
- ROBINS, Gurdon (1813-1883), *Hymn* 664.
- ROBINSON, George (1842), *Hymn* 581.
- ROBINSON, John (1682-1762), *Chant* 119.
- ROBINSON, Robert (1735-1790), *Hymn* 530.
- ROOT, George Frederick (1820- —), *Tunes* 337, 547.
- ROSENMULLER, Johann (1615-1685), *Tune* 177.
- ROSSINI, Gioacchino Antonio (1792-1868), *Tune* 275.
- ROUS, Francis (1579-1658), *Hymn* 305.
- RUSLING, Joseph (1788-1839), *Hymn* 671.
- SAXBY, Jane Euphemia (Brown) (1811- —), *Hymn* 208.
- SCHAEFFLER, Johann G. W. Angelus (1624-1677), *Hymns* 344, 401.
- SCHN, Johann Hermann (1586-1630), *Tunes and arr.* 4, 106.
- SCHMOLKE, Benjamin (1672-1737), *Hymns* 67, 427.
- SCHNYDER, Xavier (1786-1868), *Tune* 344.
- SCHOP, Johann (1605?-1640?), *Tunes* 227, 399. [519.]
- SCHUMANN, Robert Alexander (1810-1856), *Tunes* 216, 504.
- SCOTT, Walter (1771-1832), *Hymn* 655.
- SCUDDER, Eliza (1821- —), *Hymns* 158, 361.
- SEAGRAVE, Robert (1693-1764), *Hymn* 481.
- SEARS, Edmund Hamilton (1810-1876), *Hymns* 145, 146.
- SHERWIN, William Fisk (1826-1888), *Hymn* 356. *Tunes* 356, 443.
- SHORE, William (1791-1877), *Tune* 56. [356, 443.]
- SHRUBSOLE, William (1758-1806), *Tune* 218.
- SHRUBSOLE, William, Jr. (1759-1829), *Hymn* 57.
- SIDEBOTHAM, John S. (— — —), *Tune* 159.
- SIGOURNEY, Lydia Huntley (1791-1865), *Hymn* 45.
- SILCHER, Friederich (1789-1860), *Tune* 583.
- SINGLETON, Robert Corbett (— — —), *Hymn* 1.
- SMART, Henry (1813-1879), *Tunes* 36, 148, 238, 315, 624.
- SMITH, Charles (— — —), *Hymn* 464. [636, 638, 661.]
- SMITH, Elizabeth Lee (1817- —), *Hymn* 386.
- SMITH, Isaac (1735-1800), *Tune* 61.
- SMITH, Samuel (1804-1873), *Tunes* 74, 528.
- SMITH, Samuel Francis (1808- —), *Hymns* 598, 613.
- SPERATUS, Paul (1484-1549), *Tune* 179.
- SPITTA, Karl Johann Phillip (1801-1859), *Hymn* 303.
- SPOHR, Louis (1784-1859), *Tunes* 449, 554, 683.
- STAHL, Johann (— — —), *Tune* 352.
- STAINER, John (1840- —), *Tune* 496.
- STANLEY, Arthur Penrhyn (1815-1881), *Hymn* 499.
- STANLEY, Samuel (1767-1822), *Tune* 49.
- STATHAM, Francis Reginald (1844- —), *Tune* 556.
- STEELE, Anne (1716-1778), *Hymns* 56, 210, 233, 248, 306, 403, 406, 625.
- STEGGALL, Charles (1826- —), *Tune* 247.
- STENHAMMAR, P. M. (— — — 1884), *Tune* 529.
- STENNETT, Samuel (1727-1795), *Hymns* 231, 670.
- STEPHEN S. the Sabaite (725-794), *Hymn* 264.
- STERLING, John (1806-1844), *Hymn* 107.
- STERNHOLD, Thomas (— — — 1549), *Hymn* 92.
- STEWART, Robert Prescott (1825- —), *Tunes and Har.* 114, 384, 657.
- St. GALL Gesangbuch (1851), *Tune* 528.
- St. JOHN, Francis Butler (1860-1879), *Hymn* 289.
- STONE, Samuel John (1839- —), *Hymns* 259, 591.
- STORL, Johann Georg Christian (1676-1743), *Tune* 207.
- STOWELL, Hugh (1799-1865), *Hymn* 375.
- STOWELL, Thomas Alfred (1831- —), *Hymn* 467.
- STRATTNER, Georg Christoph (1650-1705), *Tune* 630.
- STRYKER, Melancthon Woolsey (1851- —), *Hymns and tr.* 36, 62, 65, 84, 87, 89, 130, 166, 171, 179, 224, 263, 316, 323, 408, 412, 471, 489, 495, 513, 527, 539, 579, 583, 584, 601, 602, 605, 636, 652. *Tunes and arr.* 91, 120, 512, 540, 639.
- SULLIVAN, Arthur Seymour (1842- —), *Tunes and Har.* 183, 187, 455, 465, 538, 606, 672, 675, 677.
- SUMMERS, Thomas Osmond (1812-1882), *Hymn* 524.
- SWAN, Timothy (1758-1842), *Tune* 550.
- SWAIN, Leonard (1821-1869), *Hymn* 330.
- SWEETSER, Joseph Emerson (1825-1873), *Tunes* 123, 453, 546, 651.

- TAIT, Gilbert (— — —), *Hymn tr.* 535.
 TALLIS, Thomas (1520-1585), *Tunes* 14, 70.
 TANS'UR, William (1700-1783), *Tune* 200.
 TAPPAN, William Bingham (1794-1849), *Hymn* 163.
 TATE and Brady (1703), *Hymns* 580, 606.
 TATE, Nahum (1652-1715), *Hymns* 141, 300.
 TAYLOR, John (1580-1654), *Hymn* 14.
 TAYLOR, Thomas Rawson (1807-1835), *Hymn* 675.
 TAYLOR, Virgil Corydon (1817- —), *Tune* 493.
 TERSTEEGEN, Gerhard (1697-1769), *Hymns* 58, 195, 274, 355, 480.
 TESCHNER, Melchior (1613), *Hymn* 563.
 THEOCTISTUS (890), *Hymn* 413.
 THEODULPH, S. (— —821), *Hymn* 159.
 THOMAS, John Rogers (1830- —), *Tune* 67.
 THOMAS S. of Celano (— — —), *Hymn* 655.
 THORNE, Edward Henry (1834- —), *Tune* 667.
 THRING, Godfrey (1823- —), *Hymns* 29, 162.
 THRUPP, Dorothy Ann (1799-1847), *Hymn* 517.
 TOKE, Emma (Leslie) (1812-1878), *Hymn* 193.
 TOMALINE, James B. (— — —), *Hymn tr.* 139.
 TONNA, Charlotte Elizabeth (Browne) Phelan (1790-1846), *Hymn* 121.
 TOPLADY, Augustus Montague (1740-1778), *Hymn* 168, 334, 483.
 TOURS, Berthold (1838- —), *Tunes* 181, 673.
 TROYE, Arthur Henry Dyke (Ackland) (1811-1857), *Chants* 428, 684.
 TUCKERMAN, Samuel Parkman (1819- —), *Tune* 103.
 TURLE, James (1801-1882), *Tunes* 85, 505.
 TUTTIETT, Lawrence (1825- —), *Hymns* 423, 559, 635.
 TWELLS, Henry (1823- —), *Hymn* 17.
 UNKNOWN, *Hymns* 23, 26, 42, 113, 127, 131, 132, 134, 142, 184, 185, 242, 338, 376, 500, 502, 513, 547, 580, 592, 622, 623, 652. *Tunes* 46, 48, 63, 66, 69, 141, 174, 176, 179, 182, 206, 224, 264, 272, 308, 314, 384, 392, 395, 399, 411, 412, 444, 477, 514, 569, 585, 590, 606, 641, 643, 656, 658.
 UPHAM, James (— — —), *Hymn* 398.
 URHAN, Christian (1788-1845), *Tune* 659.
Urwick's Coll. (1829), *Hymn* 623.
 VAN ALSTYNE, Frances Jane (Crosby) (1820- —), *Hymn* 90.
 VENUA, Frederico Marco Antonio (1788-1872), *Tune* 631.
 VOKE, Mrs. (— —1825?), *Hymn* 617. [631.
 VULPIUS, Melchior (1560-1616), *Tunes* 288, 565.
 WAINWRIGHT, Robert (1747-1782), *Tunes* 209, 386.
 WALLACE, John Aikman (1802-1870), *Hymn* 394.
 WALLACE, William Vincent (1814-1865), *Tune* 294.
 WALTER, William Henry (1825- —), *Tune* 113.
 WALWORTH, Clarence Augustus (1820- —), *Hymn tr.* 127.
 WARING, Anna Letitia (1820?- —), *Hymns* 302, 442.
 WATTS, Isaac (1674-1748), *Hymns* 11, 12, 35, 37, 50, 51, 52, 66, 68, 86, 98, 99, 101, 103, 105, 115, 122, 135, 151, 169, 173, 200, 201, 203, 211, 213, 214, 217, 229, 253, 256, 268, 291, 304, 308, 309, 310, 312, 332, 337, 360, 478, 479, 487, 490, 501, 509, 510, 543, 550, 619, 669.
 WEBB, George James (1803-1877), *Tune* 607. [668, 669.
 WEBBE, Samuel (1740-1816), *Tunes* 192, 420, 437, 561.
 WEBER, Carl Maria von (1786-1826), *Tune* 370.
 WEBER, Franz (1805-1876), *Tune* 582.
 WEISSELL, George (1590-1635), *Hymn* 273.
 WELLESLEY, Garrett Colley (1735-1781), *Tune* 414.
 WESLEY, Charles (1708-1788), *Hymns* 8, 128, 129, 143, 150, 182, 189, 222, 232, 234, 245, 247, 257, 328, 341, 346, 357, 390, 395, 409, 416, 417, 446, 465, 473, 482, 484, 507, 575, 576, 582, 590, 634, 645, 648, 654.
 WESLEY, John (1703-1791), *Hymns tr.* 58, 99, 351, 355.
 WESLEY, Samuel (1766-1837), *Tune* 321. [391, 430, 480.
 WESLEY, Samuel Sebastian (1810-1876), *Tunes* 280, 462.
 WESTLAKE, Frederick (1840- —), *Tune* 145. [681.
 WHATELEY, Richard (1787-1863), *Hymn* 20.
 WHEALL, William (— —1745), *Tune* 199.
 WHITE, Henry Kirke (1785-1806), *Hymns* 112, 461.
 WHITEFIELD, Frederick (1829- —), *Hymn* 349.
 WHITING, William (1825-1878), *Hymn* 358.
 WHITTEMORE, William Meynell (— — —), *Hymn* 521.
 WHITTIER, John Greenleaf (1807- —), *Hymns* 230, 319, 405, 540.
 WHITTINGHAM, William Rollison (1805-1879), *Hymn* 317.
 WILKES, John P. (— — —), *Tune* 326. [317.
 WILLIS, Nathaniel Parker (1807-1867), *Hymn* 73.
 WILLIS, Richard Storrs (1819- —), *Tunes and arr.* 146, 169, 242. *Hymn tr.* 242.
 WILLIAMS, Aaron (1731-1776), *Tunes and coll.* 51, 573.
 WILLIAMS, Helen Maria (1762-1827), *Hymn* 404.
 WILLIAMS, William (1717-1791), *Hymn* 392.
 WILSON, Hugh (1764-1824), *Tune* 380.
 WINKWORTH, Catherine (1829-1878), *Hymns and tr.* 23, 67, 195, 198, 206, 273, 321, 324, 331, 399, 400, 431, 496, 529, 537, 551, 596, 599, 650, 651.
 WINN, William (1828-1888), *Tune* 329.
 WOLCOTT, Samuel (1813-1886), *Hymn* 610.
 WOLFE, Aaron Roberts (1821- —), *Hymns* 287, 508.
 WORDSWORTH, Christopher (1807-1885), *Hymns* 28, 64, 191, 682.
 WULFFER, Daniel (1617-1685), *Hymn* 651.
 XAVIER, S. Francis (1506-1552), *Hymn* 235.
 YOUNG, Andrew (1807- —), *Hymn* 681.
 YOUNG, J. (— — —), *Hymn* 359.
 ZEUNER, Heinrich Christopher (1795-1857), *Tune* 616.
 ZINZENDORF, Nicholas Ludwig von (1700-1760), *Hymns* 139, 351, 391, 431.
 ZUNDEL, Johann (1815-1882), *Tunes* 409, 558, 635.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

A.	NO.		NO.	C.	NO.		NO.
Abdiel.....	91	Azmon.....	471	Calvary	177	Deliverance.....	280
Ach Gott verlass.....	408			Canonbury	216	Dennis.....	445
Achor.....	260	B.		Canterbury	252	Der Herr ist gut.....	605
Adeste Fideles.....	142	Battishill.....	594	Carmen Cœli.....	660	Der Morgenstern.....	224
Affiance.....	195	Baxter.....	426	Carol	146	Der Segen.....	63
Agapè.....	443	Bedfont.....	329	Castello.....	413	Devotion.....	447
Agnus Dei.....	166	Bedford.....	199	Cherith	554	Dies Christi.....	30
Aithlone	609	Belgrave.....	158	Chesterfield.....	243	Dix.....	144
Alford	680	Bemerton	108	China.....	550	Dresden.....	176
Allein Gott	116	Benediction	192	Christ Church.....	247	Drostane	160
All Hallows.....	657	Benevento.....	561	Christlight.....	544	Dudley	600
All Saints.....	392	Benhanan.....	521	Christmas	485	Duke Street.....	2
All's Well.....	292	Bera.....	254	Christus, mein Leben.....	565	Dundee.....	501
America.....	598	Berkshire.....	303	Christus Pastor.....	323	Durham.....	33
Amsterdam	481	Bernard.....	673	Civitas Dei.....	678		
Anastasia	394	Bethabara	496	Clare	302	E.	
Anastasia	273	Bethany	476	Clarion	461	Easter Hymn.....	182
Anchorage.....	672	Bethlehem.....	141	Clark	338	Ecclesia.....	585
Angels	34	Bethune.....	194	Cœli Gloriantur.....	114	Eden	681
Angelus	401	Blackburn	624	Comfort.....	441	Ein' feste Burg.....	316
Anglia.....	590	Blow's Chant.....	164	Come to Me.....	271	Eisenach.....	106
Anglican	5	Blumenthal.....	535	Come, ye Disconsolate.....	437	Ellacombe.....	527
Annus Domini.....	518	Bonn, Chant.....	627	Confidence	404	Elisabeth	636
Antioch.....	135	Borrowdale.....	349	Conquest.....	548	Eloise.....	300
Antiphon.....	359	Bowen.....	126	Coronation	219	Es ist das Heil.....	179
Archangel.....	645	Boylston.....	291	Covernant.....	354	Esther.....	19
Arlington	305	Braden.....	249	Creation	93	Eternity, Chant	651
Arthur's Seat.....	122	Bradford.....	233	Crusader's Hymn.....	242	Eton	185
Ascension.....	189	Bremen.....	223	Culbach	477	Evan	569
Ashwell.....	172	Bristol	240	Culford	77	Even Me.....	270
Aston.....	446	Brown	382			Evensong.....	348
Aswarby	321	Brownell.....	340	D.		Eventide	18
Aurelia	462	Burford.....	265	Dalkieth.....	285	Ewing.....	676
Aurora	587	Burlington.....	76	Dalston.....	51	Excelsius.....	128
Aus tiefer Noth.....	551	Byefield.....	374	Darwall.....	245		
Austrian Hymn.....	633	Byzantium	588	Deerhurst.....	191	F.	
						Faber.....	663

	NO.		NO.		NO.		NO.
Faith.....	154	Intercession.....	97	Manchester.....	386	Octavius	123
Federal Street.....	350	Italian Hymn.....	129	Manoah.....	277	Oland.....	412
Ferguson.....	507	Ithaca.....	601	Margaret Street.....	347	Old Hundreth.....	99
Forelight.....	667			Marlow.....	37	Old Ten Commandments	552
Frederick.....	534	J.		Martyrdom.....	380	Old 25th	193
		Jerusalem	449	Matin Hymn.....	1	Old 44th.....	197
G.		Jordan.....	670	Mear.....	66	Old 124th.....	89
Geneva.....	111			Medfield	169	Old 132d.....	668
Germany.....	151	K.		Meditation.....	103	Old 137th.....	115
Gethsemane.....	178	Kabzeel.....	207	Medway.....	577	Olive's Brow.....	163
Glastonbury	198	Kirke.....	7	Meinhold.....	537	Olivet.....	283
Gloria in Excelsis.....	132			Melcombe.....	420	Olmütz.....	48
Gloukoff.....	40	L.		Melita.....	357	Orion.....	635
God's Love.....	356	Laban	332	Meribah.....	654	Ortonville.....	231
Good Tidings.....	143	Lambherd.....	513	Meridian.....	512	Oswestry.....	511
Gorton.....	679	Lanarkshire.....	157	Midnight Cry.....	637	Otto.....	45
Goshen.....	314	Lancashire.....	638	Miles Lane.....	218	Overview.....	336
Gottland.....	641	Lancaster.....	136	Miriam.....	298	Ovio	622
Gould's Chant.....	281	Langran	259	Missionary Chant.....	616	Owasco	639
Grace Church.....	504	Last Hope.....	432	Missionary Hymn.....	612		
Greenwood.....	546	Laudes Domini.....	221	Monkland	326	P.	
Grostete.....	104	Laurel.....	589	Monsell.....	365	Papworth.....	488
Guyon.....	113	Lebens Leben.....	206	Mornington	414	Paradise	662
		Lebenslicht.....	399	Moseley	36	Park Street.....	631
H.		Leighton.....	53			Parousia.....	640
Hafodwen	431	Leominster.....	465	N.		Passion Chorale.....	167
Hamburg.....	174	Leyden	683	Naomi.....	406	Pater Noster.....	411
Harmony	517	Lintz.....	304	Nathanael	410	Patmos.....	671
Hastings.....	180	Litany.....	393	Nazareth.....	516	Pax Dei.....	55
Hebron.....	451	Liverpool.....	209	Newbold.....	459	Pax Tecum.....	244
Herzliebster Jesu	171	Lobe den Herren.....	87	New Haven.....	610	Peace.....	429
Hesperus.....	21	Logos.....	225	New Jersey.....	515	Pearsall.....	656
Holley.....	60	London.....	318	Newland.....	549	Petros.....	591
Holyoke.....	94	Louise.....	32	Nicæa	9	Phuvah.....	288
Horbury	367	Louvan.....	493	Noel.....	606	Pilgrims	661
Horsley.....	155	Lubeck.....	212	Noonday.....	467	Pilot.....	297
Horton.....	344	Lucius.....	438	Norfolk.....	213	Pittsfield.....	190
Hosanna.....	237	Luther's Hymn.....	652	Northminster.....	514	Pleyel.....	460
Hosmer Hall.....	24	Luton.....	11	Nottingham.....	522	Plymouth Church.....	409
Houghton.....	88	Lux Benigna.....	397	Norwich.....	115	Poland.....	293
Hursley	16	Lux Expectata.....	398	Nun Danket alle Gott....	596	Posen.....	630
		Lyons.....	222	Nun Lob' mein Seel.....	599	Potsdam	648
I.				Nuremberg.....	499	Prayer.....	373
Immanuel.....	257	M.				R.	
Incarnation.....	139	Magdalena.....	396	O.		Rathbun.....	246
Innocents.....	557	Magdalen College.....	331	Obedience.....	272		
Integer Vitæ	23	Maidstone.....	42				

	NO.		NO.		NO.		NO.
Redcliff.....	29	Spanish Hymn.....	497	St. Stephen.....	202	Victory	184
Redemption.....	492	Spire.....	267	St. Sylvester.....	533	Vienna.....	44
Regent Square.....	148	Starlight.....	664	St. Theodulph.....	563	Vox Dilecti.....	282
Requiescat.....	545	Statham.....	556	St. Thomas.....	573		
Resurrexit.....	187	Stephanos.....	264	St. Ursula.....	145		
Rest.....	542	Stockholm.....	529	St. Vincent.....	26	W.	
Retreat.....	375	Stockwell.....	468	Sunderland.....	238	Wacht Auf!.....	650
Revelation.....	677	St. Elred.....	162	Sunset Chant.....	28	Walsal.....	201
Rex Gloriæ.....	315	St. Agnes.....	489	Sutherland.....	581	Ward.....	308
Rialto.....	547	St. Albans.....	457			Wareham.....	95
Riegate.....	604	St. Albans.....	186			Warner.....	275
Robinson's Chant.....	119	St. Alkmund.....	159	T.		Wavertree.....	56
Rockingham.....	628	St. Anatolius.....	13	Tallis' Canon.....	14	Warwick.....	49
Rock of Ages.....	168	St. Andrews.....	335	Tallis' Ordinal.....	70	Webb.....	607
Rolland.....	509	St. Anne.....	567	Temple.....	20	Weber's Choral.....	582
Rosefield.....	570	St. Anselm.....	64	Thatcher.....	458	Welcome.....	264
Rose Hill.....	453	St. Augustine.....	289	The Gloria Patri.....	133	Wentworth.....	525
Rotterdam.....	181	St. Bartholomew.....	456	The Hymn to Joy.....	147	Werde Munter.....	227
Royalty.....	90	St. Bede.....	442	The Trisagion.....	131	Wer nur den lieben Gott.....	324
Russian Hymn.....	597	St. Bride.....	251	Thurifer.....	4	Westminster.....	85
Ruth.....	74	St. Cecilia.....	531	Treufest.....	395	Whittier, Chant.....	540
Rutherford.....	659	St. Columba.....	384	Treves.....	379	Windham.....	268
		St. Cross.....	655	Troyte's Chant.....	428	Winn.....	329
S.		St. Cuthbert.....	196	Truro.....	618	Woodthorpe.....	372
Saints' Rest.....	675	St. Cyprian.....	580	Trust.....	82	Woodworth.....	286
Salome.....	559	St. David.....	602	Tryst.....	649	Worship.....	67
Samson.....	248	St. Frances.....	319	Tudor.....	473	Wraysbury.....	110
Sanctuary.....	682	St. George's.....	560	Twilight.....	10	Wunderbarer König.....	62
San Salvador.....	358	St. Gertrude.....	455			Württemberg.....	235
Seasons.....	479	St. Godric.....	68	U.		Wycliffe.....	583
Selvin.....	334	St. Hilda.....	658	Unison, Chant.....	684		
Septuor.....	328	St. Jerome.....	653	University College.....	368	Y.	
Serenity.....	294	St. John.....	505	Upsala.....	643	York.....	360
Seymour.....	370	St. Kevin.....	183	Uriel.....	120		
Shadowlight.....	526	St. Laura.....	149	Urijah.....	539	Z.	
Shelter.....	528	St. Leonard.....	25	Uxbridge.....	72	Zephaniah.....	444
Sicily.....	46	St. Mark.....	342			Zephyr.....	205
Silver Street.....	61	St. Martin's.....	200	V.		Zion.....	620
Smith College.....	519	St. Michael.....	150	Varina.....	337	Zion's King.....	520
Solitude.....	269	St. Millicent.....	538	Veni Immanuel.....	134	Zithri.....	352
Soll't ich meinem Gott..	84	St. Olave.....	576	Via Dolorosa.....	407	Zundel.....	558
Southminster.....	339	St. Peter.....	228	Via Pacis.....	263	Zuriel.....	584
				Vicar.....	165	Zuversicht.....	127

METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

C. M. (8. 6. 8. 6.)		No.	C. M. 6 lines. (8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.)		No.	C. M. 8 lines. (8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.)		No.
Abdiel.....	91	Manchester.....	356	St. Bede.....	442	Durham.....	33	
Anastasia	394	Manoah	277			Eisenach.....	106	
Antioch.....	135	Marlow	37			Eloise.....	300	
Arlington.....	305	Martyrdom.....	380			Federal Street.....	350	
Azmon.....	471	Mear.....	66			Germany.....	151	
Bedford.....	199	Medfield.....	169	All Hallows.....	657	Grosetete.....	104	
Belgrave.....	188	Meditation.....	103	Anglia.....	590	Hamburg.....	174	
Bemerton.....	108	Miles Lane.....	218	Bethlehem.....	141	Hebron.....	451	
Bernard.....	673	Naomi.....	406	Carol.....	146	Hursley.....	16	
Blackburn.....	624	Newbold.....	459	Confidence.....	404	Incarnation.....	139	
Bradford.....	233	Nottingham.....	522	Jerusalem.....	449	Intercession.....	97	
Bristol.....	240	Obedience.....	272	Jordan.....	670	Lebenslicht.....	399	
Brown.....	382	Ortonville.....	231	Noel.....	606	Louvan.....	493	
Burford.....	265	Otto.....	45	Norwich.....	115	Luton.....	11	
Burlington.....	76	Phuvah.....	288	Old 44th.....	197	Medway.....	577	
Byefield.....	374	Serenity.....	294	Old 132d.....	668	Melcombe.....	420	
Byzantium.....	588	St. Agnes.....	489	Old 137th.....	115	Missionary Chant.....	616	
Canterbury.....	252	St. Anne.....	567	St. Bartholomew.....	456	Norfolk.....	213	
Cherith.....	554	St. Columba.....	384	St. Leonard.....	25	Octavius.....	123	
Chesterfield.....	243	St. Cyprian..	580	St. Ursula.....	145	Old Hundredth.....	99	
China.....	550	St. David.....	602	Varina.....	337	Old Ten Commandments	552	
Christmas.....	485	St. Frances....	319	Vox Dilecti.....	282	Olive's Brow.....	163	
Clark.....	338	St. John.....	505			Park Street.....	631	
Coronation.....	219	St. Mark.....	342			Redemption.....	492	
Dundee.....	501	St. Martin's...	200	L. M. (8. 8. 8. 8.)		Rest.....	542	
Evan.....	569	St. Olave.....	576	Anastasius.....	273	Retreat.....	375	
Geneva.....	111	St. Peter.....	228	Angels.....	34	Riegate.....	604	
Horsley.....	155	St. Stephen....	202	Angelus.....	401	Rockingham.....	628	
Kabzeel.....	207	Tallis' Ordinal..	70	Anglican	5	Rolland.....	509	
Lanarkshire.....	157	Tudor.....	473	Ashwell.....	172	Rose Hill.....	453	
Lancaster.....	136	Walsal.....	201	Bera.....	254	Samson.....	248	
Liverpool.....	209	Warwick.....	49	Bowen.....	126	San Salvador.....	388	
London.....	318	Westminster.....	85	Canonbury.....	216	Seasons.....	479	
Lucius.....	438	Würtemberg.....	235	Come to Me (Chant)	271	Spires.....	267	
		York.....	360	Drostane.....	160	Starlight.....	664	

	NO.		NO.		NO.		NO.
Statham.....	556	Olmütz.....	48	Horbury.....	367	St. Godric.....	68
St. Cross.....	655	Peace.....	429			Sutherland.....	581
St. Jerome.....	653	Potsdam.....	648	6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.		S. P. M.	
Tallis' Canon.....	14	Rialto.....	547	Bethany.....	476	6. 6. 8. 6. 6. 8.	
Truro.....	618	Selvin.....	334	Saints' Rest.....	675	Dalston.....	51
Uxbridge.....	72	Silver Street.....	61	6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 7. 6. 4.		6. 6. 8. 4.	
Ward.....	308	St. Bride.....	251	Eden.....	681	Via Pacis.....	263
Wareham.....	95	St. Michael.....	150	6. 5. 6. 5.		6. 6. 8. 4. 6. 6. 8. 4.	
Warner.....	275	St. Thomas.....	573	Twilight.....	10	Uriel.....	120
Windham.....	268	Sunderland.....	238	6s and 5s. 8 lines.		6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.	
Woodworth.....	286	Thatcher.....	458	Magdalena.....	396	Ach Gott verlass.....	408
Zephyr.....	205	Winn.....	329	Noonday.....	467	Nun Danket alle Gott.....	596
Zithri.....	352			Papworth.....	488	6. 6. 8. 6. 6. 8. 3. 3. 6. 6.	
L. M. 6 lines.		S. M. 8 lines.		Ruth.....	74	Wunderbarer König.....	62
(8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.)		(6. 6. 8. 6. 6. 8. 6.)		St. Andrews.....	335	7. 7. 7. 7.	
Bethabara.....	496	Leominster.....	465	6s and 5s. 12 lines.		Battishill.....	594
Bethune.....	194	Old 25th.....	193	Overview.....	336	Clarion.....	461
Brownell.....	340	4. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6.		St. Alban's.....	457	Culbach.....	477
Covenant.....	354	Requiescat.....	545	St. Gertrude.....	455	Esther.....	19
Melita.....	357	5. 5. 5. 6. 5. 5. 5. 6.		6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.		Holley.....	60
Veni Immanuel.....	134	Houghton.....	88	America.....	598	Horton.....	344
Wavertree.....	56	Lyons.....	222	Italian Hymn.....	129	Immanuel.....	257
Wer nur den lieben Gott	324	5. 5. 8. 8. 5. 5.		Logos.....	225	Innocents.....	557
L. M. 8 lines.		Hafodwen.....	431	New Haven.....	610	Last Hope.....	432
(8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.)		5. 5. 9. 5. 5. 9.		Olivet.....	283	Lubeck.....	212
Ascension.....	189	Urijah.....	539	Zundel.....	558	Monkland.....	326
Creation.....	93	5. 6. 8. 5. 5. 8.		6. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.		Nuremberg.....	499
Orion.....	635	Crusaders' Hymn.....	242	Agapè.....	443	Pleyel.....	460
S. M.		6. 6. 6. 6.		6. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. 4.		Posen.....	630
(6. 6. 8. 6.)		Laudes Domini.....	221	Pittsfield.....	190	Seymour.....	370
Aston.....	446	6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.		H. M.		Solitude.....	269
Aswarby.....	321	Baxter.....	426	6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.		Southminster.....	339
Bedfont.....	329	6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 4.		Anchorage.....	672	University College.....	368
Boylston.....	291	Faith.....	154	Antiphon.....	359	Vienna.....	44
Braden.....	249	6s and 4s. 12 lines.		Arthur's Seat.....	122	7s. 6 lines.	
Deliverance.....	280	Royalty.....	90	Christ Church.....	247	Calvary ..	177
Dennis.....	445			Darwall.....	245	Dies Christi.....	30
Ferguson.....	507			Dudley.....	600	Dix.....	144
Gorton.....	679			Holyoke.....	94	Gethsemane.....	178
Greenwood.....	546			Lintz.....	304	Glastonbury.....	198
Laban.....	332					Kirke.....	7
Leighton.....	53						
Monsell.....	365						
Mornington.....	414						
Newland.....	549						

	NO.		NO.	7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 5. 8. 5. NO.	8. 7. 8. 7.	NO.	
Margaret Street.....	347	Miriam.....	298	Shadowlight.....	526	Devotion.....	447
Pilot.....	297	Missionary Hymn.....	612			Louise.....	32
Rock of Ages.....	168	Passion Chorale.....	167	7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.		Nathaniel.....	410
Rosefield.....	570	Pearsall.....	656	Christlight.....	544	New Jersey.....	515
Spanish Hymn.....	497	Petros.....	591	7. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 8. 7.		Northminster.....	514
7s. 8 lines.		Revelation.....	677	Septuor.....	328	Ovio.....	622
Benevento.....	561	Rotterdam.....	181			Rathbun.....	246
Blumenthal.....	535	Rutherford.....	659	7. 8. 7. 8. 4.		Stockholm.....	529
Culford.....	77	St. Alkmund.....	159	St. Albinus.....	186	Stockwell.....	468
Good Tidings.....	143	St. Anselm.....	64			Trust.....	82
Leyden.....	683	St. Hilda.....	658	7. 8. 7. 8 : 7. 6. 7. 6 : 8. 6.		Wraysbury.....	110
Litany.....	393	St. Kevin.....	183	8. 6.		Zephaniah.....	444
Maidstone.....	42	St. Theodulph.....	563	Nun Lob' mein Seel.....	599	8. 7. 8. 7, 4. 4. 8. 8. 9.	
Owasco.....	639	Upsala.....	643	7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.		St. Sylvester.....	533
Parousia.....	640	Webb.....	607			8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.	
St. George's.....	560	7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.		Meinhold.....	537	Archangel.....	645
Treufest.....	395	God's Love.....	356	Zuversicht.....	127	Benediction..	192
Weber's Choral.....	582	Laurel.....	589	7. 8. 8. 8. 8.		8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 4. 7.	
7s. 10 lines.		Thurifer.....	4	Lambherd.....	513	Regent Square.....	148
Vicar.....	165	7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 6.		8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4.		Sicily.....	46
7. 4. 7. 4. 7. 4. 7. 4.		Via Dolorosa.....	407	All's Well.....	292	Zion.....	620
Easter Hymn.....	182	7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6.		Temple.....	20	8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7.	
7. 7. 7. 7. 4. 10. 7. 7. 4.		Amsterdam.....	481	8. 5. 8. 3.		Ein Feste Burg.....	316
Hosmer Hall.....	24	Excelsius.....	128	Stephanos.....	264	8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 7.	
7. 5. 7. 5. 7. 5. 7. 5.		7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8.		Welcome.....	264	Even Me.....	270
Salomè.....	559	St. Anatolius.....	13	8. 5. 11. 8.		8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 5. 7. 5. 8. 7.	
7. 6. 7. 6.		7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8. 7. 7.		Der Segen.....	63	8. 8.	
Benhanan.....	521	Castello.....	413	8. 6. 7. 6 : 7. 6. 7. 6.		Resurrexit.....	187
Christus mein Leben.....	565	7. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.		Shelter.....	528	8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.	
St. Cecilia.....	531	Alford.....	680	8. 6. 8. 4.		Annus Domini.....	518
7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.		7. 7. 4.		St. Cuthbert.....	196	Dresden.....	176
Achor.....	260	St. Millicent.....	538	8. 6. 8. 6 : 6. 6. 6. 6.		Hesperus.....	21
Aurelia.....	462	7. 7. 7. 5.		Faber.....	663	Worship.....	67
Berkshire.....	303	Treves.....	379	Paradise.....	662	8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.	
Borrowdale.....	349	7. 7. 7. 6.		C. L. M.		Lebens Leben.....	206
Clare.....	302	Nazareth.....	516	8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.		8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.	
Cœli Gloriantur.....	114	7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 9.		Hastings.....	180	All Saints.....	392
Ellacombe.....	527	Agnus Dei.....	166	St. Vincent.....	26	Smith College.....	519
Ewing.....	676						
Gottland.....	641						
Lancashire.....	638						

NO.		NO.	10. 10.	NO.	11. 11. 11. 11.	NO.
8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.	Prayer..... 373		Pax Tecum..... 244		Frederick..... 534	
Soll't ich meinem Gott... 84	Redcliff..... 29				Goshen..... 314	
8. 7. 8. 7: 8. 7. 8. 7.	Troyte's Chant..... 428		10. 10. 10. 10.			
Austrian Hymn..... 633	Victory..... 184		Dalkeith..... 285		11. 11. 11. 11. 11.	
Deerhurst..... 191	Woodthorpe..... 372		Eventide..... 18		Poland..... 293	
Ecclesia..... 385	8. 8. 8. 8. 11.		Forelight..... 667		12. 8. 8. 4. 4. 7.	
Gloukoff..... 40	Hosanna..... 237		Langran..... 259		Matin Hymn..... 1	
Harmony..... 517	8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 4.		Meridian..... 512		12. 11. 12. 11.	
Plymouth Church..... 409	Eternity (Chant)..... 651		Pax Dei..... 55		Oswestry..... 511	
Rex Gloriæ..... 315	8. 9. 8. 8. 9. 8. 6. 6. 4.		10. 10. 10. 10. 10.		12. 11. 11. 14. 10.	
Sanctuary..... 682	8. 8.		Old 124th..... 89		Adeste Fideles..... 142	
The Hymn to Joy..... 147	Wachet Auf!..... 650		10. 10. 10: 10. 10. 10.		12. 12. 12. 10.	
Werde munter..... 227	9. 6. 6. 8. 4. 4.		Affiance..... 195		Nicæa..... 9	
8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.	Christus Pastor..... 323		Evensong..... 348		12. 12. 12.	
Allein Gott..... 116	9. 8. 9. 8.		Sunset Chant..... 28		Wentworth..... 525	
Aus tiefer Noth..... 551	Grace Church..... 504		10. 12. 10. 4.		13. 11. 13. 11.	
Es ist das Heil..... 179	9. 8. 9. 8: 9. 8. 9. 8.		Der Herr ist Gut..... 605		Conquest..... 548	
Luther's Hymn..... 652	Patmos..... 671		11. 4. 11. 4.		14. 14. 4. 7. 8.	
C. P. M.	9. 9. 8. 8. 8. 8.		Whittier (Chant)..... 540		Lobe den Herren..... 87	
8. 8. 6: 8. 8. 6.	Tryst..... 649		11. 9. 11. 9.		14. 14. 10. 10.	
Aithlone..... 609	9. 9. 9. 9.		Oland..... 412		Lux Benigna..... 397	
Bremen..... 223	Ithaca..... 601		11. 10. 11. 9.		Lux Expectata..... 398	
Magdalen College..... 331	10. 6. 10. 6. 10. 10.		Russian Hymn..... 597		14. 14. 14. 14.	
Meribah..... 654	Guyon..... 113		11. 10. 11. 10.		Midnight Cry..... 637	
St. Augustine..... 289	10. 10. 7. 10.		Comfort..... 441		Chants.	
8. 8. 7: 8. 8. 7.	Elisabeth..... 636		Come, Ye Disconsolate... 437		Blow's Chant..... 164	
Civitas Dei..... 678	10. 10. 10. 8.		St. Laura..... 149		Bonn..... 627	
8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7: 4. 4. 8. 8.	Aurora..... 587		11. 10. 11. 10. 9. 11.		Gloria in Excelsis..... 132	
Der Morgenstern..... 224	Zuriel..... 584		Carmen Cœli..... 660		Gould's Chant..... 281	
8. 8. 7. 7.	2. 10. 9. 10. 9.		Pilgrims..... 661		Pater Noster..... 411	
Wyckliffe..... 583	10. 10. 9. 11: 11. 10. 11. 11.		11. 11. 11. 5.		Robinson's Chant..... 119	
8. 8. 8. 3.	Zion's King..... 520		Herzliebster Jesu..... 171		The Gloria Patri..... 133	
St. Ælred..... 162			Integer Vitæ..... 23		The Trisagion..... 131	
8. 8. 8. 4.					Unison Chant..... 684	
Eton..... 185						

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide..	18	Awake, awake, O Zion !.....	641
According to Thy gracious word.....	505	Awake, my soul ! and with the sun.	2
A charge to keep I have.....	446	Awake, my soul ! stretch every nerve	485
Across the sky the shades of night.....	117	Awake, my soul, to joyful lays.....	313
Again the Lord of life and light	39	Awake, my soul ! to sound His praise.....	38
A glory gilds the sacred page.....	209	Awake our souls ! away our fears !.....	479
Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed.....	169	BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne	99
All as God wills ! who wisely heeds... ..	319	Behold a stranger at the door	254
All glory, laud, and honor.....	159	Behold the Bridegroom cometh	637
All hail the power of Jesus' Name !.....	218	Blessèd are the pure in heart.....	368
All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow.....	176	Blessèd are the sons of God.....	570
All people that on earth do dwell....	100	Blest be the tie that binds.....	574
All praise to Thee, my God ! this night ...	14	Blest be Thy love, dear Lord !.....	458
All that I was, my sin and guilt.....	475	Blest day of God, most calm, most.....	49
Amazing grace ! how sweet the sound ...	279	Blow ye the trumpet, blow !.....	247
Am I a soldier of the cross.....	487	Bound upon th' accursed tree.....	165
Angels, from the realms of glory.....	148	Bread of the world, in mercy broken.....	504
An open volume, Nature stands....	217	Break, new born year, on glad eyes.....	566
Another year is dawning.....	564	Brightest and best of the sons of the	149
Apart from Thee, all gain is loss.....	230	Brightly gleams our banner.....	336
A parting hymn we sing	508	Brother, hast thou wandered far.....	258
A pilgrim and a stranger.....	658	By cool Siloam's shady rill.....	523
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat.....	277	CALL Jehovah thy salvation.....	410
Arise, O King of Grace ! arise.....	66	Calm on the listening ear of night.....	145
Arouse Thy Church, Almighty God.....	579	Cast thy burden on the Lord.....	434
Art thou weary, art thou languid ?.....	264	Children of the heavenly King.....	460
Asleep in Jesus ! blessèd sleep.....	542	Christ for the world, we sing.....	610
A song, a song of gladness.....	592	Christian, dost thou see them !.....	335
As pants the hart for cooling streams....	300	Christ in His word draws near.....	226
As shadows, cast by cloud and sun.....	138	Christ is coming ! let creation.....	646
As with gladness men of old.....	144	Christ is our corner-stone	69
A Tower of Refuge is our God.	316	Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !.....	187
At the Lamb's high feast we sing.....	500	Christ is the Foundation.....	74
At Thy command, our dearest Lord.....	509	Christ, my hidden Life, appear	482
A voice is heard on Earth of	541	Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.....	182
Awake, and sing the song.....	239	Christ, whose glory fills the skies.....	8

Come, and rejoice with me	365	Father, let me dedicate	559
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove	203	Father, let Thy kingdom come	630
Come, let us hear His voice to-day	256	Father of heaven, whose love profound	124
Come, let us join our friends above	590	Father! our hearts we lift	150
Come, my soul! thy suit prepare	370	Father! whate'er of earthly bliss	406
Come, O Thou Traveller unknown	357	Father, while the shadows fall	526
Come, quickly come, dread Judge	635	Fear not, O little flock, the foe	331
Come, Thou almighty King	129	Fierce raged the tempest on the deep	162
Come, Thou, with purifying fire	158	Fierce was the Galilee	154
Come unto Me, when shadows	441	Fill thou my life, O Lord, my God	472
Come, we that love the Lord	332	Fling out the banner, let it float	618
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er	437	For all the saints, who from their labors	587
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	183	Forever with the Lord	679
Come, ye thankful people, come	560	For mercies countless as the sands	265
Command Thy blessing from above	578	For me to live is Christ	547
Commit thou all thy griefs	430	For the beauty of the earth	571
Complete in Thee! no work of mine	287	For thee, O dear, dear country!	677
Creator Spirit! by whose aid	194	Forth to the Land of Promise bound	320
Crown Him with many crowns	238	For Thy mercy and Thy grace	562
DAY by day the manna fell	432	Forward! be our watchword	457
Day by day we magnify Thee	448	Fount of everlasting love!	595
Day is dying in the west	24	Four hundred years their course have	602
Days and moments quickly flying	533	Friend of the friendless and the faint	402
Dear Refuge of my weary soul	306	From all that dwell below the skies	101
Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray	492	From distant corners of our land	577
Depth of mercy! can there be	257	From every stormy wind that blows	375
Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel	134	From Greenland's icy mountains	612
EARTH has a joy unknown to heaven	255	From the recesses of a lowly spirit	281
Earth has nothing sweet and fair	344	From Thy broad Atlantic harbors	622
Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord!	207	GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled	537
Eternal Father! strong to save	358	Gently, gently lay Thy rod	269
Eternal Father! Thou hast said	631	Glorious things of Thee are spoken	585
Eternal Father when to Thee	126	Glory be to God on high	132
Eternity! Eternity!	651	Glory be to the Father	133
Ever would I fain be reading	529	God be merciful unto us, and bless us	627
FAINT not Christian! tho' the road	326	God calling yet! shall I not hear?	274
Fain would I my Lord pursue	483	God is love; His mercy brightens	83
Fairest Lord Jesus	242	God is the Refuge of His saints	308
Far from my heavenly home	419	God moves in a mysterious way	91
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee	384	God, my King, Thy might confessing	82
Father, as here we bow	130	God of Eternity	90
Father, by Thy love and power	7	God of mercy, God of grace	572
Father, I well may praise Thy name	109	God of my life! thro all my days	104

God of my life ! Thy boundless grace	493	How are Thy servants blest, O God.	108
God of our fathers, our God to-day	601	How beauteous were the marks divine . . .	152
God of the morning ! at whose voice	11	How brightly glows the Morning Star . . .	224
God of the nations ! bow Thine ear	609	How calm and beautiful the morn	180
God that madest Earth and Heaven	20	How firm a foundation, ye saints of	314
God the All-terrible King	597	How gentle God's commands	445
Go labor on, spend and be spent	629	How large the promise, how divine	490
Go to dark Gethsemane	177	How long, O gracious Master	642
Grander than ocean's story	336	How pleased and blest was I	51
Great and glorious Father	511	How precious is this Book Divine	204
Great God, this sacred day of Thine	56	How sad our state by nature is	253
Great God, we sing that mighty hand	556	How shall I follow Him I serve	153
Great King of nations, hear our prayer . . .	603	How sweet and awful is the place	501
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	392	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds . . .	240
HAIL thou bright and sacred morn	30	I AM baptized into Thy name	496
Hail Thou once despised Jesus	227	I bless the Christ of God	249
Hail to the Lord's anointed	607	I bless Thee, Lord, for sorrows sent	424
Hark ! hark ! my soul ! angelic songs	660	I bow my forehead in the dust	405
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord	345	I do not come because my soul is free . . .	289
Hark the glad sound ! the Saviour comes .	136	If Christ is mine, then all is mine	241
Hark ! the herald angels sing	143	I have no hiding place	429
Hark ! the song of Jubilee	640	I heard the voice of Jesus say	282
Hark ! the sound of holy voices	682	I know, my Father, all my life	442
Hark ! what mean those holy voices	147	I know no life divided	303
Hasten, Lord, to my release	327	I know that my Redeemer lives	234
Head of the Church triumphant	328	I love my God, but with no love of mine .	113
Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken . . .	586	I love the Lord, He lent an ear	447
He comes, in blood-stained garments	644	I love Thy kingdom, Lord	573
He is despised and rejected of men	164	I love to steal awhile away	382
He is gone ! and we remain	499	I'm but a stranger here	675
He lives ! the great Redeemer lives !	403	Immortal, Love, forever full	230
Here I can firmly rest	321	In age and feebleness extreme	341
He that goeth forth with weeping	468	In all my vast concerns with Thee	360
High in the heavens, eternal God	105	I need Thee, precious Jesus	349
Holy Ghost with light divine	212	In heavenly love abiding	302
Holy God, we praise Thy name	127	In the Cross of Christ I glory	246
Holy, holy, holy Lord	78	In the dark and cloudy day	379
Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty ! . .	9	In the hour of trial	396
Holy Spirit ! once again	198	In Thy name, O Lord, assembling	46
Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear	674	I sing th' almighty power of God	86
Hosanna ! Raise the pealing hymn	157	It came upon the midnight clear	146
Hosanna to the living Lord !	237	It is not death to die	546
Hosanna we sing, like the children dear . .	520	It was no love for Thee, dear Lord	343

I've found the Pearl of greatest price!....	220	Let us with a gladsome mind	557
I want to be like Jesus.....	521	Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass.....	588
I was a wandering sheep.....	366	Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.....	273
I will extol Thee every day.....	76	Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart.....	626
I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills	119	Light of those whose dreary dwelling.....	634
I would not live alway, I ask not	534	Light up this house with glory, Lord.....	70
JERUSALEM, the golden	676	Like Noah's weary dove	250
Jesus! and shall it ever be.....	350	Like the eagle, upward, onward	469
Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult.....	447	Lo, God is here: let us adore.....	58
Jesus, day by day.....	431	Lo! He comes with clouds descending....	645
Jesus, engrave it on my heart	352	Lo! hills and mountains shall bring forth.	606
Jesus, from Thy throne on high.....	516	Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest..	348
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	444	Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious!....	192
Jesus lives! Thy terrors now.....	186	Lord, and is Thine anger gone.....	484
Jesus! Lover of my soul.....	395	Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee.....	296
Jesus, my heart within me burns.....	377	Lord! dismiss us with Thy blessing	47
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all	354	Lord, for ever at Thy side.....	369
Jesus, my strength, my hope.....	416	Lord from whom all blessings flow	582
Jesus! Name all names above.....	413	Lord God of my salvation.....	260
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.....	297	Lord, how the troublers of my peace	311
Jesus shall reign where'er the the sun....	619	Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine	452
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.....	514	Lord, I have sinned: but oh forgive.....	266
Jesus, the very thought of Thee.....	228	Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.....	270
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts.....	216	Lord! in this sacred hour.....	54
Jesus! Thy blood and righteousness	351	Lord, it belongs not to my care.....	295
Jesus, Thy Church, with longing eyes....	632	Lord Jesus Christ, my Life, my Light....	399
Jesus! Thy name I love.....	225	Lord Jesus, when we stand afar	175
Jesus, we look to Thee.....	417	Lord my weak thought in vain would.....	420
Jesus, we thus obey.....	507	Lord of all being! throned afar.....	95
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet	388	Lord of Earth! Thy forming hand	79
Jesus who knows full well.....	415	Lord of my life, whose tender care.....	26
Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move.....	667	Lord of the harvest! 'hear.....	575
Joy to the world! The Lord is come!....	135	Lord of the living harvest.....	615
Just as I am, without one plea.....	286	Lord of the worlds above	68
KEEP silence, all created things.....	103	Lord, speak to me, that I may speak.....	453
LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encir-....	397	Lord! take my heart, and let it be.....	391
Leave God to order all thy ways.....	324	Lord! Thou hast been Thy people's rest..	116
Let everlasting glories crown	214	Lord! Thou wilt bring the joyful day....	665
Let every mortal ear attend.....	50	Lord, we adore Thy boundless grace....	625
Let me be with Thee where Thou art....	353	Lord, we come before Thee now.....	43
Let me but hear my Saviour say.....	309	Lord! when thro' sin I wander.....	464
Let no tears to-day be shed	538	Lord, when we bend before Thy throne... 381	
Let our choirs new anthems raise!.....	589	Lo, the day of rest declineth.....	32

Love Divine, all loves excelling.....	409	Now with creation's morning song.....	6
Lo ! where that spotless Lamb, for	171	O CHRIST ! our King, Creator, Lord !... ..	174
MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned	231	O Christ, our true and only Light	400
Many centuries have fled.....	497	O come, all ye faithful	142
Master, Lord, to Thee we cry.....	346	O day of rest and gladness	64
Meet and right it is to sing.	128	O'er the distant mountains breaking.....	647
Mighty God, Thy church recover.....	583	Oft in danger, oft in woe.....	461
Mighty God ! while angels bless Thee.....	530	O God, beneath Thy guiding hand	604
More love to Thee, O Christ !	367	O God, forsake me not !.....	408
My Country, 'tis of thee.....	598	O God, mine inmost soul convert.....	654
My dear Redeemer, and my Lord !.....	151	O God of Bethel, by whose hand	459
My faith looks up to Thee.....	283	O God, O Spirit, Light of all that live....	195
My God accept my heart this day.....	474	O God, the Rock of Ages.....	114
My God and Father, while I stray.....	428	O God ! Thou art my God alone.....	102
My God, how wonderful Thou art !	85	O God, Thy judgments give the King.....	605
My God, I love Thee ! not because.....	235	O God, we praise Thee and confess.....	580
My God, in whom are all the springs.....	98	O happy band of pilgrims.....	593
My God, is any hour so sweet	373	O happy day that fixt my choice.....	451
My God, I thank Thee, who hast made....	525	Oh, bow Thine ear, Eternal One.....	72
My heart her incense burning.....	4	Oh ! could I speak the matchless worth... ..	223
My Jesus, as Thou wilt !.....	427	Oh, for a closer walk with God.....	450
My Maker ! at Thy holy throne	495	Oh, for a faith that will not shrink.....	294
My Saviour ! my Almighty Friend !	229	Oh, for a heart to praise my God.....	473
My soul be on thy guard	333	Oh, for a shout of joy.....	359
My soul doth magnify the Lord.....	199	Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing.....	232
My soul, weigh not thy life.....	330	Oh, grant us light that we may know....	423
My spirit on Thy care.....	322	Oh, may Thy Spirit guide my feet.....	200
My spirit to Thy chastening stroke.....	440	O Holy, holy, holy Lord	125
NEARER, my God, to Thee.....	476	Oh, speak that gracious word again.....	387
Near the tomb where Christ hath been ...	178	Oh, where are kings and empires now ...	568
New mercies each returning day.....	3	Oh, where shall rest be found.....	251
No more, my God, I boast no more.	312	Oh, worship the King !.....	88
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard....	669	O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me.....	386
Not all the blood of beasts.....	291	O Jesus, I have promised.....	462
Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the.....	512	O Jesus, King most wonderful.....	243
Now God be with us, for the night.....	23	O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace.....	5
Now I lay me down to sleep.....	513	O Jesus, Saviour of the lost	272
Now sinks in night the flaming Sun.....	15	O Jesus, sweet the tears I shed.....	170
Now thank we all our God.....	596	O Jesus, Thou art standing.....	261
Now the day is over	10	O Lamb of God unspotted.....	166
Now the laborer's task is done	544	O Lord and Master of us all.....	230
Now to the Lord, that makes us know....	510	O Lord how good, how great art Thou....	522
Now with angels round the throne	81	O Lord how happy is the time.....	362

O Lord, turn not Thy face from me.....	252	Our God, Our God, Thou shinest here . . .	197
O Love, divine and golden.....	532	Our God, our help in ages past.....	115
O Love Divine, that stooped to share.....	422	Our Heavenly Father, hear	418
O Master, let me walk with Thee.....	425	Our Helper, God, we bless Thy name.....	553
O mother dear, Jerusalem.....	673	Our Lord is risen from the dead.....	189
Once, in royal David's city	518	Out of the depths I cry to Thee.....	551
One prayer I have—all prayers in one	380	Out of the depths of woe	280
One sole baptismal sign.....	581	O very God of very God.....	27
One sweetly solemn thought.....	549	PEACE, peace I leave with you	284
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.....	670	Peace, perfect peace, in this dark.....	244
On the dewy breath of even.....	110	Pleasant are Thy courts above	80
On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed.....	390	Poor, weak and worthless tho I am	276
On the mountain's top appearing.....	620	Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits	106
On this day, the first of days	42	Praise to the Lord, the omnipotent.....	87
Onward, Christian soldiers !.....	455	Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	374
O one with God the Father.....	298	Purer yet and purer	488
O Paradise ! O Paradise ! I want	663	QUIET, Lord, my froward heart.....	435
O Paradise ! O Paradise ! who.....	662	REDEEMED from guilt, redeemed.....	454
Open now thy gates of beauty.....	67	Rejoice, all ye believers.....	638
O sacred Head, now wounded.....	167	Rejoice, believer, in the Lord.....	307
O Saviour, Christ, our woes dispel.....	17	Rejoice, the Lord is King.....	245
O Saviour, who from heaven came down..	139	Rest comes at length.....	661
O Son of God, in glory crowned.....	653	Return, my roving heart ! return.....	267
O Son of Man, (Thy name by choice).....	383	Ride on ! Ride on in majesty !.....	160
O sons and daughters let us sing !.....	184	Rise, glorious Conqu'ror, rise.....	190
O Source divine, and Life of all.....	107	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.....	481
O Spirit of the living God.....	208-628	Robbed, bruised and dying, once I lay....	471
O Thou, Eternal, Changeless, Infinite....	89	Rock of Ages, cleft for me	168
O Thou God who hearest prayer.....	371	SAFE home, safe home in port !.....	672
O Thou Omnipresent !.....	62	Safely, safely gathered in.....	536
O Thou Shepherd of Thine Israel hear!...	584	Safely thro another week	31
O Thou sun of glorious splendor.....	623	Saviour, again to Thy dear name we.....	55
O Thou to whose all-searching sight.....	480	Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.....	41
O Thou who by a star didst guide	137	Saviour ! I bring to Thee my claim.....	376
O Thou who didst prepare.....	121	Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us.....	517
O Thou, who driest the mourner's tear ...	438	Saviour, now the day is ending.....	22
O Thou who hast Thy servants taught....	385	Saviour ! sprinkle many nations.....	633
O Thou whom we adore.....	648	Saviour, teach me day by day	339
O unity of Threefold light.....	569	Saviour ! when, in dust, to Thee.....	393
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed....	196	Saviour ! while our hearts are tender.....	519
Our country's voice is pleading	614	Saviour who died for me.....	443
Our Father which art in heaven.....	411	Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding.....	515
Our God and our Redeemer.....	65	See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand.....	491

See the clouds upon the mountains.....	40	The day of praise is done	53
See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph....	191	The day of Resurrection.	181
Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless.....	502	The God of Abra'm praise.....	120
Should I not in meek adoring.....	84	The God of harvest praise.....	558
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive.....	268	The golden gates lift up their heads.....	188
Since o'er Thy footstool here.....	94	The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.....	63
Sing, every boy and maiden.....	527	The Head that once was crowned with....	219
Sing to the Lord a joyful song.....	97	The Heavens declare Thy glory, Lord....	213
Sing to the Lord of harvest.....	563	The Lord descended from above.....	92
Sing we the song of those who stand....	503	The Lord is King ! lift up thy voice.....	123
Slain for my soul, for all my sins.....	285	The Lord is my Shepherd ; no want shall..	293
Sleep thy last sleep.....	545	The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want....	305
Slowly by Thy hand unfurled.....	60	The Lord is rich and merciful.....	364
Softly now the light of day.....	19	The Lord Jehovah reigns	52
Soldiers of Christ, arise... ..	465	The Lord our God is clothed with might..	112
Songs of praise the angels sang.....	77	The Lord will come and not be slow.....	624
Soon may the last glad song arise	617	The morning bright	524
Sovereign of worlds, display Thy power..	616	The morning light is breaking.....	613
Spirit Divine, attend our prayers.....	202	The morn, O Christian, breaketh o'er	671
Spirit of power and might ! behold.....	567	The perfect world, by Adam trod.....	73
Spirit of power and truth and love.....	205	The radiant morn hath passed away.....	29
Stand up, and bless the Lord.....	61	Therefore with angels and archangels ...	131
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears....	478	There is a book, who runs may read.....	554
Stand up, stand up for Jesus.....	463	There is a Fountain filled with blood.....	288
Still, still with Thee, my God.....	414	There is a happy land.....	681
Summer suns are glowing.....	75	There is a land mine eye hath seen.....	664
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.....	16	There is a land of pure delight	668
Surrounded by unnumbered foes	325	There is an eye that never sleeps.....	394
Sweetest fount of holy gladness.....	206	There is a safe and secret place....	301
Sweet is the work, my God, my King.....	35	There's a Friend for little children.....	528
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	59	There's a wideness in God's mercy.....	470
TAKE my life and let it be.....	477	There seems a voice in every gale.....	555
Ten thousand times ten thousand.....	680	The roseate hues of early dawn.....	657
Thank and praise Jehovah's name.. ..	594	The royal banners forward go.....	161
Thank God it hath resounded	599	The sands of time are wasting	659
That day of wrath, that dreadful day.....	655	These eyes, O Jesus ! ne'er have seen....	342
THAT GREAT DAY OF THE LORD draws....	652	The shadows of the evening hours.....	25
The billows swell, the winds are high....	378	The songs of glory here begun.....	456
The blessed saints about Thee.....	643	The Son of God goes forth to war.....	456
The Church's one Foundation	591	The spacious firmament on high.....	93
The Church, triumphant in Thy love	576	The strain upraise of joy and praise	684
The day is gently sinking to a close	28	The strife is o'er, the battle done.....	185
The day is past and over.....	13	The voice that breathed o'er Eden.....	531

The way is dark ; I cannot see at all.....	398	To God on high be thanks and praise.....	118
The way is long and dreary.....	407	To Him that chose us first	122
THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD FOR JESUS !	608	To our Redeemer's glorious name.....	233
The world is very evil.....	656	To Thee, our God, these babes we bring...	489
The year is swiftly waning.....	565	To Thee, our God, we fly.....	600
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	156	To Thy temple I repair	44
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love	34	Tranquilly, slowly.....	539
Thine forever, God of love !.....	436	UNHEARD the dews around me fall.....	486
This is the day of Light !.....	48	Upon the Gospel's sacred page.....	215
This is the day the Lord hath made.....	37	Upraised from sleep, to Thee we kneel....	1
This volume of my Father's grace.....	211	Upward where the stars are burning.....	678
Tho lowly here our lot may be.....	439	WAIT, my soul ! upon the Lord.....	433
Thou art gone to the grave.....	548	Wake ! awake ; for night is flying !.....	650
Thou art gone up on high.....	193	Watch, brethren, watch ! the year is dying.	649
Thou art the Way ; to Thee alone	236	Watchman, tell us of the night.....	639
Thou glorious Son of Righteousness.....	33	Weary of Earth and laden with my sin....	259
Thou Grace Divine, encircling all.....	361	We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God.....	338
Thou hast not, dearest Lord, forgot... ..	401	We cannot always trace the way.....	372
Thou hidden Love of God, whose height..	355	We close Thy blessèd Word.....	36
Thou, Lord, art Love ! and everywhere....	363	We give Thee but Thine own	466
Thou Lord of my life, by the words.....	412	We sing the praise of Him who died	172
Thou lovely Source of true delight	210	We thank Thee, Father ! for the day.....	45
Thou only Sovereign of my heart	248	We've no abiding city here.....	666
Thou whose almighty word.....	611	What are these in bright array.....	683
Thou whose unmeasured temple stands... ..	71	What grace, O Lord ! and beauty shone... ..	155
Thro Baca's vale my way is cast.....	318	What sinners value I resign.....	543
Thro the day Thy love hath spared us	21	What sweetness on Thine Earth doth.....	552
Thro the Love of God, our Saviour.....	292	When all Thy mercies, O my God	111
Thro the night of doubt and sorrow	315	When at Thy footstool, Lord ! I bend.....	389
Thus far the Lord hath led me on	12	When gathering clouds around I view....	340
Thy grace is all of grace... ..	263	When I can read my title clear.....	337
Thy Kingdom come ! O everlasting.....	636	When I survey the wondrous Cross.....	173
Thy mercy heard my infant prayer.....	290	When Jordan hushed his waters still.....	140
Thy presence, everlasting God.....	96	When morning gilds the skies.....	221
Thy way, not mine, O Lord.....	426	When my tongue can sing no more.....	535
Thy will be done ! I will not fear	421	When streaming from the eastern skies...	57
" <i>Till He come :</i> " Oh, let the words.....	498	When this passing world is done.....	347
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow	163	When wounded sore the stricken soul....	278
'Tis not that I did choose Thee.....	299	While all the night-stars fade and wane...	179
To-day Thy mercy calls me.....	262	While shepherds watched their flocks....	141
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.....	317	While Thee I seek, protecting Power.....	404
Together with these symbols, Lord.....	506	While the Sun is shining.....	467
To God I lift mine eyes	304	While with ceaseless course, the Sun.....	561

Why do we mourn departing friends.....	550	With trusting heart and spoken vow.....	494
Why should the children of a King.....	201	YEA, our Shepherd leads, with gentle...	323
With all my powers of heart and tongue..	310	Ye servants of God!.....	222
With broken heart, and contrite sigh.....	275	Ye servants of the Lord.....	329
With silence only as their benediction....	540	Yes, we trust, the day is breaking!.....	621
With tearful eyes I look around.....	271	Your harps, ye trembling saints	334









